



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

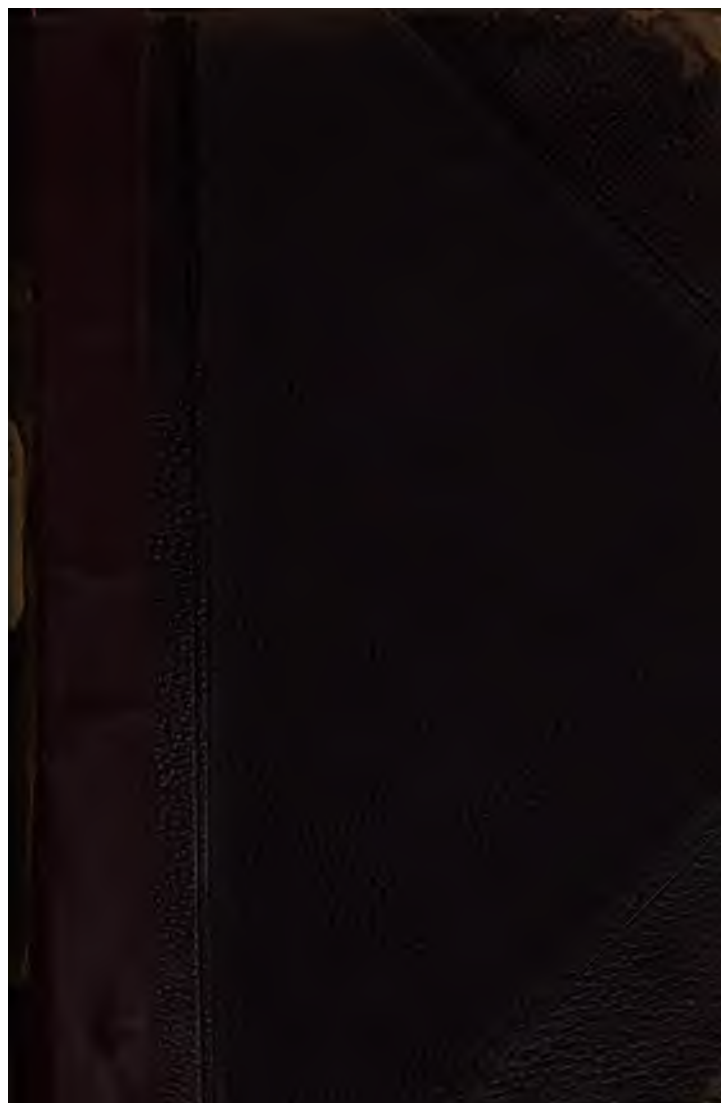
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

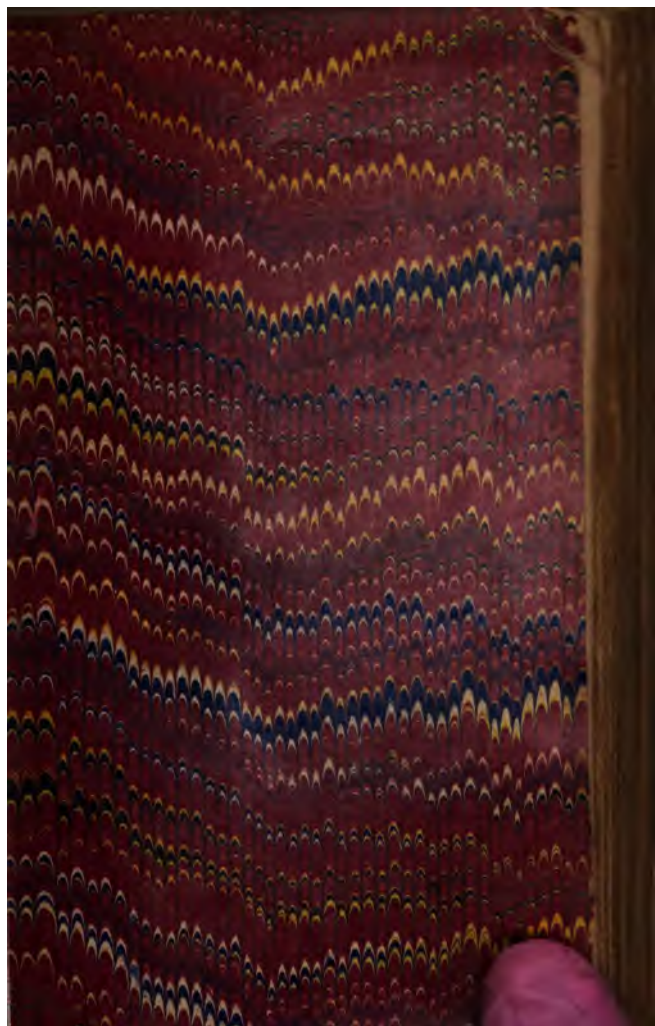
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









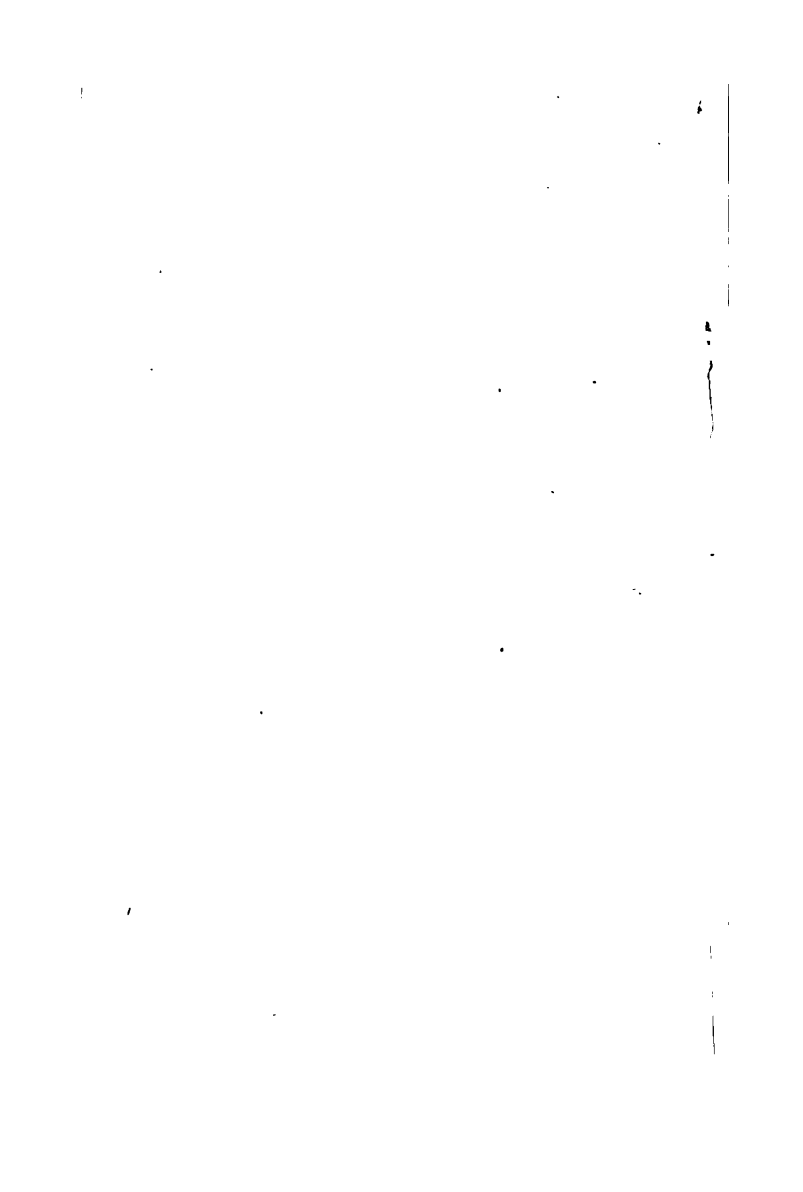
21

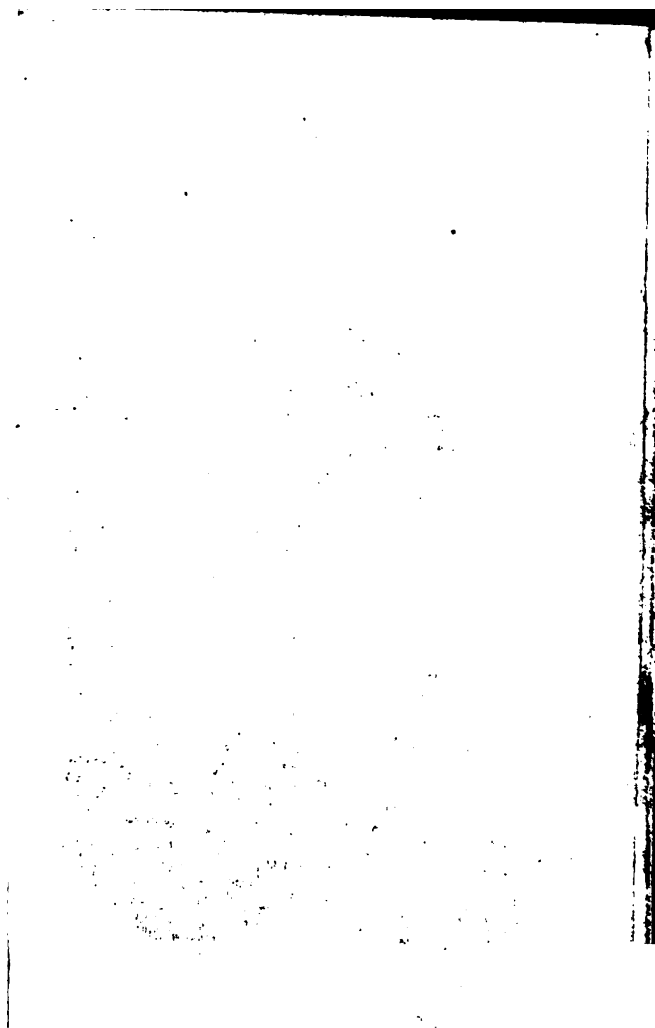
82-1.3

812











RODDICKSTON WEDDING.

No. 10,000,000 of the new currency is in circulation. The new currency is in circulation. The new currency is in circulation.



2135-2

THE  
HARP  
OF  
CALEDONIA:  
A COLLECTION OF  
SONGS,  
Ancient and Modern,  
(CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.)

WITH  
AN ESSAY ON SCOTTISH SONG WRITERS.

BY  
JOHN STRUTHERS,

*Author of the Poor Man's Sabbath, Peasant's Death, &c. &c.*

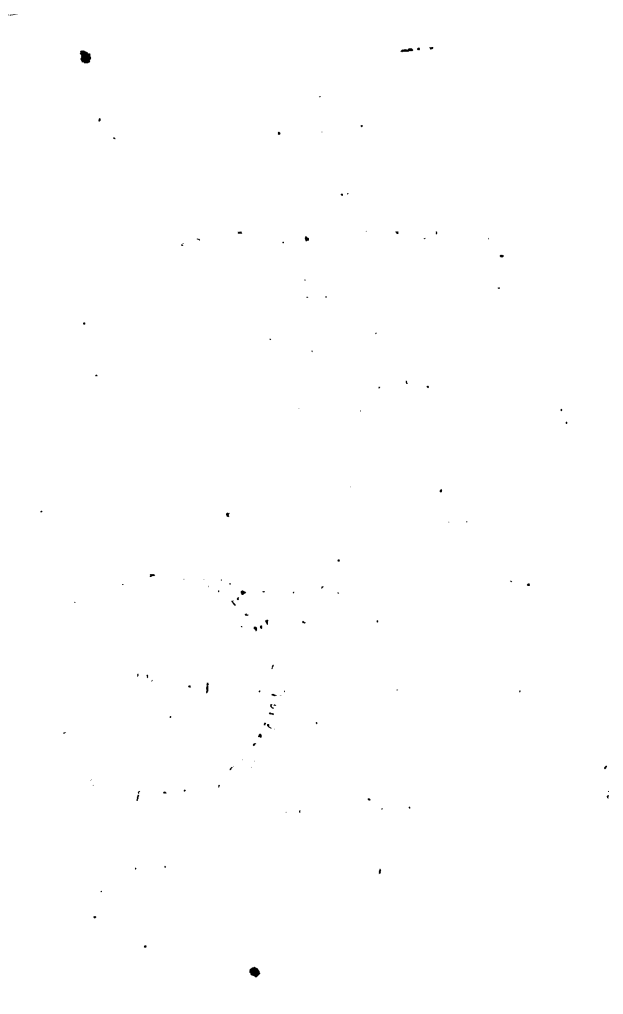
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. I.

GLASGOW:

*Printed by Khull, Blackie, & Co.*

FOR ARCHIBALD FULLARTON, & CO. EDINBURGH,  
Sold by John Smith & Son, James Brash & Co. Reid and Henderson,  
M. Ogle, Wm. Turnbull, T. Ogilvie, and Wardlaw & Cunningham,  
Glasgow; Wm. Blackwood, Edinburgh;  
and George Cowie & Co. London.

1821.



TO  
THE MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS  
AND COUNTESS OF LOUDON,  
*This Collection*  
OF THE SONGS OF HER NATIVE LAND,  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,  
BY HER LADYSHIP'S  
MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
THE EDITOR.

•

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

---

---

## PREFACE.

---

**I**T has been said that if a person was allowed to make the ballads of a nation, he would have no occasion to care who made its laws. It has even been suggested, that were this same ballad-making properly attended to, it might supersede the necessity of laws altogether. I do not know that the experiment has ever been made—but in this age of novelty, it would not be much a matter of wonder to see it attempted. In some of the delicious vallies of the new world, where so many improvements in government and in morals have been made, and where so many more are still expected, to those sweet tempered philanthropists, who can no longer find any rest for the soles of their feet, among the snares and incumbrances which have so totally overspread this old and worn out part of the earth, it would certainly be an additional attraction to be told, that in these new territories the use of jails, and gibbet-

and whips, and hangmen, were totally laid aside, and that legislative provisions of any sort were no longer heard of, all being settled and kept in order by the melody of an old, or, the delightful enchantment of, a new song,

MANY happy circumstances would doubtless attend such a state of things—more, indeed, than in this corrupted state of society one can either conceive or describe. How delightful to see all conflicting interests for ever at an end—every one in the enjoyment of ease and plenty, peaceably singing his song; or, if Nature, the great patroness of the rhyming brotherhood, had denied to any one the powers of song, (which on her part would be very cross indeed,) generously exercising the nobler prerogative of a censor, which would be, no doubt, sometimes necessary for preserving the public stock of tuneful wisdom from deterioration,

BUT, after all, notwithstanding the golden dreams of philosophers, and the splendid anticipations of prospective divinity, I am greatly disposed to question, whether the leviathan of depravity will ever be so tamed. It is to be feared there will always be a few vulgar spirits in the world, upon whom the stern face of the judge,

and the harsh hand of the executioner, will be much more effective than the finest tones of poetry. Poets themselves, it must be confessed, have not hitherto been men of the most milky dispositions; and till they become a little more so, it may perhaps be reasonably doubted, whether the increase of their numbers would tend, to promote the morals, or to consolidate the peace of society. At the same time, that they have by their writings and example, but especially by the first, a very considerable influence upon the destinies of individuals and communities, is undeniable. The question "What will a child learn sooner than a song?" has always been, and probably must for ever be negatively answered: and so long as songs continue to be the first things committed to memory, so long will they continue to form and to influence modes of thinking, that the hand of death alone can obliterate. Of consequence, if a national character is once formed, song is the most happy expedient for rendering it permanent. What has first awakened the admiration of youth, can never fail to be the delight of old age; hence the sire may be the mean of inspiring the son with the same sentiments and feelings, through an immeasurable line of succeeding generations. Nor does this afford the smallest presumption,



that the sentiments and feelings thus transmitted, whether sung or said, are really worthy of such a careful transmission or of such a sacred preservation:—for sentiments the most absurd, and feelings the most abhorrent to human nature, have in this way been, and still are, maintained and cherished in almost every nation on the face of the earth. The savage who deliberately roasts his helpless prisoner before a slow fire, or tears the living flesh from his bones, has his song of triumph to cheer and to lighten the horrible labour—Nor is the miserable victim without a strain of adamant firmness, which he chants, amidst the writhings of delirious anguish, with demoniac apathy. The more than brutal idolater, too, while he tramples upon every feeling which ought to animate the human heart, and rends asunder the dearest ties of nature, has his devilish hymn, which,

“ With a pleasing sorcery *can* charm

“ Pain for a while or anguish, and excite

“ Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurate breast

“ With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.”

TAKING this general principle along with us, there can be no difficulty in understanding that pertinacious obstinacy, with which every man

holds up the more ancient and legendary verses of his own country, as superior to that of every other—and that general likeness which is impressed, in a greater or lesser degree, upon the popular poetry of every people. The popular poetry, too, of every people must have to them nearly the same degrees of attraction, being the vehicle of all their more ardent emotions, and, as it were, interwoven with their very existence. The Irish strum, with all its bulls and blunders, and bawdry—the English doggerel in praise of bacon, and buttered parsnips, and cabbage, and pease kale—with our own vulgar lilt of love adventures, murders, and ghosts, and merciless mealmongers, and mermaids, are all, to the ear which has been early accustomed to them, and which knows no better, quite delightful, from the many associations which they have always the power to awaken. Circumstances apparently trivial, will frequently stamp with an importance never to be forgotten, an action the most ordinary, and impart an undescribable charm to verses in themselves utterly worthless. Perhaps it was a mother or a grandmother that used to chant a particular stanza—or it was a dear friend of early life, long since numbered with the things that were—or it was heard under such a peculiar state of feeling,

that the person never hears it again, without being ready to exclaim

“ I feel a power thou canst not feel,

“ I see a hand thou canst not see.”

That a very considerable degree of the veneration with which we regard even our best songs, undeniably excellent as they are, arises from this cause, it would be foolish to dispute. Yet after every reasonable deduction on this head has been made, a Scotchman may still be proud of his national song; and he may safely compare it with every other, nor fear to suffer by the comparison.

To discover the sources of this superiority, is an object worthy of the philosopher at all times; but more especially at present, when the amelioration of the condition of mankind occupies the attention of almost all the civilized world. If I might be allowed to hazard an opinion, I would say, that it arose wholly from the sterling integrity, and the high intelligence of her peasantry—and that this again, arose principally from that beautifully simple and efficient system of church polity, which she received at the ever memorable Reformation—aided, and materially aided, by the general tone of her pastoral and lyric poetry.


BUT these causes, like many others, have had an action and reaction upon each other, of the most beneficial tendency, which has been but seldom adverted to, and seems to be very imperfectly understood. The indignant, and virulent invectives of the muse, had a powerful influence in bringing the abettors of tyranny, and the mummeries of superstition into universal contempt; and thus paved the way for that rational, and moderate, and effective establishment, which, in a few years, changed the population of the country, from the most savage and barbarous, into the most thinking, and moral, and religious in Europe. This, in return, softened, and sublimed, the tones of poetry. Often had she awakened the echoes of Tweed and of Yarrow, and Need-path and Cheviot rolled back her energetic voice; but it was with "the noise of the warrior, and garments rolled in blood." Love, indeed, entered largely into her compositions, and shared most liberally her patronage; but the lover was celebrated, and successful, in proportion as he was a murderer and a thief. If his hills were woolly with sheep, and his vales lowing with kine, it detracted nothing from his merit, that the blood of the lawful owners of these sheep, and these kine, was yet reeking upon his sword: that their habitations were reduced to heaps of ashes, disc-

ible, at a distance, only by the smoke, that still rose, smouldery, on the breath of the morning: that in the green valley, or upon the heath clad hill, that re-echoed the bleatings of the fold, and the cheerful voice of the shepherd, silence and solitude reposed sweetly together, undisturbed, save by the howl of the faithful dog, who had escaped the general carnage, or the expiring groan of the trusty menial, who had received his death wound in the defence of his master, and was just expiring in his blood. It was not till the labours of the Reformers had diffused among the peasantry a nobler philosophy, and introduced them to a more intimate acquaintance with the scriptures, that every hill became vocal, and every stream murmured in verse; that to pursue the paths of peaceful industry, to live and to love, became the subjects of her panegyrics. We have indeed few songs of any kind older than the Reformation, and it was not till an after period, a period sufficiently long for all the people to have derived the benefit of it, that good songs became common.

I AM well aware that our brethren besouth the Tweed, consider our religious services as contemptibly naked; and, upon the whole, highly unfavourable to poetry. But I am disposed to

think they would be of a different opinion, were they only to consider, that Scotland under all the poverty of her establishment, and with the bad example of her neighbours, aided by all the influence of wealth and fashion, operating against her, has preserved, and, in many instances, improved her original simplicity of character; has formed a body of song that has nothing to rival it, and that too by the hands of unlettered peasants, who were active and useful, each in his day, in the several avocations of life: claiming nothing from their country, but bequeathing to her the imperishable fruits of their genius, they have laid themselves down among the unhonoured dead, and their very names are, for the most part, no longer remembered.

AND what she has done she is still doing. Her intimate connexion with the sister country; the increase of her trade, and the consequent influx of wealth, have, no doubt, had a very great influence in changing the character of a considerable portion of her population; but neither taste nor genius has yet bidden her a final farewell, as many a fancied master of wisdom would have us to believe. Nor can they do so, so long as a moiety of her ministers continue true to their duty. Should they, unfortunately, become, gen-



erally, fine gentlemen, and philosophers, and geologists, and political economists, then may we expect darkness to cover our vallies, and gross darkness our people; then, indeed, it will be time for "industry, in good earnest, to exert itself, in retrieving, and illustrating, the reliques of departed genius," for, assuredly, of the kind alluded to, nothing more need to be expected. Happily, however, though we are cursed with a sufficient number of place-hunting, and time-serving men in public office, we have yet a great proportion of very different characters, men who are denied to the world and to themselves, patiently devoted to the service of God, watching over the souls committed to their care with parental tenderness, and with all the solicitude of them who know that they must render an account.—And, let it be remarked, that it is this that gives to our peasantry their peculiarity of character, and not parochial schools alone, as has been very generally supposed. Parochial schools are indeed excellent, and they are so much the more so, that the instructions they afford, especially as formerly conducted, are fully as much of a moral and religious as of a literary kind; which, joined to the exercises common in every religious family, soon qualifies the pupil for entering with



deep interest into the glowing, and rich, though extemporaneous, sabbath exercises of the pious Pastor, whose heart burns with all the fervours of seraphic love, and whose tongue, in declaring the divine glory of the Mediator, and the exceeding riches of his grace, is like the pen of a ready writer. This is the school where the character of the genuine Scottish peasant receives its polish, and has all its lineaments developed in full proportion. It is here he becomes acquainted with his Bible, not as a "thing of shreds and patches," but as a glorious whole; holding forth salvation in all the fulness of its extent, and in all the varieties of its application—faith being the immovable foundation, and good works the beautiful superstructure. It is here he is made acquainted with all the recesses of human feeling, and the immeasurable variety of Christian experience. And here, in short, he acquires, along with habits of patient attention, meek humility, and deep contrition of heart, a strength of conception, a fulness and a fluency of expression, which, in all probability, sets him many degrees above his own class in the most favoured countries with which we have yet become acquainted.

BUT I have been carried beyond my purpose.

and, perhaps, owe my readers an apology for this long digression. That I am partial to the institutions of my country may be true—and for this partiality, I presume, my countrymen will forgive me. Should this by accident fall into the hands of others, I hope they too will be disposed to pass it over without much severity of censure; when I assure them, that I most sincerely wish all men more intelligent, more virtuous, and more happy than I have supposed my countrymen to be.

To return to Scottish song—a cursory glance at its general characteristics will demonstrate, that, while it owes its excellence to the above causes, it comes strongly in aid of them; and cannot fail to be a powerful auxiliary, in forming and confirming habits of patriotism, of prudence, and frugality.

AND here the first peculiarity that presents itself is locality. Some stream, some mountain, or some valley, is, for the most part, clearly particularized, and every shifting shade of nature, as it appears in such a place, minutely pointed out. Is it the morning that falls to be described—the grey dawn, while it empurples the east, scatters the vapours upon a particular hill, dissipates the

shades in a particular valley, and glitters upon the well known and every day frequented stream.—Is it the evening—the shadows creep along the vales, with all the characteristic marks of old acquaintances—the moon climbs her accustomed mountain—her cold beam flickers through the trees of a favourite wood—trembles on the rippling waves of the adjoining lake and mossy fountains—or tranquilly sleeps upon the sloping dale, the scene of the poet's daily toil, or of his evening felicities. Is it winter—He marshals his storms, arranges his magazines of sleet, of hail, and of snow—summons his winds, and in all the terrors of the boisterous north rushes from his allotted station, the heights of Benledi, Benvenue, Bennevis, or Benlomond. Is it the green rob'd spring, the laughing daughter of a churlish sire—she is conducted thro' the sunny mead, and along the sheltered banks of the brawling brook, where the early daisy, the yellow kingcup, and the pale primrose, spring up beneath her steps. Is it the florid summer—she is sheltered in the shades of Dryburgh, in the woods of Roslin, or among the declivities of Tweed and Yarrow. Is it sallow autumn—she tinges the peak of Cheviot, empurples the heights of Yare, waves her rich robe over the vales of Clyde, of Forth, and of Tay, or

b

takes her final farewell among the sheltered dales of Loudon, or among the fading woods of Catrine.

How much this particular feature of Scottish song strengthens the *Amor Patriæ*, for which Scotsmen are so remarkably distinguished, and of which every country knows something that has ever heard her warpipes play, or seen her tartans wave—How much it has contributed to that commendable self-respect which they have exemplified in every corner of the peopled earth—how much to that heroic devotedness which they have manifested on the banks of the Ganges, the Nile, the Tagus, and the Rhine—how much of it entered into that glorious ebullition of enthusiasm on the field of Waterloo, when, after a day of endurance the most astonishing, “Scotland for ever!” was the signal to a charge more daring in its manner, and more momentous in its consequences, than any that modern times has recorded, it would not be easy, perhaps it is altogether impossible, to calculate.

BUT another peculiarity of Scottish song is favour of passion tempered for the most part with the greatest delicacy. In many of what are called English songs we have indeed an abundance of heat, but it is the heat of mere animality—a

warmth kindled by pure selfishness, towards which real respect for the object beloved contributes nothing, and over which reason has no power. The Scottish songster on the contrary is calculating and sober—frequently checking himself in the height of his rapture from the consideration of consequences, and resolving nobly to struggle with his passion, and be for ever unhappy, rather than place the dear object of his affections in a situation which he considers unworthy of her—yea, we sometimes find him, breathing out the most ardent strains of love and admiration, where he has resolved never to attempt gaining any thing like a return of affection—conscious that the fair object could not make any such return, without losing something, even in his estimation. Of this most delicate feeling, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of transcribing the following beautiful specimen.

#### BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' hinney 'tween my luv's lips,  
An' gowd amang her hair,  
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,  
Nae mortal een keek there.  
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,  
Or what arm of luv dare span,  
The hinny lips, the creamy loof,  
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;  
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
Maun touch her lady mou'.  
But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,  
Her jimpy waist maun span:  
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is lattic'd wi' flowers  
Tied up wi' siller thread;  
And comely sits she in the midst,  
Men's langing een to feed:  
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
Wi' her milky milky han':  
And her every look beams wi' grace divine,  
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,  
Like my luve's broider'd cap;  
An' on the mantle which my luve wears,  
Is monie a gowden drap.  
Her bonnie eebree's a hodie arch,  
Cast by nae earthly han';  
An' the breath o' heaven's atween the lips  
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wondering gaze on her stately steps,  
An' I beet a hopeless flame;  
To my luve, alas! she maunna stoop,  
It wad stain her honour'd name.

My een are bauld, they dwell on a place  
 Where I darena mint my han';  
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I am but her father's gardenet lad,  
 An' poor poor is my fa';  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:  
 My Lady comes, my Lady gaes,  
 Wi' a fu' and kindly han';  
 O their blessing maun mix wi' my luv,  
 An' fa' on Lady Ann.

THE third and last peculiarity which I shall here advert to, is a spirit of dignified independence. However distinguished in respect of beauty, of mental accomplishments, or of external rank, the object of his wishes be, the lover, if he approaches her at all, it is on the footing of a most perfect equality. If he makes her the mistress of his cot, and sets her to tend his household affairs—or, if he is a farmer, gives her the charge of his dairy, invites her along with him to see the progress of his crops, and of his improvements—or, if he is a shepherd, takes her to the hill, to assist in tending the sheep and goats through the day, preferring her to his bed and his bosom at night, he thinks himself sufficiently



gallant. He is perfectly willing to endure all manner of toil, and to submit to every privation for her sake; but he expects in return a love unreserved, cheerful, and confiding. In what ought properly to be denominated English songs (for I except a numerous class of songs written by scholars of both countries, upon classic models, and which in a regular classification of songs ought to be denominated Classic,) the lover has a wonderful propensity toward dying; and has always at hand a pretty general assortment of what either is, or, may readily be converted into, the agents of death. Not only knives and ropes, but rocks, and rivers, and peaceful trees, and, even these pretty playthings, garters and apron-strings, are pressed into the service, and mustered up in horrible array to soften the heart of the obdurate fair—and if even all these will not do, the terror of his ghost haunting her steps, and hovering over her bed for a *thousand years* to come, is a dernier expedient that cannot fail to move her. Against this species of folly, the Scottish peasant is sufficiently fortified by the strength of his mind, and a vein of general good sense; and were he so far to lose respect for himself, and for the understanding of his mistress, as to adopt it, I have no doubt, she would reward him with a present of her best twined apron-string, and the

most beautiful pair of her garters, that he might execute his delightful and manly purpose, as pleasantly and speedily as possible—but—no—thank God he is, and long may he continue to be, a very different character. He is sincere in his affections; and though he follows them out with warmth, it is generally with honour, and with some degree of understanding. Hence, if he finds an insurmountable aversion, on the part of his mistress, if he really loves her, seeing he knows that conjugal felicity depends entirely upon a reciprocity of tender regards, and good offices, for her sake, as well as out of respect for himself, he will relinquish the pursuit; and, consoling himself with the adage common to his country, “There’s as gude fish i’ the sea as e’er cam out o’t,” turn to a quarter where affections unengaged, and modes of thinking more congenial with his own, shall render his attentions more acceptable, and afford, at the same time, a fairer prospect of future felicity.

To this feeling we are indebted, for a pretty numerous class of Scottish songs, distinguished for wit, and an inimitable vein of humour; and what is more, for much of that conjugal felicity, that blesses, and adorns the tranquil vales of

Caledonia. When the lover intends only a momentary gratification, he will, indeed, find it for his interest to behave with a little more of what is termed gallantry. He may rave about darts, and chains, and flames, and raptures surpassing those of paradise—or he may weep, and tell of torments felt only by the damned, as the more absurd and extravagant he has been, the greater will be his enjoyment, when, after having triumphed over the frail fair one, and given her up to all the wretchedness arising from guilt, and regret, and remorse, and shame, and poverty, and infamy, he relates the eventful story over the midnight bowl, to the shame of the chaste moon, and the pure stars, that are peacefully rolling over him; to the delight of malignant spirits, that are wantoning around him in all the fulness of infernal satisfaction; to the darkening of that cloud of wrath which is deepening over him; and, strange! to electrify with all the rapture of mirth, to call forth the applause, or, it may be, to awaken the envy of his infatuated companions. But in forming a connexion that is to terminate only with life, the case is very different. The greatest candour, and the most straight forward integrity, one would suppose, in such a case, to be utterly indispensable; and he cannot, surely, be

the friend of his species, who would make the most distant approach towards banishing from our songs this relic of the sterling honesty of the olden time, in order to substitute that affected and hollow sentimentalism, which has already infected every gradation of society, and threatens to poison all the relations of life.

Of this Collection the Editor would gladly avoid saying any thing. He is sensible that it has many defects, which no diligence on his part has been able to supply. At the same time, he trusts, it will be found to contain a greater number of good songs, than any former one that was accessible to common readers; and that to the exclusion of many that were positively bad—and, if this shall be found to be the fact, the candid reader will allow that the original design has been in some degree accomplished. This it will be recollected was not merely to gratify the Antiquarian and the Critic, but to supply the common Reader with the body of our national song, at a cheap rate, and in a commodious form. To this has been added a number of most beautiful compositions (the production of men equally celebrated for learning and genius) though they have, perhaps, less relation to Scotland than to Greece and Rome, up-

on the model of whose admired Lyrics they are evidently formed. Among these are some of the noblest works of genius which the English language can boast, and he feels not a little proud, that the humblest class of his countrymen are able to enter into their spirit, and fully to appreciate their beauties.

THE Editor has also been favoured, by several of his friends, with a number of originals, both Scottish and Classic, which he trusts will be found to be valuable additions to both departments.

IN arranging the songs he has not adhered very rigidly to rule, and, perhaps, under one head has made fewer subdivisions than strict classification required: this, however, he considered as a matter of no very great importance. He begs leave also to say, that, in all cases, to the best of his judgment, he has given the most correct editions of the songs which he could fall in with, without being exactly sure whether they are verbatim as the Authors left them or not. To ascertain this, is indeed a much more difficult task than any one could believe, who has not entered pretty largely into the subject. Songs are so often printed, and that carelessly; so often

handed about in manuscript, and so often propagated over a country-side *vires vocæ*, that they are more than any other species of composition liable to be corrupted—indeed you may often have half a dozen editions of a song, and not two of them exactly alike—but neither can this, to the general reader, be very interesting. To him it certainly is of much more importance that the reading be a good one, though an interpolation, than that it be otherwise, and genuine. Some of the older songs will here be found fuller than in any printed editions commonly to be met with, some by verses supplied from memory, and some by verses, to fill up the breaks, added by the Editor. In some of the songs too, single lines and expressions have sometimes been altered, though very sparingly (he is afraid some of his readers will think too sparingly) all which he knows to be grievous offences against the statute law of Criticism. But he must again repeat, that he did not consider himself as labouring for Critics, but for the peasantry of his country—that many of the works passing through his hands had already passed through so many editions that it was impossible to say how much of their merit or demerit belonged to the original Authors, who had long ago ceased to be remembered—that he has exercised this

prerogative sparingly, and never but when religion and good manners were concerned, and he appeals from the tribunal of Criticism, to the taste, the good sense, and the moral feelings of his Countrymen.

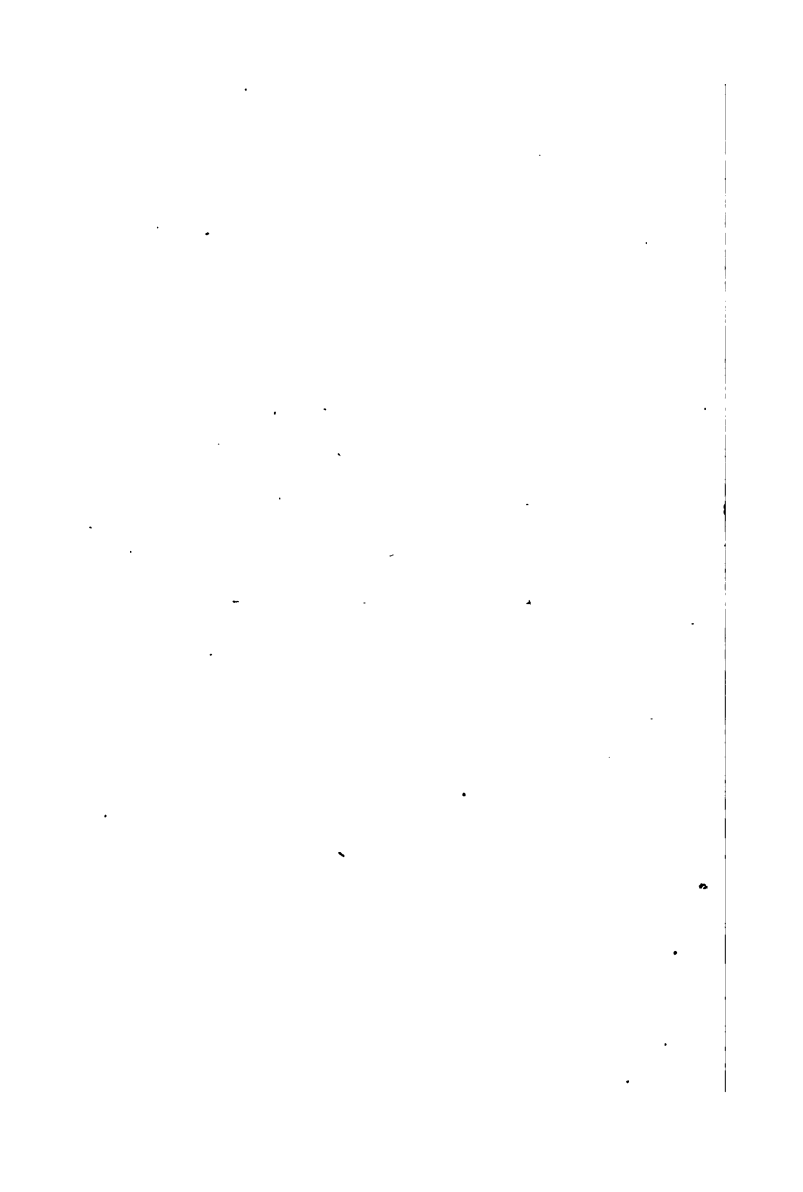
HUTCHESONTOWN, }  
September 29th, 1818. }

---

**SONGS.**

---





# The Harp

OF

## CALEDONIA.

---

### PART I.

---

### *Lobe Songs.*

---

#### O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

MACNIELL.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

Oh ! tell me, oh tell me, bonnie young lassie !

Oh tell me young lassie how for to woo !

Oh tell me, oh tell me, bonnie sweet lassie !

Oh tell me sweet lassie how for to woo !

Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the 'morning ?

Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew ?

Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning ?—

Oh ! tell me, oh tell me how for to woo !

Far hae I wander'd to see thee, dear lassie !

Far hae I ventur'd across the saut sea !

Far hae I ventur'd owre moorland and mountain,

Houseless, and wearie, sleep'd cauld on the lea !

Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luv to onie ;

For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you ;

Now we're alane in the green wood sae bonnie !—

Oh ! tell me, oh tell me how for to woo !

What care I for your wandering, young laddie !  
 What care I for your crossing the sea !  
 It was na for naithing you left poor young Peggy ;  
 It was for my tocher ye cam to court me :—  
 Say, hae ye gowd to busk me aye gaudie ?  
 Ribbands, and perlins, and breast-knots enew ?  
 A house that is cantie, wi' walth in't, my laddie ?  
 Without this ye never need try for to woo.

I hae na gowd to busk ye aye gaudie !  
 I canna buy ribbands and perlins enew !  
 I've naithing to brag o' house, or o' plenty !  
 I've little to gie but a heart that is true—  
 I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie ;  
 I never loo'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow,—  
 I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face fause as bonnie !  
 —I little thought this was the way for to woo !

Our laird has fine *houses* and *guineas* in gowpins ;  
 He's youthfu', he's blooming, and comely to see !  
 The leddies are a' gaen wood for the wooer,  
 And yet, ilka e'ening, he leaves them for me !—  
 O ! saft in the gloamin his luve he discloses !  
 And saftly yestreen, as I milked my cow,  
 He swore that my breath it was sweeter than roses,  
 And a' the gate hame he did naithing but woo.

Ah, Jenny ! the young laird may brag o' his siller,  
 His houses, his lands, and his lordly degree ;  
 His speeches for *true luve* may drap sweet as hinny,  
 But, trust me, dear Jenny ! he ne'er loo'd like me.—  
 The wooing o' gentry are fine words o' fashion :  
 The faster they fa' as the heart is least true !—  
 The dumb look o' luve's aft the best proof o' passion :  
 —The heart that feels maist is the least fit to woo !

Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning !  
 Hae na ye roos'd my cherry red mou' !  
 ye come owre sea, moor, and mountain,  
 t mair, my dear Johnnie, need ye to woo ?

Far hae ye wander'd, I ken my dear laddie !  
 Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue;  
 Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll never gang gaudie,  
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom;  
 The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's e'e;  
 The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,  
 And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.—  
 He clasped her, he press'd her, and ca'd her his hinny,  
 And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou';  
 And ay 'tween ilk smack she sigh'd to her Johnie—  
 Oh ! laddie ! oh laddie ! *weel* can ye woo.



### THE LAMMIE.

MACNIELL.

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy ?  
 Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy ?  
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,  
 Meadow green and mountain grey,  
 Courting o' this young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ?  
 And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ?  
 I gat her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
 Herding ae we Lamb and ewe  
 For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn, my boy Tammy ?  
 What said ye to the bonnie bairn, my boy Tammy ?  
 I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpl'd cheek, and cherty mou';—  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may true !—  
 She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling  
Lammie!

I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling  
Lammie!

I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
I've walth o' plenishing and gear;  
Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy,

The smile gade aff her bonny face—I maunna leave my  
mammy.

The smile gade aff her bonny face—I maunna leave my  
mammy.

She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,  
She's been my comfort a' my days:—  
My father's death brought monie waes—  
I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind  
hearted Lammie!

We'll tak her hame aud mak her fair', my ain kind  
hearted Lammie!

We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days.

The wee thing gie's her hand, and says  
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?  
Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my hoy Tammy?

She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
And the tear was in her ee,—

But O! she's but a young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.

### MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

GALL.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,

My only jo and dearie, O;

Thy neck is o' the siller dew

Upon the bank sae briery, O.

Thy teeth are o' the ivory;  
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee :  
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheery, O.  
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
 Nae care to mak it eerie, O ;  
 Ah ! little kens the sangster sweet,  
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,  
 That gars my restless bosom beat,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
 And youth was blinkin bonnie, O,  
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,  
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.  
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,  
 And round about the thorny tree ;  
 Or pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,  
 'Mang a the cares that grieve me, O ;  
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,  
 And never mair to leave me, O ;  
 Then I would daut thee night and day,  
 Nae ither warldly care I'd hae,  
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

### THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

TANNIHILL.

LET us go, lassie, go,  
 To the braes of Balquhither,  
 Where the blae-berries grow  
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather ;

Where the deer and the rae,  
 Lightly bounding together,  
 Sport the lang simmer day,  
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it o'er  
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain ;  
 I will range through the wilds,  
 And the deep glen sae drearie,  
 And return wi' the spoils,  
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the linn  
 On the night breeze is swelling,  
 So merrily we'll sing  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 Till the dear shieling ring  
 Wi' the light titing chorus.

Now the simmer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming ;  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad Innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.



### MY ANNA.

GALL.

How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning !  
 How fair ilka object that lives in the view !  
 Dame Nature the valley and hillock adorning ;  
 The primrose and blue-bells yet wet wi' the dew.

How sweet in the morning o' life is my Anna !  
 Her smile like the sunbeam that glents o'er the lea !  
 To wander and leave her, dear lassie, I canna,  
 Frae-love and frae beauty I never can flee.

O ! lang hae I lo'ed her, and lo'ed her fu' dearly,  
 And aft hae I pree'd o' her bonnie sweet mou' ;  
 And aft hae I read, in her ee blinkin' clearly,  
 A language that bade me be constant and true !  
 Then others may doat on their fond warly treasure,  
 For pelf, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea ;  
 To love my sweet lassie be mine the dear pleasure,  
 Wi' her let me live, and wi' her let me die !

~~~~~  
 GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

TANNAHILL.

GLOOMY winter's now awa,  
 Saft the westlin breezes blaw ;  
 'Mang the birks o' Stanely shaw  
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.  
 Sweet the craw-flow'r's early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell  
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
 My young, my artless deerie, O.  
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,  
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,  
 Blythely spend the gowden day,  
 Midst joys that never wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lavrocks fan the snaw white clouds ;  
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,  
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
 And ilka-thing is cheerie, O.



Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

~~~~~  
 THE WEE THING.

MACNEILL.

O saw ye my wee thing ! Saw ye my ain thing ?  
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea ?  
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin ?  
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree ?

Her hair it is lint-white ; her skin it is milk-white ;  
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee ;  
 Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;—  
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me ?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
 Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea ;  
 But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin,  
 Down be the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white ; her skin it was milk-white ;  
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee ;  
 Red war' her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses :  
 Sweet war' the kisses that she ga'e to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree :  
 Proud is her leal heart ! modest her nature !  
 She never lo'ed onie till ance she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary ; she's frae Castle-Cary :  
 Aft has she sat when a bairn, on my knee :—  
 Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,  
 Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee !

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;  
It was then your true love I met by the tree;  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet war' the kisses that she ga'e to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,  
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!—  
Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your  
scorning:  
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling.—  
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

Is it my wee thing! is it my ain thing!  
Is it my true love here that I see!  
O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;  
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!

~~~~~  
**THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.**

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Seventh of November.*"

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
The blisful day we twa did meet;  
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.  
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
And crosses o'er the sultry line;  
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
Or nature aught of pleasure giv;  
While joys above, my mind can move,  
For thee, and thee alone, I'll live!

When that grim foe of life below  
Comes in between to make us part;  
The iron hand that breaks our band,  
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.



### THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

TYTLER.

THE bonnie brucket lassie,  
She's blue beneath the een  
She was the fairest lassie  
That danced on the green.  
A lad he loo'd her dearly,  
She did his love return;  
But he his vow has broken,  
And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says was handsome,  
My face was fair and clean;  
But now I'm bonnie brucket,  
And blue beneath the een.  
My eyes were bright and sparkling,  
Before that they turn'd blue;  
But now they're dull with weeping,  
And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely,  
My shape they said was neat;  
But now I am quite changed,  
My stays they winna meet.  
A' night I slept soundly,  
My mind was never sad;  
But now my rest is broken,  
Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,  
 Or hide me in the sea,  
 Since my love is unfaithful,  
 And has forsaken me!  
 No other love I suffer'd  
 Within my breast to dwell;  
 In nought I have offended  
 But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,  
 As by he chanc'd to pass;  
 And press'd unto his bosom  
 The lovely brucket lass.  
 My dear, he said, cease grieving;  
 Since that your love's so true,  
 My bonnie brucket lassie,  
 I'll faithful prove to you.

~~~~~

### ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, on a summer night,  
 At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,  
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,  
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane.  
 My heart grew light; I ran, and flang  
 My arms about her lily neck,  
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,  
 My words they were na monie feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye gang  
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn?  
 I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe,  
 When we come to the brig o' Earn:  
 At Leith comes in baith meal and beef,  
 And herrings at the Broomielaw;  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,  
 There's gear to win we never saw.

A' day when we hae wrought eneugh,  
 When winter frosts and snaws begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when ye sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :  
 And thus the weary night we'll end,  
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring  
 All pleasing simmer back again.

And syne when trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel,  
 I'll meet my lassie amang the broom,  
 And lead her to my simmer shiel.  
 Free frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That mak the kindly heart their sport,  
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
 And gar the longest day seem short.

~~~~~  
 THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

BURNS.

'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields were green,  
 On ev'ry blade the pearls hang ;  
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
 And bore its fragrant sweets along :  
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,  
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,  
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,  
 When musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile ;  
 The lily's hue, and rose's dye,  
 Bespake the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,  
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,  
When roving through the garden gay,  
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;  
But woman, Nature's darling child!  
There all her charms she does compile;—  
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd  
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,  
And I the happy country swain,  
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed  
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!  
Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
With joy, with rapture I would toil;  
And nightly to my bosom strain  
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
Or downward dig the Indian mine.  
Give me the cot below the pine,  
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
And ev'ry day brings joy divine  
Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.



## KATH'RINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,  
Upon a morning early,  
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,  
From flowers which grew so rarely,  
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,  
She shin'd, tho' it was foggie:  
I ask'd her name: Kind Sir, she said,  
My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
To see a nymph so stately;  
So brisk an air there did appear  
In a country maid so neatly:—  
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,  
Like a lily in a bogie;  
Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;  
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
Yet these cannot disguise thee:  
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
Excels each clownish rogue;  
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,  
To feed my flock beside thee;  
At bughting-time to leave the plain  
In milking to abide thee.  
I'd think myself a happier man,  
Wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,  
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,  
And statesmen's dang'rous stations,  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations,  
Might I caress, and still possess  
This lass of whom I'm vogie;  
For they're but toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear for me is not decreed  
So fair, so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works of nature.

Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and foggie;  
 Pity my case ye Powers above!  
 I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

~~~~~

### HIGHLAND MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE,—“ *Kath'rine Ogie.*”

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The Castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,  
 Your waters never drumlie.  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry,  
 For there I took the last fareweel,  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me, and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder:  
 But, Oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower so early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!



O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
 And clos'd for aye, the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



## LOVELY JEAN.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lass that I lo'e best :  
 Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 Wi' monie a hill between,  
 Baith day and night, my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,  
 Sae lovely, sweet, and fair ;  
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,  
 Wi' music charm the air :  
 There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs,  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde  
 The lasses busk them braw ;  
 But when their best they hae put on,  
 My Jeannie dings them a' :

In hamely weeds she far exceeds  
 The fairest o' the town;  
 Baith sage and gay confess it sae,  
 Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,  
 Mair harmless canna be;  
 She has nae faut, (if sic ye ca't,)  
 Except her love for me:  
 The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,  
 Is like her shining een:  
 In shape and air, nane can compare  
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft  
 Among the leafy trees;  
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees,  
 And bring the lassie back to me  
 That's ay sae neat and clean:  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,  
 Hae past atween us twa!  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part  
 That day she gaed awa!  
 The powers aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be so dear to me,  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

MACNEILL.

TUNE—"My Lodging is on the cold ground."

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane,  
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;  
 He's willing to mak me his ain,  
 And his ain I'm willing to be:

He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,  
And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
Their land, and their lordlie degree;  
I carena for ought but my dear,  
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:  
His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!  
I listen—poor fool! and I greet,  
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jear,  
Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear;  
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
Yet see how he's dwyning wi' care;  
Now we, tho' we've naething but health,  
Are cantie and leel evermair.

O Marion! the heart that is true  
Has something mair costlly than gear;  
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue;  
Ilk morn it has naething to fear;  
Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,  
And tremble for fear ought ye tyne;  
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
While here in my arms I lock mine!

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
Waes me! can I tak it amiss!  
My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,  
He's free ay to daut and to kiss!  
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
Play your pranks—I hae gien my consent,  
And the night I am Jamie's for life.

## THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

BURNS.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
 With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!  
 But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;  
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
 That steals on the ev'ning each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes  
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;  
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

~~~~~  
BESSIE'S LAMENTATION.

TUNE—"Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane."

By the side of yon river, as Bessie sat sighin'  
 Lamenting her Jamie frae her far awa,  
 The last sound o' the bell on the night-breeze was dyin',  
 And silent around her the dew-drops did fa':  
 O! welcome, she cried, thou sweet hour o' devotion!  
 O rise, bonnie moon, hear a young lassie's ca';  
 Shine clearly, an' witness my full heart's emotion:  
 I'll think on my Jamie, tho' he be awa.

O! gin he was here, or gin I had gaen wi' him:—  
 But whisht my fond heart, he will quickly return;  
 My arms shall enfauld him; soon, soon shall I see him,  
 An' ne'er on this bank again lanely I'll mourn.

An' thou, bonnie moon, wha'st beheld my sad wailin',  
 O tell it to Jamie, O tell it him a' ;  
 While gazin' on thee, owre the deep as he's sailin',  
 O ! fair be the breezes aroun' him that blaw.

How sweet is't to see thee shine clearly an' bonnie,  
 On the gay fiel's o' hairst, or the silvery snaw—  
 How sweet are these scenes ! but far sweeter than onie  
 The lad to me dearest, tho' he be awa ;  
 For what to me's Nature, tho' varied in feature ;  
 Without him—nae joy can it gie me awa,—  
 O ! come then, my laddie, O come, binna later,  
 For drearie's the time whan frae me ye're awa.



### THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.

How blythe was I ilk morn to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill !  
 He leap'd the burn, and flew to me,  
 I met him wi' good-will.  
*O, the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom,  
 The broom of the Cowdenknowes !  
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,  
 Wi' his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 While his flocks near me lay ;  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night.  
 And cheer'd me a' the day.

*O, the broom, &c.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
 The birds stood list'ning by ;  
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd wi' his melody.

*O, the broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
 Betwixt our flocks and play,  
 I envied not the fairest dame,  
 Though e'er so rich and gay.

*O, the broom, &c.*

Hard fate ! that I should banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily, and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.

*O, the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;  
 Could I but faithfu' be ?  
 He staw my heart ; could I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

*O, the broom, &c.*

My doggie, and my little kit,  
 That held my wee soup whey,  
 My plaidie, broach, and crooked stick,  
 Maun now lie useless by.

*O, the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu !  
 Fareweel a' pleasures there !  
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
 It's a' I crave or care.

*O, the broom, &c.*

### THE ROSY BRIER.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *I wish my love were in a mire.*"

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;  
 And bonnie she, and, ah ! how dear !  
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,  
 How pure amang the leaves sae green ;  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson'd rose, how sweet and fair,  
 But love is far a sweeter flower,  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless, wild, and wimplin burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;  
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

~~~~~  
 O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *I'll gang nae mair to yon town.*"

O wat ye wha's in yon town,  
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon ?  
 The fairest maid's in yon town,  
 That e'enin sun is shining on.  
 Now haply down yon gay green shaw,  
 She wanders by yon spreading tree ;  
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw !  
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee.  
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome in the blooming year ;  
 And doubly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,  
 Amang yon broomy braes sae green ;  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean,

Without my love, not a' the charms  
 Of paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's drearie sky.  
 My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,  
 The sinking sun's gaun down upon;  
 The dearest maid's in yon town,  
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.  
 If angry fate be sworn my foe,  
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,  
 I'll careless quit aught else below;  
 But spare, Oh! spare me Jeanie dear.  
 For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart  
 For as most lovely is her form,  
 She has the truest, kindest heart.



### THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

DR. STEWART.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain;  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;  
 Tho' thus I languish and complain,  
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded never move her;  
 The bonnie bush aboon Traquair,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.



That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender:  
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame;  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented;  
 If e'er we meet she shows disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May;  
 Its sweets I'll aye remember;  
 But now her frowns make it decay;  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
 Oh! make her partner in my pains;  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair;  
 My passion no more tender;  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair;  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.



### ROSLIN CASTLE.

HEWIT.

'Twas in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin with the morning ray,  
 Arose and sung his rural lay.  
 Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nannie rung;  
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,  
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing!  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
Who hail the morning with a song:  
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;  
O! bid her haste and come away;  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
And love inspires the melting song:  
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
Around that modest brow of thine.  
O! hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravished breast of mine!



### THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

MALLET.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,  
And while they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay.  
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
And in soft raptures waste the day,  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

The lavrock's now, and lintwhites sing ;  
The rocks around with echoes ring ;  
The mavis, and the blackbird's lay,  
In tuneful strains do glad the day ;  
The woods now wear their summer suits ;  
To mirth all nature now invites :  
Let us be blythesome then, and gay,  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
With lowing herds and flocks abound :  
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,  
Gambol and dance about their dams :  
The busy bees with humming noise.  
And all the reptile kind rejoice :  
Let us like them, then sing and play  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,  
Loudly, my love, to gladness call ;  
The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
And fishes play throughout the streams ;  
The circling sun behold advance,  
And all the planets round him dance :  
Let us as jovial be as they,  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

But soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
At this thy lovely bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade :  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters are no more ;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

## BLUE-EYED ANNE.

FLETCHER.

TUNE—" *Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff*."

NINE times bleak winter's cranreuch snell  
 Despoil'd o' bloom the daisied lea,  
 And nine times has the primrose pale  
 Spread round the dells of Coir-in-shee,  
 Since, where Mountstuart's dusky groves  
 Wave o'er yon foaming distant sea,—  
 I, blushin', own'd my youthful love,  
 And Blue-eyed Anne reprov'd na me.

Wha then could think our joys wad fade !  
 Love's dearest pleasures a' we knew ;  
 And not a cloud was seen to shade  
 The blissful scenes young fancy drew :  
 But, ah ! misfortune overcasts  
 Our fairest hopes full oft we see :—  
 Alas ! I've borne her rudest blast,  
 Yet Blue-eyed Anne still smiles on me.

Now safe retir'd, no more I'll stray  
 Ambition's faithless path along,  
 But calmly spend the careless day  
 Dunoon's green winding vales among :  
 And aft I'll climb this hoary pile,  
 When spring revives each flower and tree,  
 To view yon sweet sequester'd isle,  
 Where Blue-eyed Anne first smil'd on me.



## DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee ;  
 I'll tak a stick into my hand, and come again and see t'

Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie,  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie,  
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night and eerie,  
 O stay this ae night wi' your love, and dinna gang and  
 leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;  
 Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again and  
 see thee.

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;  
 Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and leave me;  
 When a' the lave are sound asleep I am dull and eerie,  
 And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on my  
 dearie.

O dinna think bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;  
 Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight I'll come again and  
 see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear  
 me;

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear  
 me;

While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and  
 drearie,

And gin ye lo e me as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
 Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
 E'en let the warld gae as it will, I'll stay at hame and  
 cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost his stick, I winna gang and leave thee;  
 Threw his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve thee;  
 Drew his boots, and flang them by, cried, my lass be cheerie.  
 I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my dearie.



## O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

BURNS.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?  
 Or art thou waukin I would wit?  
 For love has bound me hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo.

*O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night;  
 For pity's sake this ae night,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

Out owre the moss, out owre the muir,  
 I came, this dark and drearie hour,  
 And here I stand without the door,  
 Amid the pouring storm, jo.

*O let me in, &c.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;  
 Tak pity on my wearie feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

*O let me in, &c.*

The bitter blast that round me blows  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pain jo.

*O let me in, &c.*

## HER ANSWER.

BURNS.

O TELL na me of wind and rain,  
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain !  
Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
I winna let you in, jo.

*I tell ye now this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night,  
And ance for a' this ae night,  
I winna let you in jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
Is nought to what poor she endures,  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

*I tell ye now, &c.*

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.

*I tell ye now, &c.*

The bird that charm'd his summer day,  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
Let witless, trusting, woman say  
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

*I tell ye now, &c.*

## THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Dundee*."

KEEN blows the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,  
The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;  
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,  
Among the broom bushes by Stanely green shaw.  
The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonnie,  
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birkin tree;  
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnie,  
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheerie,  
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;  
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,  
And naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw.  
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,  
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,  
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie;  
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,  
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded foun-  
tain,

That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.  
It's no its loud roar, on the wint'ry win swellin';  
It's no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my ee;  
For O gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,  
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.



## O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOODLARK.

BURNS,

TUNE—" *Locherroch Side.*"

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,  
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray !  
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
     Thy soothing fond complaining.  
 Again, again that tender part,  
 That I may catch thy melting art,  
 For surely that would touch her heart,  
     Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?  
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,  
     Sic notes o' wo could wauken.  
 Thou tells o' never-ending care ;  
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;  
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !  
     Or my poor heart is broken !



## THE LILY OF THE VALE.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—" *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.*"

THE lily of the vale is sweet ;  
 And sweeter still the op'ning rose ;  
 But sweeter far my Mary is  
     Than any blooming flower that blows.  
 Whilst spring her fragrant blossoms spreads,  
 I'll wander oft by Mary's side,  
 And whisper soft the tender tale,  
     By Forth, sweet Forth's meandering tide.

There will we walk at early dawn,  
 Ere yet the sun begins to shine;  
 At eve oft to the lawn we'll tread,  
 And mark that splendid orb's decline.  
 The fairest, choicest flowers I'll crop,  
 To deck my lovely Mary's hair;  
 And while I live, I vow and swear,  
 She'll be my chief, my only care.



### HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Here's a health to ane that's awa.*"

*HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear.  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet.  
 And soft as the parting tear —Jessy !*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine;  
 Altho' even hope is denied;  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !  
*Here's a health, &c.*

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,  
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !  
*Here's a health, &c.*

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love rolling ee;  
 But, why urge the tender confession,  
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy !  
*Here's a health, &c.*

## GLOOMY WINTER'S COME AGAIN.

AITCHISON.

TUNE—" *Gloomy Winter's now awa.*"

GLOOMY winter's come again,  
 Heavy fa's the sleet and rain;  
 Flaky snaw decks white the plain,  
   Whare Nature bloom'd sae cheerie, O.  
 Hoary frost o'erspreads the dell,  
 Glazing firm each crystal rill;  
 They mind me o' thy fickle sel',  
   My fair yet faithless Mary, O.  
 I lanely tread each trackless way,  
 Whare wi' thee, Mary, I did stray;  
 My heart's oppress'd wi' grief and wae,  
   Thou'rt false, and a' looks drearie, O.

The snaw-clad hills o'ertap the cluds,  
 The bares rin tim'rous thro' the wuds,  
 The trees, forsaken by their buds,  
   Are emblems o' my Mary, O.  
 A' around deserted looks,  
 Tangles fringe the barren rocks,  
 While bairnies by the ingle nooks,  
   Tell tales that mak them eerie, O.  
 Storms may rage, and tempests roar,  
 Restless billows beat the shore,  
 Joy on earth I'll find no more  
   Unless I'm blest wi' Mary, O.

~~~~~

## FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O NANNIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
   The lowly cot and russet gown?

Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair.

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
 O can that soft and gentlest mien,  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae,  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay,  
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear?  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

~~~~~  
 MY NANNIE, O.

~~~~~  
 BURNS.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugal flows,  
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and shrill;  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
 The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few there be that ken me, O;  
 But what care I how few they be?  
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O,  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;  
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.  
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
 I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O;  
 Nae ither care in life hae I,  
 But live and love my Nannie, O.



### THE LASSIE I LOO BEST OF A'.

BURNS, JUN.

HAE ye seen, in the calm dewy morning,  
 The red-breast wild warbling sae clear;  
 Or the low-dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,  
 Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?

O, then ye hae seen my dear lassie,  
 The lassie I loo best of a';  
 But far frae the hame o' my lassie,  
 I'm monie a lang mile awa.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,  
 Her eye is the eye o' the dove,  
 Her lips are the rich blushing rose-bud,  
 Her bosom's the palace of love,  
 Tho' green be thy banks O sweet Clutha!  
 Thy beauties ne'er charm me ava;  
 Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha!  
 My heart is wi' her that's awa.

O love, thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure!  
 The sweetest we mortals here know;  
 But soon is thy heaven, bright beaming,  
 O'ercast with the darkness of wo.  
 As the moon on the oft-changing ocean,  
 Delights the lone mariner's eye,  
 Till red rush the storms of the desert,  
 And dark billows tumble on high.



### ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MRS. GRANT.

*Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I cam o'er the braes of Balloch.*

She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine;  
 She said she lo'ed me best of onie;  
 But ah! the fickle faithless quean,  
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.

*Roy's wife, &c.*

O she was a cantie quean,  
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;  
 How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

*Roy's wife, &c.*

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mou sae sweet and bonnie;  
 To me she ever will be dear,  
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.

*Roy's wife, &c.*

~~~~~  
 THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—"The Lee Rig."

AMANG the birks, sae blythe and gay,  
 I met my Julia hameward gaun;  
 The linties chantin on the spray,  
 The lammies lowpit on the lawn:  
 On ilka swaird the hay was mawn:  
 The braes wi' gowans buskit braw;  
 An' gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn  
 Out o'er the hills o' Gallowa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,  
 An' fragrance wing'd along the lee,  
 When down we sat, the flowers amang,  
 Upon the banks o' stately Dee:  
 My Julia's arms encircled me;  
 Then sweetly slade the hours awa,  
 Till dawning coost a glimmering ee  
 Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

It is na owsen, sheep, an' kye,  
 It is na gowd, it is na gear,  
 This lifted ee wad hae, quo I,  
 The warl's drumlie gloom to cheer;

But gie to me my Julia dear,  
 Ye powers wha rule this yirthen ba',  
 An' O sae blythe through life I'll steer  
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

When gloamin' daunders up the hill,  
 An' our gudeman ca's hame the cows,  
 Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill  
 That through the rashes dimpled rows;  
 Or tint amang the skroggy knowes,  
 My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
 An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,  
 The hills an' dales o' Gallowa.

An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,  
 Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,  
 Her flow'ry wilds an' wimplin rills,  
 Awake nae mair my cantie strains;  
 Where friendship dwells, an' freedom reigns,  
 Where heather blooms, and moor-cocks crow,  
 O dig my grave, an' lay my banes  
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

~~~~~  
 LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.

As I came by Loch-Erroch side,  
 The lofty hills surveying,  
 The water clear the heather blooms,  
 Their fragrance sweet conveying,  
 I met, unsought, my lovely maid,  
 I found her like May morning;  
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,  
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
 While in my arms I press'd her!  
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
 As fondly I caress'd her.



She said, if that your heart be true,  
 If constantly you'll love me,  
 I heed not care, nor fortune's frowns,  
 For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,  
 For ever you shall find me,  
 And of our meeting here so sweet,  
 Loch-Erroch side shall mind me;  
 Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,  
 I cried, no more we'll tarry!  
 We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,  
 For lovers soon should marry.

~~~~~

## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Souter's Dockter."

WILT thou be my dearie!  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
 By the treasure of my soul,  
 That's the love I bear thee!  
 I swear and vow that only thou  
 Shall ever be my dearie.  
 Only thou, I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may chuse me,  
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

## BANKS OF DOON.

BURNS.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?  
 How can yer blue stream row sae clear,  
 An' I sae wearie fu' o' care?  
 Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,  
 That wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn,  
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roam'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 While ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,  
 The sweetest on its thorny tree;  
 But my fause luvie has stown the rose,  
 And left the thorn behind wi' me.

Ye roses, blaw your bonnie blooms,  
 And draw the wild birds by the burn;  
 For Luman promised me a ring,  
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn.  
 Ah! na, na, ye needna mourn,  
 My een are dim and drowsy worn;  
 Ye bonnie birds, ye needna sing,  
 For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,  
 At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear,  
 And mid-day, by the willow green,  
 For him I'll shed a silent tear.  
 Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,  
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang.  
 While echo wakes and joins the mane  
 I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

## POOR MARY ANNE.

MRS. OPIE.

TUNE—" *Ar hyd y nos.*"

HERE beneath this willow sleepeth  
 Poor Mary Anne,  
 One whom all the village weepeth,  
 Poor Mary Anne!  
 He she lov'd her passion slighted,  
 Breaking all the vows he plighted;  
 Therefore life no more delighted  
 Poor Mary Anne.

Pale thy cheek grew, where thy lover,  
 Poor Mary Anne!  
 Once could winning charms discover;—  
 Poor Mary Anne!  
 Dim those eyes, so sweetly speaking  
 When true love's expression seeking;—  
 Oh! we saw thy heart was breaking,  
 Poor Mary Anne!

Like a rose we saw thee wither,  
 Poor Mary Anne!—  
 Soon, a corpse we brought thee hither,  
 Poor Mary Anne!—  
 Now, our evening pastime flying,  
 We in heartfelt sorrow vying,  
 Seek this willow softly sighing  
 ' Poor Mary Anne!'

## SONG.

MRS. OPIE.

YES, Mary Anne, I freely grant  
 The charms of Henry's eyes I see;  
 But, while I gaze, I something want,—  
 I want those eyes to gaze on me.

And I allow, in Henry's heart.  
 Not Envy's self a fault can see;  
 Yet still I must one wish impart,—  
 I wish that heart to sigh for me.



## SONG.

MRS. OPIE.

I know you false, I know you vain,  
 Yet still I cannot break my chain :  
 Though with those lips so sweetly smiling,  
 Those eyes so bright and so beguiling,  
 On every youth by turns you smile,  
 And every youth by turns beguile,  
 Yet still enchant and still deceive me,  
 Do all things, fatal fair,—but leave me.

Still let me in those speaking eyes  
 Trace all your feelings as they rise ;  
 Still from those lips in crimson swelling,  
 Which seem of soft delights the dwelling,  
 Catch tones of sweetness, which the soul  
 In fetters ever new control ;  
 Nor let my starts of passion grieve thee,—  
 Though death to stay, 'twere death to leave thee.



## FORGET ME NOT.

MRS. OPIE.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades,  
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find !  
 Yet sometimes deign, midst fairer maids,  
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.

Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share  
 Must never be my happy lot :  
 But thou may'st grant this humble prayer,  
 Forget me not ! forget me not !

Yet, should the thought of my distress  
 Too painful to thy feelings be,  
 Heed not the wish I now express,  
 Nor ever deign to think on me :  
 But Oh ! if grief thy steps attend,  
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,  
 And thou require a soothing friend,  
 Forget me not ! forget me not !



### THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BURNS.

BONNIE wee thing, canny wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine.  
 Wishfully I look and languish  
 In that bonnie face o' thine;  
 An' my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, an' grace, an' love, an' beauty  
 In ae constellation shine ;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !

Bonnie wee thing, &c.

## COUNTRY LASSIE.

BURNS.

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;  
 Blythe Bessie in the milkin shiel',  
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will :  
 Out spak a dame in wrinkl'd eild,  
 O' guide advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woovers mony a ane,  
 And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;  
 Then wait a wee, and canny wale  
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben :  
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;  
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen  
 I dinna care a single flie ;  
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
 He has nae love to spare for me :  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,  
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;  
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 For Buskie Glen an' a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,  
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;  
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,  
 A hungry care's an unco care :  
 But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 An' wilfu' fouk maun hae their will ;  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind, that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me riggs o' land,  
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye,  
 But the tender heart o' leesome luv,  
 The gowd and siller canna buy.  
 We may be poor, Robie and I;  
 Light is the burden luv lays on;  
 Content and love brings peace and joy:  
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?



### FAIR ELIZA.

BURNS,

*Gaelic Air.*

TURN again, thou fair Eliza!  
 Ae kind blink before we part!  
 Rue on thy despairing lover;  
 Canst thou break his faithful heart?  
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza!  
 If to love thy heart denies,  
 For pity hides the cruel sentence  
 Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid! hae I offended?  
 The offence is loving thee:  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?  
 While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride o' sunny noon;  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the summer moon;

Not the poet, in the moment  
 Fancy lightens in his ee,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gies to me.



SONG FROM MARMION.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

WHERE shall the lover rest,  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast,  
 Parted for ever?  
 Where, through groves deep and high,  
 Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die,  
 Under the willow,  
*Eleu loro.* Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,  
 Cool streams are laving,  
 There, while the tempests sway,  
 Scarce are boughs waving;  
 There thy rest shalt thou take,  
 Parted for ever,  
 Never again to wake,  
 Never, O never,  
*Eleu loro.* Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
 He the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden's breast,  
 Ruin, and leave her?  
 In the lost battle,  
 Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle,  
 With groans of the dying,  
*Eleu loro.* There shall he be lying.



Her wing shall the eagle flap,  
 O'er the false hearted;  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
 Ere life be parted;  
 Shame and dishonour sit  
 By his grave ever;  
 Blessing shall hallow it—  
 Never, O never,  
*Eleu loro.*      Never, O never.

~~~~~

### YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

O! YOUNG Lochinvar has come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
 And, save his good broad sword, he weapons had none,  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He rode on the Eske river where ford there was none;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;  
 Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you deny'd;—  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, e'er her mother could bar—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, 'twere better by far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood  
near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Loch-  
invar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby  
clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran;

There was racing and chacing, on Cannobie lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

## POLLY STEWART.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart."

*O lovely Polly Stewart,  
O charming Polly Stewart,  
There's ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May,  
That's half sae fair as thou art.*

THE flow'r it blows, it fades, it fa's,  
And art can ne'er renew it;  
But worth and truth eternal youth  
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

*O lovely, &c.*

Thy looks express a sweet excess,  
An' I wi' pleasure view it,  
Wi' shape sae fine, O were it mine,  
My charming Polly Stewart.

*O lovely, &c.*

In azure skies, I see thine eyes,  
An' crystal streams avow it,  
Thy dimpl'd cheek, nae youth can meet,  
An' no love Polly Stewart.

*O lovely, &c.*

What man could guess a country lass  
Wad be sae fine as thou art?  
Nae city belle, can thee excel,  
My pretty Polly Stewart.

*O lovely, &c.*

Twin'd in my arms wi' a' thy charms,  
 Possessing sic a true heart,  
 Thro' life I'll prove how dear I love  
 My pretty Polly Stewart.  
*O lovely, &c.*

OF THE TEMPEST LORDS IT WIDE.

RUSHTON.

TUNE—" *Haud awa frae me Donald.*"

OF the tempest lords it wide,  
 I skirt the roaring sea, Mary;  
 Or thro' the rocky forests glide,  
 And mope and brood on thee, Mary.  
 Now dark despair my mind enshrouds;  
 Now hope displays her light, Mary,  
 Like the wan moon midst driving clouds;  
 Now muffled and now bright, Mary.

If in the social circle press'd,  
 While all around is glee, Mary;  
 Unmov'd I sit a silent guest,  
 And think on love and thee, Mary.  
 I see thee girt with splendid beaux,  
 Yet these no torture bring, Mary:  
 The butterflie plays round the rose,  
 But has nae power to sting, Mary.

The gorgeous fool who boasts his wealth,  
 Creates no anxious thought, Mary;  
 Like mental peace and rosy health,  
 Thy love can ne'er be bought, Mary.  
 But Oh! perchance some polish'd youth,  
 Well skill'd in guile and art, Mary;  
 With witching tongue may vow his truth,  
 And steal into thy heart, Mary.

Yet even then, refus'd, depress'd,  
 Nay, steep'd in blackest woe, Mary;  
 Yes, even then, if thou wert bless'd,  
 No more my plaint should flow, Mary.  
 But Oh! my heart declares the lie,  
 Declares it then would break, Mary;  
 Indeed, thou must each suit deny,  
 Or oh! my life's a wreck, Mary.



### NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

MR. J. MICKLE.

AND are ye sure the news are true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark?  
 Make haste, lay by your wheel.  
 Is this the time to spin a thread,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Reach me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.

*For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a';  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our gudeman's awa.*

And gie to me my bigonet,  
 My bishops' satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My turkey slippers maun gae on,  
 My stockings pearly blue;  
 'Tis a' to pleasure my gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside;  
Put on the muckle pat;  
Gie little Kate her button gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat:  
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk,  
Been fed this month and mair,  
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare:  
And mak the table neat and clean,  
Let every thing look braw;  
For wha can tell how Colin far'd,  
When he was far awa.

*Ah, there's nae luck, &c.*

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
His breath like cauler air;  
His very foot has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair.  
And shall I see his face again?  
And shall I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That's thirl'd thro' my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
Till death we'll never part:

But why should I of parting taulk?  
 It may be far awa;  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*

If Colin's weel, and weel content;  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 And gin I live to keep him sae,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And shall I see his face again?  
 And shall I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.

*For there's nae luck, &c.*



### ESKDALE BRAES.

MR. J. MICKLE.

By the banks of the crystal-streamed Esk,  
 Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,  
 Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,  
 And wild woodbine the shepherd's plover twines.

Maria, disconsolate maid,  
 Oft sigh'd the still noontide away,  
 Or by moonlight all desolate stray'd,  
 While woeful she tun'd her love lay:

Ah! no more from the banks of the Ewes  
 My shepherd comes cheerly along;  
 Broomholm and the Deans' banks refuse  
 To echo the plaints of his song.

No more from the echoes of Ewes,  
His dog fondly barking I hear;  
No more the tir'd lark he pursues,  
And tells me his master draws near.

Ah! wae to the wars, and the pride  
Thy heroes, O Esk, could display,  
When with laurels they planted thy side,  
From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh! why did their honours decoy  
My poor shepherd lad from the shore?  
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,—  
And oceans between us now roar.

Ah! methinks his pale corpse floating by,  
I behold on the rude billows tost;  
Unburied his scatter'd bones lie,—  
Lie bleaching on some distant coast.

By this stream and the May-blossom'd thorn,  
That first heard his love tale, and his vows,  
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,  
And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghosts of the wars will I wail,  
In Warblaw woods join the sad throng,  
To Hallowe'en's blast tell my tale,  
As the spectres, ungrav'd glide along.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,  
Old Esk still her crystal tide pours,  
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,  
And still green, O Broomholm, are thy bowers.

No: blasted they seem to my view,  
The rivers in red floods combine;  
The turtles their widowed notes coo,  
And mix their sad ditties with mine.



Discolour'd in sorrow's dim shade,  
All nature seems with me to mourn;—  
But why are these merry bells play'd?  
Can it be my dear Jamie's return?

The woodlands all May-blown appear!  
The silver stream murmurs new charms!  
As my Jamie, sweet-smiling draws near,  
And, all eager, I rush to his arms.



### WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.

BURNS.

WHA is that at my bower door?  
O wha is it but Findlay;  
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!  
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.  
What maks ye sae like a thief?  
O come and see, quo' Findlay;  
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in?  
Let me in, quo' Findlay;  
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.  
In my bower, if ye should stay?  
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;  
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,  
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;  
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay;

What may pass within this bower,  
Let it pass quo' Findlay;  
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;  
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!



## THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TURNS.

TUNE—" *Corn Rigs are Bonnie.*"

It was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonnie,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
I held awa to Annie:  
The time flew bye wi' tentless heed,  
Till 'tween the late and early:  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly;  
I set her down, wi' right guid will,  
Amang the rigs o' barley:  
I kend her heart was a' my ain;  
I lov'd her most sincerely;  
I kiss'd her owre and owre again  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;  
Her heart was beating rarely:  
My blessings on that happy place  
Amang the rigs o' barley!

But by the moon and stars so bright,  
 That shone that hour sae clearly!  
 She aye shall bless that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;  
 I hae been merry drinkin';  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;  
 I hae been happy thinkin';  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

## CHORUS.

*Corn rigs, and barley rigs,  
 An' corn rigs are bonnie:  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*



## THE LORD'S MARIE.

THE Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks  
 Up wi' a gowden kame,  
 An' she has put on her net-silk hose,  
 An' awa to the tryste has gane.  
 O saft, saft, fell the dew on her locks,  
 An' saft, saft, on her brow;  
 Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberry lip,  
 An' I kiss'd it aff I trow.

"O whar gat ye that leal maiden,  
 "Sae jimpy lac'd and sma'?"  
 "O whar gat ye that young damsel,  
 "Wha dings our lasses a'?"

" O whar gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,

" Wi' heaven in her ee?

" O here's æ drap o' the damask wine,

" Sweet maiden will ye pree?"

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,

Twist wi' the satin twine,

But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,

While she sipp'd the bluid-red wine.

" Come here's thy health young stranger doo,

" Wha wears the gowden kame—

" This night will mony drink thy health,

" And ken na wha to name."

Play me up " Sweet Marie" I cry'd,

And loud the Piper blew—

But the Fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,

An' down his bow he threw.

" Here's thy kin' health wi' the ruddie red wine,

" Fair dame o' the stranger land!

" For never a pair o' een before

" Could mar my gude bow hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinney-cherrie,

Sae tempting to the sight;

Her locks owre alabaster brows,

Fell like the morning light.

An' light, on her hinney breath, heav'd her locks,

As thro' the dance she flew;

While luvè laugh'd in her bonnie blue ee,

An' dwalt on her comely mou.

" Loose hings yere broider'd gowd garter,

" Fair lady, dare I speak?"

She, trembling, lift up her silky hand

To her red, red flushing cheek.

" Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd your broach o' gowd,

" Thou Lord's daughter sæe gay;"

The tears o'er-brimm'd her bonnie blue ee,

" O come, O come away.—

" O maid undo the siller bar,  
 " To my chamber let me win,  
 " And tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,  
 " I daurna let thee in.  
 " And tak," quoth she, " this kame o' gowd,  
 " Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,  
 " For meikle my heart forebodes to me,  
 " I never maun meet thee mair."



### SONG.—FRAGMENT.

HERE's a dud to hap its head,  
 An' a clout to row the feitie o't;—  
 Here's twa arms can nurse it weel,  
 Twa een can greet wi' pity o't.  
 But whar's my mither a' the while?  
 She'll hear the wee, wee greetie o't.

O lie thee still, my bonnie babe,  
 Lift na thy white wee hannie, O;  
 Thou art thy father frae the chin to the ee,  
 But sae fause as him thou cannie, O.  
 O! if thou prove as fause as him,  
 Thou hast nae't frae thy mammie, O.



### THE LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

THE lark had left the evening cloud,  
 The dew fell saft, the wind was lown,  
 Its gentle breath amang the flowers,  
 Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tap o' down,  
 The dappl'd swallow left the pool;  
 The stars were blinkin' o'er the hill,  
 As I met amang the hawthorns green,  
 The lovely lass o' Preston Mill,

Her naked feet among the grass,  
 Seem'd like twa dew-gemm'd lilies fair;  
 Her brows shone comely 'mang her locks,  
 Black curling o'er her shouthers bare:  
 Her cheeks were rich with blooming youth;  
 Her lips were like a hinney well,  
 And heaven seem'd looking through her een,  
 The lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "fair lass, will ye gang wi' me  
 "Whar black cocks craw, and plovers cry?  
 "Sax hills are woolly wi' my sheep,  
 "Sax vales are lowing wi' my kye:  
 "I hae look'd lang for a weelfaur'd lass,  
 "By Nithsdale's howms and mony a hill;"—  
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,  
 The lovely lass o' Preston Mill.

Quo' I, "sweet maiden, look na down,  
 "But gie's a kiss and gang wi' me"—  
 A lovelier face, O! never look'd up,  
 And the tears were drapping frae her ee;—  
 "I hae a lad wha's far awa',  
 "That weel could win a woman's will,  
 "My heart's already fu' o' luve?"  
 Quo' the bonnie lass o' Preston Mill.

"O wha is he could leave sic a lass,  
 "To seek for luve in a far countrie?"  
 Her tears drapp'd down like simmer dew,  
 I fain wad hae kiss'd them frae her ee:  
 I took but ane o' her comely cheek—  
 "For pity's sake, kind Sir, be still,—  
 "My heart is fu' o' ither luve,"  
 Quo' the bonnie lass o' Preston Mill.

She spread abroad her twa white hands,  
 Wi' air sae firm, but sad to see,—  
 "Sae lang's my heart has houp in heaven,  
 "Or light is gladsome to my ee,—

" While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,  
 " Till my last drap o' bluid be still,  
 " My heart shall haud nae ither luvie,"  
 Quo' the lovely lass o' Preston Mill.  
 " There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,  
 " An' Nith's romantic vale is fu';  
 " By lanely Cloudin's hermit stream,  
 " Dwalls monie a gentle dame, I trow."  
 O ! they are lights o' a bonnie kind,  
 As ever shone on vale or hill;  
 But there's a light puts them a' out,  
 The lovely lass o' Preston Mill.



### THE REPROACH.

DR. DONNE.

SEND back my long stray'd eyes to me,  
 Which Oh ! too long have dwelt on thee;  
 Send home my long stray'd eyes to me,  
 Which Oh ! too long have dwelt on thee:  
 But if from you they've learnt such ill,  
 To sweetly smile, and then beguile,  
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,  
 Which no unworthy thought cou'd stain,  
 But if it has been taught by thine  
 To forfeit both  
 Its word and oath,  
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
 For I'll know all thy falsities;  
 That I one day may laugh, when thou  
 Shalt grieve and mourn;  
 For one will scorn,  
 And prove as false as thou art now.

JEANIE.

WHY will my Jeanie, when I gaze,  
My ravish'd eyes reprove;  
And chide 'em from the only face  
They can behold with love?  
To shun your scorn, and ease my care,  
I seek a nymph more kind;  
And while I range from fair to fair,  
Still gentle usage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,  
Where nature has no part?  
New beauties may my eyes employ,  
But you engage my heart.  
So restless exiles, as they roam,  
Meet pity ev'ry where;  
But languish for their native home,  
Tho' death attends them there.



TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

LORD LYTTLETON.

WHEN Mary in the grove appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears;  
I would approach, but dare not move;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice but her's can hear,  
No other's wit but her's approve;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.



When she is absent, I no more  
 Delight in all that pleas'd before;  
 The clearest stream or shadiest grove:  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,  
 Her net she spreads for ev'ry swain,  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.



### SONG.

LORD LYTTLETON.

THE heavy hours are almost past  
 That part my love and me;  
 My longing eyes may hope, at last,  
 Their only wish to see:  
 But how, my Mary, will you meet  
 The man you've lost so long?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare  
 Your heart is still the same;  
 And heal each idly anxious care,  
 Our fears in absence frame?  
 Thus, Mary, thus I paint the scene  
 When shortly we shall meet,  
 And try what yet remains, between,  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love:

All my fond heart would ask is this,  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss  
 To die, and think you mine.

~~~~~  
 THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

BURNS.

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go, to the Birks of Aberfeldy?*

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,  
 And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;  
 Come let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, &c.*

While o'er their head the hazels hing,  
 The little birdies blythely sing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, &c.*

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,  
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, &c.*

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers  
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, &c.*

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

*Bonnie lassie, &c.*

## THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

HOME.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing;  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;  
 At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,  
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,  
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever :  
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour  
 Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,  
 To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;  
 And ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud-roaring billows,  
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,  
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,  
 The lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,  
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;  
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him;  
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.  
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;  
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;  
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

~~~~~

 LOGAN BRAES.

MAYNE.

" By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,  
 " Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;  
 " Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,  
 " Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.

" But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,  
 " And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;  
 " While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 " Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes.

" Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
 " Atween the preachings meet wi' me;  
 " Meet wi' me, or whan its mirk,  
 " Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
 " I weel may sing thae days are gane—  
 " Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,  
 " While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 " Far, far frae me an' Logan braes!

" At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,  
 " I dauner out, or sit alane,  
 " Sit alane, beneath the tree  
 " Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.  
 " O! cou'd I see thae days again,  
 " My lover skaithless, an' my ain!  
 " Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,  
 " We'd live in bliss on Logan braes."

While for her love she thus did sigh,  
 She saw a sodger passing by,  
 Passing by, wi' scarlet claes,  
 While sair she grat on Logan braes:  
 Says he, " What gars thee greet sae sair,  
 " What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?  
 " Thae sporting lambs ha'e blythesome days,  
 " An' playful skip on Logan braes."

" What can I do but weep and mourn?  
 " I fear my lad will ne'er return,  
 " Ne'er return to ease my wae's,  
 " Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."  
 Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,  
 And said, " I'm free from war's alarms,  
 " I now hae conquer'd a' my faes,  
 " We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,  
 And join'd their hands wi' one consent;  
 Wi' one consent to end their days,  
 An' live in bliss on Logan braes.  
 An' now she sings, "thae days are gane;  
 " When I wi' grief did herd alane,  
 " While my dear lad did fight his faes,  
 " Far, far frae me an' Logan braes."



### HAD I A CAVE.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

HAD I cave on some wild distant shore,  
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;  
     There would I weep my woes,  
     There seek my lost repose,  
     Till grief my eyes should close,  
     Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare  
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air!  
     To thy new lover hie,  
     Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
     Then in thy bosom try  
     What peace is there.



### JOCKIE'S FAR AWA.

WATSON.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,  
 The woods wi' leaves sae green;  
 And little birds around their bow'rs  
 In harmony convene:

The cuckoo flies frae tree to tree,  
While saft the zephyrs blaw;  
But what are a' thae joys to me,  
When Jockie's far awa.

*When Jockie's far awa on sea,  
When Jockie's far awa;  
But what are a' thae joys to me,  
When Jockie's far awa.*

Last May morning how sweet to see  
The little lambkins play,  
Whilst my dear lad alang wi' me,  
Did kindly walk this way.  
On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pou'd,  
To busk my bosom braw;  
Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,  
But now he's far awa.

*But now, &c.*

O gentle peace return again,  
Bring Jockie to my arms,  
Frae dangers on the raging main,  
Frae cruel wars alarms.  
Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,  
As lang's we've breath to draw;  
Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,  
My Jockie's far awa.

*My Jockie's, &c.*

~~~~~

# LOVELY MARY.

HQQQ.

TUNE—"Gloomy winter's now awa."

I've seen the lily on the wold,  
I've seen the op'ning marigold,  
Their fairest haes at morn unfold,  
But fairer is my Mary, O.

How sweet the bank of mountain burn,  
 With op'ning flow'rs at spring's return!  
 How sweet the scent of flow'ry thorn!

But sweeter is my Mary, O.  
 Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind:  
 Her form's not fairer than her mind;  
 Two sister beauties rarely join'd,  
 But join'd in lovely Mary, O.

As music from the distant steep;  
 As star-light on the silent deep;  
 So are my passions lull'd asleep  
 By love for bonnie Mary, O.  
 Yet, Mary, when I see the flow'r  
 Drop under autumn's chilling show'r,  
 In tears, I mind the coming hour,  
 Must blast my bonnie Mary, O.  
 Thy spring so fair is past away;  
 How soon will close thy summer day!  
 Love's season will not long delay:  
 Bethink thee, lovely Mary, O.



### THE LEE RIG.

FERGUSON.

Will ye gang o'er the lea rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O;  
 And cuddle there fu' kindly  
 Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?  
 At thorny bush, or birken tree,  
 We'll daff, and never weary, O;  
 They'll scug ill e'en frae you and me,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.  
 Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,  
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O;  
 But lavrocks whistling in the air  
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.

While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,  
 And toil for world's gear, my jo,  
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows  
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

At gloamin', if my lane I be,  
 Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O;  
 And mony a heavy sigh I gie,  
 When absent frae my dearie, O:  
 But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,  
 In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,  
 Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,  
 Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,  
 Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie, O,  
 Upon the bonnie greensward howes,  
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.  
 I've courted till I've heard the crow  
 Of honest Chanticleerie, O.  
 Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,  
 Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For tho' the night were ne'er sae dark,  
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lee rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.  
 While in this weary world of wae,  
 This wilderness sae dreary, O,  
 What makes me blithe, and keeps me sae?  
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

### DONALD OF DUNDEE.

YOUNG Donald is the blithest lad  
 That e'er made love to me;  
 Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,  
 He seems so gay and free;



Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,  
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,  
 It cheers my heart at eve to meet  
 Young Donald of Dundee.

When'er I gang to yonder grove,  
 Young Sandy follows me,  
 And fain he wants to be my love,  
 But ah! it canna be.  
 Tho' mither frets both air and late,  
 For me to wed this youth I hate;  
 There's none need hope to gain young Kate  
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,  
 The ring he show'd to me,  
 And bade me name the bridal day,  
 Then happy wou'd he be.  
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,  
 Nae mair my mither will I mind,  
 Mess John to me shall quickly bind  
 Young Donald of Dundee.



### TWEEDSIDE.

CRAWFORD.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
Let us see how the primroses spring;  
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep?  
Tweed's murmur shall lull her to rest;  
Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
To ease the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Love's graces around her do dwell;  
She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



### THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,  
Cried, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae;  
And ay as she milked, she merrily sang,  
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.

*And aye as she milked, &c.*

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,  
The ewes are new clipt, and they winna bucht in;  
They winna bucht in, altho' I should die;  
My yellow-hair'd laddie be kind unto me.

*They winna bucht, &c.*

The gudewife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,  
The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirk;

Though butter and cheese, and a' should e'en sour,  
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae lang hauf hour :  
 It's ae lang hauf hour, and we'se e'en mak it three,  
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

~~~~~  
**BESS THE GAWKIE.**

REV. MR. MOREHEAD.

BLYTHE young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,  
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,

And sport a while wi' Jamie?  
 Ah, na, lass ! I'll no gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak a care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak a care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see young Jamie pass,  
 Wi' meikle blytheness in his face,

Out owre the muir to Maggie :  
 I wat he ga'e her monie a kiss,  
 And Maggie took them nae amiss;  
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,

" That Bess was but a gawkie,

" For when a civil kiss I seek,  
 " She turns her head and thraws her cheek,

" And for an hour she'll hardly speak :

" Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie ?

" But sure my Maggie has mair sense,

" She'll gie a score without offence ;

" Now gie me ane into the mense,

" And ye shall be my dawtie."

O Jamie, ye hae monie taen,

' But I will never stand for ane

' Or twa when we do meet again,

' So ne'er think me a gawkie.'

" Ah, na, lass, that canna be;  
 " Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,  
 " Or onie thy sweet face that see,  
 " E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;  
 Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,  
 I trow he likes the gawkie.  
 " O dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
 " When I cam' by your gown sae new;  
 " I think you've got it wet wi' dew."  
 Quoth she, ' that's like a gawkie;

' It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 ' And I'll get gowns when it is gane;  
 ' Sae ye may gang the gats ye came,  
 ' And tell it to your dawtie.'  
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;  
 He cried, " O cruel maid, but sweet,  
 " If I should gang anither gate,  
 " I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
 And left poor Jamie sair to rue,  
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,  
 Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.  
 As they gade owre the muir they sang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
 ' Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.'

~~~~~

## THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

RAMSAY.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,  
 But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;

How much unlike the gracefu' mien,  
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

*O my bonnie Highland laddie,  
My handsome, charming Highland laddie;  
May heaven still guard, and love reward,  
The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to choose,  
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
I'd tak young Donald without trews,  
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.

*O my bonnie, &c.*

The brawest beau in burrow town,  
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,  
Compar'd wi' him, he's but a clown,  
He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.

*O my bonnie, &c.*

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,  
And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;  
Frae winter's cauld, and simmer's sun,  
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie.

*O my bonnie, &c.*

A painted room, and silken bed,  
May please a Lawland laird and lady;  
But I can kiss and be as glad,  
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidie.

*O my bonnie, &c.*

Few compliments between us pass;  
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,  
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,  
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.

*O my bonnie, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his-love prove true and steady.

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.  
*O my bonnie, &c.*



## O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

JEAN GLOVER.

COMIN' thro' the craigs o' Kyle,  
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.  
*O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 O'er the muir amang the heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.*

Says I, my dear, whare is thy hame?  
 In muir, or dale, pray tell me whither?  
 Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.  
*O'er the muir, &c.*

We laid us down upon a bank,  
 Sae warm and sunnie was the weather.  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.  
*O'er the muir, &c.*

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,  
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,  
 And ay the burden o' the sang,  
 Was o'er the muir amang the heather.  
*O'er the muir, &c.*

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne  
 I coudna think on ony ither:

By sea and sky she shall be mine !  
 The bonnie lass among the heather.  
*O'er the muir, &c.*



## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

MACNIEL.

TUNE—" *Johnnie Macgill.*"

COME under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa' ;  
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw ;  
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me ;  
 There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa.  
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
 I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw :  
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
 There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie ! auld Donald, gae' wa,  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw ;  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie ! I'll no sit beside ye ;  
 Ye might be my gutcher :—auld Donald, gae' wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie ;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw !  
 Nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw !

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava ;  
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back ;  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank now and kin'ly, I'll busk ye aye finely ;  
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw ;  
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'.

My father ay tauld me, my mither an' a',  
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;  
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie,  
 But, waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!  
 I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer;  
 I'm nae mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
 Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,  
 I thought ye'd been alder than threescore and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
 Where Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a':  
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander'd hame wearie, the night it was drearie,  
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw.  
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, Women  
 Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them ay braw.

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,  
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
 The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.  
 Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent wha ye marry,  
 Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whup and they'll  
 ca',

Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and  
 bonnie,  
 And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.



### THE HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Green grows the rushes, O."

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my muse's care;



Their titles a' are empty show;  
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen sae bushy, O,  
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,  
I set me down wi' right good will,  
To sing my Highland lassie, O.*

Oh! were yon hills and vallies mine!  
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!  
The world then the love should know  
I beat my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
And I maun cross the raging sea:  
But, while my crimson currents flow,  
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
I know her heart will never change,  
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,  
For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
That Indian wealth may lustre throw,  
Around my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
By sacred truth and honour's band!

Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
I'm thine my Highland lassie, O.

*Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!*  
*Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!*  
*To other lands I now must go*  
*To sing my Highland lassie, O!*

JOCKIE TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,  
When Nature painted all things gay,  
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,  
And gild the meadows fair;  
Young Jockie, with the early dawn,  
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;  
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,  
For Jenny had vow'd away to run  
With Jockie to the fair;  
For Jenny vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung;  
With eager steps he trudg'd along;  
While flow'ry garlands round him hung,  
Which shepherds us'd to wear:  
He tapp'd the window, Haste, my dear:  
Jenny, impatient, cried, Who's there?  
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
With Jockie to the fair;  
Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mam are fast asleep,  
My brother's up, and with the sheep,  
And will you still your promise keep,  
Which I have heard you swear?  
And will you ever constant prove?  
'I will, by all the powers above!

And ne'er deceive my charming dove :  
 Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,  
 With Jockie to the fair ;  
 Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,  
 Will Jenny be my charming bride,  
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
 And Hymen meet us there.  
 Then Jockie did his vows renew,  
 He would be constant, would be true ;  
 His word was pledg'd, away she flew,  
 O'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,  
 With Jockie to the fair ;  
 O'er cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,  
 Their gay companions blythe and young,  
 Each joins the dance, each joins the song,  
 To hail the happy pair ;  
 In turns there's none so fond as they,  
 They bless the kind propitious day,  
 The smiling morn of blooming May,  
 When lovely Jenny ran away  
 With Jockie to the fair ;  
 When lovely Jenny, &c.



### MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

LAPRAIK.

TUNE,—*"Johnnie's Grey Brecks."*

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,  
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
 I glory in the sacred ties  
 That made us aye, wha ance were twain.

A mutual flame inspires us baith,  
 The tender look, the melting kiss :  
 Ev'n years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish ? it's a' for thee ;  
 I ken thy wish is me to please ;  
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,  
 That numbers on us look and gaze :  
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,  
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame ;  
 And ay when weary cares arise,  
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,  
 And if that aught disturb my dear,  
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
 And beg her not to drop a tear :  
 Hae I a joy ? it's a' her ain ;  
 United still her heart and mine ;  
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.



### BONNIE JEAN.

TUNE,—“ *Ettrick Banks.* ”

See spring her graces wild disclose,  
 Birds sweetly chaunt on ilka spray ;  
 'Mang broomy knowes the shepherd goes,  
 While sportive lambkins round him play.  
 Enraptur'd now I take my way,  
 While joy enlivens a' the scene ;  
 Down by yon shaded stream I stray,  
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Ye Kellburn groves, by spring attir'd,  
 Where zephyrs sport among the flow'rs,  
 Your fairy scenes I've oft admir'd,  
 While jocund pass'd the sunny hours.  
 But doubly happy in your bow'rs,  
 When fragrance scents the dewy e'en,  
 I wander where your streamlet pours,  
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.

Let grandeur rear her lofty dome,  
 Let mad ambition kingdoms spoil,  
 Thro' foreign lands let av'rice roam,  
 And for her prize unceasing toil;  
 Give me fair nature's vernal smile,  
 The shelter'd grove and daisied green,  
 I'll happy tread my native soil,  
 To meet an' hail my bonnie Jean.



### WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
 In the rosy time of the year,  
 Sweet flow'rs bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,  
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:  
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,  
 Na, na, it winna do;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

Jockie was a wag that never would wed,  
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass;  
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily,

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,  
 Na, na, it winna do;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.  
 But when he vow'd he wad mak her his bride,  
 Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few,  
 She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 At kirk she nae mair frowning cry'd,  
 Na, na, it winna do,  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

RAMSAY.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,  
 I left my love behind me:  
 Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,  
 When soft ideas mind me.  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.  
 Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chastely sporting;  
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
 Till night spread her black curtain:  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.  
 Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me;

Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me;  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter;  
 Since she excels in every grace,  
 In her my love shall centre.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover;  
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
 She shall a lover find me;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Though I left her behind me.  
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom;  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.



### THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE,—“*This is no my ain House.*”

*O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair though the lassie be;  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her ee.*

I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:

It wants, to me, the witching grace,  
The kind love that's in her ee.

*O this is no, &c.*

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
And ay it charms my vera saul,  
The kind love that's in her ee.

*O this is no, &c.*

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
She'll steal a blink by a' unseen;  
But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
When kind love is in the ee.

*O this is no, &c.*

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
It may escape the learned clarks;  
But weel the watching lover marks  
The kind love that's in the ee.

*O this is no, &c.*



### SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

The night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies;  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more,  
Than those in Nelly's eyes.  
When to her father's door I came,  
Where I had often been,  
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
To rise and let me in:

But she, with accents all divine,  
Did my fond suit reprove,  
And while she chid my rash design,  
She but inflam'd my love.



Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
 While her bright eyes did roll;  
 But virtue only had the pow'r  
 To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such beauty part?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The charmer of my heart.  
 My eager fondness I obey'd,  
 Resolv'd she should be mine,  
 Till Hymen to my arms convey'd  
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,  
 Transporting is my joy;  
 No greater blessing can I prove,  
 So blest a man am I:  
 For beauty may a while retain  
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,  
 But virtue only is the chain,  
 Holds, never to depart.



### THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

RAMSAY.

THE lass of Patie's mill,  
 Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 She stole my heart away.  
 When tedding out the hay,  
 Bareheaded on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.

• Her arms white, round, and smooth;  
 Breasts in their rising dawn;

To age it would give youth,  
 To press them with his han'.  
 Through all my spirits ran  
 An ecstasy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,  
 Her sweets she did impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long life and health,  
 And pleasure at my will;  
 I'd promise, and fulfil,  
 That none but bonnie she,  
 The lass of Patie's mill,  
 Should share the same with me.



# HER BLUE ROLLIN' EE.

HOGG.

TUNE—" *Banks of the Devon.*"

Mr lassie is lovely as May-day, adorning  
 Wi' gowans an' primroses ilka green lee;  
 Though sweet is the vi'let, new blown i' the morning,  
 As tender an' sweet is her blue rollin' ee.  
 O say, what is whiter than snaw on the mountain?  
 Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie?  
 Yes, whiter her bosom than snaw on the mountain,  
 And bonnie her face as the red rose can be.

See yon lowly cottage that stands by the wild wood,  
 Hedg'd round wi' sweet briar and green willow tree;  
 'Twas yonder I spent the first days of my childhood,  
 And first felt the power o' a love-rollin' ee.  
 Though soon frae my hame and my lassie I wander'd,  
 Though lang I've been tossing on fortune's rough sea,  
 Ay dear was the valley where Ettrick meander'd;  
 Ay dear was the blink o' her blue rollin' ee.

O for the evening! and O for the hour!  
 When down by yon greenwood she promis'd to be;  
 When quick as the summer dew dries on the flower,  
 A' earthly affections and wishes wad flee.  
 Let Art and let Nature display their proud treasure;  
 Let Paradise boast o' what ance it could gie;  
 As high is my bliss, and as sweet is my pleasure,  
 In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue ee.



### BONNIE DUNDEE.

O WHERE gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet?  
 O what makes them aye put the question to me?  
 I gat it frae a bonnie Scots callan,  
 Atween Saint Johnstoun and bonnie Dundee.  
 O gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me't!  
 Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;  
 May heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,  
 And send him safe hame to his baby and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,  
 His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my ee—  
 But, O! he's awa, and I dinna ken where he's—  
 Gin we could ance meet we'll ne'er part till we die.  
 O light be the breezes around him soft blawin',  
 And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnylie,  
 And the rich dews o' plenty around him wide fa'in'  
 Prevent a' his fears for my baby and me.

My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie!  
 My blessings upon that bonnie ee-bree!  
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,  
 Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.  
 But I'll big a bower on yon green bank sae bonnie,  
 That's lav'd by the waters o' Tay wimplin clear,  
 And cleed thee in tartans, my wee smiling Johnnie,  
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.



# I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

BURNS.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom lily white;  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.  
 She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,  
 She charm'd my saul, I wistna how;  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.



# THE GYPSIES.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate;  
 And vow but they sang sweetly!  
 Our lady came down the music to hear,  
 They sang sae very completely.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
And a' her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-faur'd face,  
They coost the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
And bring to me a plaidie;  
For, if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
And my good lord beside me;  
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,  
Whatever shall betide me.

Oh come to your bed, says Johnie Fa,  
Oh come to your bed, my dearie;  
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to bed to my Johnie Fa,  
I'll go to bed to my dearie;  
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
My lord shall nae mair come near me.

And when our Lord came hame at een  
And speer'd for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the ither reply'd,  
She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
Gae saddle and mak him ready;  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I'll gae and seek my fair lady.

And we were fifteen well-made men,  
Of courage stout and steady;  
And we were a' put down, but ane,  
For a fair young wanton lady.

I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES.

I wish I were where Helen lies !

Night and day on me she cries

To hear her company.

O would that in her darksome bed

My weary frame to rest were laid

From love and anguish free !

I hear, I hear the welcome sound

Break slowly from the trembling mound

That ever calls on me :

Oh blessed virgin ! could my power

Vie with my wish, this very hour

I'd sleep death's sleep with thee.

A lover's sigh, a lover's tear,

Attended on thy timeless bier :

What more can fate require ?

I hear, I hear the welcome sound—

Yes ; I will seek the sacred ground,

And on thy grave expire.

The worms now taste that rosy mouth,

Where glow'd, short time, the smiles of youth ;

And in my heart's dear home,

Her snowy bosom, loves to lie—

I hear, I hear the welcome cry !

I come, my love ! I come.

O life begone ! thy irksome scene

Can bring no comfort to my pain :

Thy scenes my pain recall !

My joy is grief, my life is dead,

Since she for whom I liv'd is fled ;

My love, my hope, my all.

Take, take me to thy lovely side,

Of my lost youth thou only bride !

O take me to thy tomb !

I hear, I hear the welcome sound !  
 Yes life can fly at sorrow's wound.  
 I come, I come, I come.

### EWBUCHTS MARION.

Will ye gae to the ewbuchs, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' mee?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But not half sae sweet as thee.  
 O Marion's a bonnie lass,  
 And the blythe blink's in her ee;  
 And fain wad I marrie Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,  
 And siller on your white hause-bane;  
 Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion  
 At ene quhan I cum hame.  
 There's braw lads in Earnshaw, Marion,  
 Quha gap and glowr wi' their ee  
 At kirk quhen they see my Marion;  
 But nane o' them lues like mee.

I've nine milk ayes, my Marion,  
 A cow, and a brawny quay;  
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion  
 Upon her bridal day.  
 And yee's get a green sey apron,  
 And waistcoat o' London broun;  
 And wow but ye will be vapering  
 Quhaneer ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
 Nane dance like mee on the green;  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 Ise een gae draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
And kirtle o' cramasie;  
And sune as my chin has nae hair on  
I sall cum west and see yee.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

RAMSAY.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray  
They are twa bonnie lasses;  
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,  
And theek'd it ower wi' rashes.  
Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,  
And thocht I ne'er could alter;  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een  
They gar my fancy falter.

Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,  
She smiles like a May morning;  
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap  
The hills with rays adorning:  
White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
Her waist and feet fu' genty,  
With ilka grace she can command;  
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

Mary's locks are like the crow,  
Her eye like diamond glances,  
She's ay sae clean, redd-up, and braw,  
She kills whene'er she dances.  
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,  
She blooming, tight, and tall is;  
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;  
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray  
Ye unto sair oppress us;



Our fancies jee between you twa,  
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses.  
 Waes me, for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by law we're stented;  
 Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

OWR THE BOGIE.

RAMBAY.

*I will awa wi' my love,  
 I will awa wi' her;  
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,  
 I'll ower the Bogie wi' her.*

If I can get but her consent,  
 I dinna care a strae;  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa wi' her I'll gae.  
*I will awa, &c.*

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
 And wordy of my hand,  
 And weil I wat we shanna part  
 For siller or for land.  
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,  
 And beaux admire fine lace;  
 But my chief pleasure is to blink  
 On Betty's bonnie face.  
*I will awa, &c.*

There a' the beauties do combine  
 Of colour, traits, and air;  
 The saul that sparkles in her een  
 Makes her a jewel rare.  
 Her flowing wit gives shining life  
 To a' her other charms;

How blest I'll be when she's my wife,  
And lockt up in my arms!

*I will awa, &c.*

There blythely would I rant and sing  
While o'er her sweets I range;  
I'll cry, Your humble servant, king!  
Shame fa' them that wad change,  
A kiss of Betty, and a smile,  
Abeet ye wad lay down  
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,  
And offer me your crown.

*I will awa, &c.*



### SONG.

TUNE—"I'll never leave thee."

Oh spare the dreadful thought,  
If I should leave thee!  
May I all pleasure leave,  
Lass, when I leave thee!  
Leave thee, leave thee!  
How can I leave thee?  
May I all pleasure leave,  
Lass, when I leave thee!

By all the joys of love  
I'll never leave thee.  
May I all pleasure leave,  
Lass, when I leave thee!  
Leave thee, leave thee!  
How can I leave thee?  
May I all pleasure leave,  
Lass, when I leave thee!

## THE SOGER LADDIE.

RAMSAY.

My soger laddie is over the sea,  
And he will bring gold and money to me ;  
And when he comes home he'll mak me a lady ;  
My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My favourite laddie is handsome and brave,  
And can as a soger and lover behave ;  
True to his country ; to love he is steady ;  
Few can compare wi' my soger laddie.

Shield him ye angels frae death in alarms,  
Return him in triumph to my langing arms ;  
From every care ye ever will free me,  
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,  
As quickly they must, if he get his due ;  
For in noble actions his courage is ready,  
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.



## THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

WHILE some praise the pastoral margin of Tweed,  
And others the beautiful banks of the Tay,  
Accept, O fair Clyde, of my dutiful lay ;  
Thy rural meanders no stream can exceed.

Full oft thy wild banks in my youth did I tread,  
The trout and the par from thy wave to decoy ;  
Maria then shar'd in my innocent joy :—  
But Maria is false, and my pleasures are fled.

## DEIL TAK THE WARS.

D'URFY.

DEIL tak the wars that hurried Willie frae me,  
Wha to loe me just had sworn ;  
They made him a captain sure to undo me ;  
Wae is me ! he'll never return.

A thousand louns abroad will fight him,  
He frae thousands ne'er will run.

Day and night I did invite him  
To stay safe frae sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,  
Wi' mony kind embraces,

Now sighing, then crying, tears letting fall :  
And had he my saft arms,

Prefer'd to war's alarms,

By love grown mad, without the man of God,  
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,  
Snares that they tald me would catch the men ;  
And on my head, a huge commode sat cocking,  
Which made me show as tall again.

For a new gown too I paid muckle money,  
Which with gowden flowers did shine :

Well might my love think me gay and bonnie,  
Nae Scots lass was e'er sae fine.

My petticoat I spotted,  
Fringe too with thread I knotted ;

With lac'd shoes, and silk hose garter'd over knee.  
But O the fatal thought !

To Willie they were nought ;

Who rid to touns, and rifled with dragoons,  
When he, silly loon, might have rifled me.

## SONG.

RAMSAY.

*An' thou wert mine ain thing,  
I wad loe thee, I wad loe thee,  
An' thou wert mine ain thing,  
How dearly wad I loe thee!*

OF race divine thou needs must be,  
Since naething earthly equals thee;  
For heaven's sake O favour me,  
Wha only lives to loe thee.

*An' thou wert, &c.*

Sae lang's I hae the use o' light,  
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,  
Syn'e in saft whispers through the night  
I'd tell how much I loe thee.

*An' thou wert, &c.*

Tho' I were number'd wi' the dead  
My saul should hover round thy head;  
I may be turn'd a silent shade,  
But never cease to loe thee.

*An' thou wert, &c.*



## SONG.

WEBSTER.

TUNE,—“*Alloa House.*”

OH how could I venture to luv'e ane like thee,  
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?  
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi' disdain,  
And knew I was naething yet pitied my pain?

You said, while they teas'd you with nonsense and dress,  
When real the passion the vanity's less.  
You saw thro' that silence which others despise,  
And while beans were a-tauking read love in my eyes.

O how shall I fauld thee and kiss a' thy charms,  
Till fainting wi' pleasure I die in your arms,  
Thro' all the wild transports of ecstasy test,  
Till sinking together together we're lost!  
O where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,  
Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy,  
And when the short raptures are all at an end,  
From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,  
(Too nice for expression) what only we feel:  
In a' that ye do, in each look and each mien,  
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.  
When I see you I love you, when hearing adore;  
I wonder and think you a woman no more:  
Till mad wi' admiring I canna contain,  
And kissing your lips you turn woman again:

With thee in my bosom how can I despair?  
I'll gaze on thy beauties and look awa care;  
I'll ask thy advice when with troubles opprest,  
Which never displeases but always is best.  
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,  
Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.  
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er;  
And then live in friendship when passion's no more.



### BOTHWELL BANK.

On the blythe beltane as I went,  
Be mysel attour the green bent,  
Wharby the crystal waves of Clyde  
Throch saughs and hanging hazels glyde,

There sadly sitting on a brae  
I heard a damsel speak her wae.

" O Bothwell bank thou blumest fair,  
" But ah thou mak'st my heart fou sair !  
" For a' beneath thy holts sae grene  
" My luve and I would sit at ene ;  
" While primroses and daisies mixt  
" Wi' blue bells in my locks he fixt.

" But he left me ae drearie day,  
" And haplie now sleeps in the clay ;  
" Without ae sich his dethe to roun,  
" Without ae flour his grave to croun !  
" O Bothwell bank thou blumest fair,  
" But ah thou mak'st my heart fu' sair !



SONG.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

My dear and only love, I pray  
That little world of thee  
Be govern'd by no other sway  
But purest monarchy.  
For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor ;  
I'll call a synod in my heart,  
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone ;  
My thoughts did ever more disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch  
To gain or lose it all.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dare to share with me ;  
Or committees if thou erect,  
Or go on such a score,  
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
Thy love and constant word,  
I'll make the famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
As ne'er were known before ;  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

~~~~~  
LOCHABER.

RAMSAY.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,  
Where heartsome with her I have mony a day been :  
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And not for the dangers attending on weir ;  
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more !

Tho' hurricanes rise, tho' rise every wind,  
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind :  
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,  
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd :  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave ;  
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.



Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,  
 Since honour commands me how can I refuse?  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



### TWEEDSIDE.

LORD YESTER.

WHAN Peggy and I war acquaint  
 I carried my noddle fu' hie;  
 Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,  
 Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she.  
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang;  
 I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed:  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.  
 To Peggy my love I did tell;  
 My tears did my passion express:  
 Alas! for I loo'd her owre well,  
 And the women loo sic a man less.  
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,  
 Her pride had my ruin decreed;  
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.



### BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

BONNIE lassie will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie will ye go  
 To the birks of Abergeldie?

Ye sall get a gown of silk,  
A gown of silk, a gown of silk,  
Ye sall get a gown of silk,  
And coat of callimankie.

Na, kind sir, I dar nae gang,  
I dar nae gang, I dar nae gang,  
Na, kind sir, I dar nae gang,  
My minny will be angry.  
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,  
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;  
Sair, sair, wad she flyte;  
And sair wad she ban me.



# LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

JAMES CARNEGIE, ESQ.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,  
He'll na twin wi' his gear;  
My minny is a scalding wife  
Hauds a' the house asteer.

*But let them say, or let them do,  
It's a' une to me;  
For he's low down in the broom  
Waiting for me;  
Waiting for me my love,  
Waiting for me,  
For he's low down in the broom  
Waiting for me.*

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,  
And sair she lightlies me;  
But weil I ken its a' for spite,  
For ne'er a jo has she.

*But let them say, &c.*

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd  
Wi' Johnny o' the glen;

And aye sinsyne she cries, Beware  
Of false deluding men.

*But let them say, &c.*

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night  
And speer'd when I saw Pate ;  
And ay sinsyne the neighbours round  
They jeer me air and late.

*But let them say, &c.*

~~~~~  
SONG.

COME Annic, let us kiss our fill,  
And never dream of future ill ;  
Youthheid is Love's haliday,  
Let us use it whan we may.

See the fields are fill'd we snaw,  
The winter blasts fou bitter blaw  
In icy chains the streams are tyed :  
Tint is a' the simmer's pride.

We, my luvely lass, owr sune,  
Whan our laughing simmer's done,  
Maun the blasts o' Age sustain ;  
And yield us to death's icy chain.

Let us bruik the present hour,  
Let us pou the fleeting flour ;  
Youthheid is Love's haliday,  
Let us use it whan we may.

~~~~~  
SONG.

O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mither,  
Or saw ye my true love John ?  
I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,  
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,  
 And the bells they ring ding dang,  
 He's met wi' some delay that causes him to stay,  
 But he will be here ere lang.

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,  
 And Johnny's face it grew red,  
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd he ne'er a word replied,  
 Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,  
 And gently tirded the pin,  
 The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,  
 And she open'd and lat him in.

And are ye come at last! and do I hold ye fast!  
 And is my Johnny true?  
 I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,  
 Sae lang sall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,  
 And craw whan it is day;  
 And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,  
 And your wings of the silver-grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,  
 For he crew an hour owre soon:  
 The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,  
 And it was but a blink of the moon.



## SONG.

THERE gaed a fair maiden out to walk,  
 In a sweet morning of July;  
 She was gay, bonnie, coy, and young,  
 But met wi' a lad unruly.

He took her by the lily-white hand  
 And swore he loo'd her truly;

The man forgot but the maid thought on;  
O it was in the month of July!

~~~~~  
**BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.**

It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
When the green leaves were a-falling,  
That Sir John Graeme, in the west countrie,  
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,  
To the place where she was dwelling;  
O haste and cum to my master dear,  
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooley, hooley, rose she up,  
To the place where he was lying,  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
Young man I think you're dying.

O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.  
O the better for me ye's never be,  
Though your heart's blood were a' spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,  
When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was with him dealing,  
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him;  
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,  
Since death of life had r-ft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the deid-bell ringing,  
And every jow the deid-bell geid,  
It cry'd woe to Barbara Allan!

O mother, mother, mak my bed,  
O mak it saft and narrow;  
Since my luvie died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.



SONG.

TUNE—" *Leaderhaughs and Yarrow.*"

I DREAM'D a dreary dream last night;  
God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green  
Wi' my true luvie on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream, my sister dear,  
I'll tell you a' your sorrow:  
Ye pu'd the birk wi' your true luvie;  
He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.

O gentle wind that bloweth south  
To where my luvie repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!

But o'er yon glen run armed men,  
Have wrought me dule and sorrow:  
They've slain, they've slain the comeliest swain;  
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.

## THE PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

MACNIEL.

TUNE—"Old Highland Laddie."

THE wind blew hie owre muir and lea,  
 And dark and stormy grew the weather;  
 The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near  
 But my luv's plaid amang the heather.

*O my bonnie Highland lad,  
 My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland laddie;  
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,  
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?*

Close to his breast he held me fast;—  
 Sae cozie, warm, we lay thegither;  
 Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet  
 As my luv's plaid amang the heather!

*O my bonnie, &c.*

Mid wind and rain he tauld his tale;  
 My lightsome heart grew like a feathe;  
 It lap sae quick I cou'dna speak,  
 But silent sigh'd amang the heather.

*O my bonnie, &c.*

The storm blew past; we kiss'd in haste;  
 I hameward ran and tauld my mither;  
 She gloom'd at first, but soon confest  
 The bowls row'd right amang the heather.

*O my bonnie, &c.*

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,  
 Where Will and I fresh flowers will gather;  
 Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear  
 Kind-hearted lad amang the heather.

*O my bonnie Highland lad,  
 My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland laddie;  
 Should storms appear, my Will's aye near  
 To row me in his tartan plaidie.*

MARY.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *The Eve-bughts, Marion.*"

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across the Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
And the apple upon the pine,  
But a' the charms o' the Indies  
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,  
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;  
And sae may the Heavens forget me,  
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
And plight me your lily-white hand;  
O plight me your faith, my Mary;  
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
In mutual affection to join,  
And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
The hour and the moment o' time!

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

TUNE—" *Paddy O'Rafferty.*"

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,  
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,  
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,  
And left her auld master, and neibours sae dear.



For Lucy had serv'd i' the glen a' the simmer;  
 She cam there afore the flow'r bloom'd on the peo;  
 An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,  
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her ee.

She gaed by the stable, whare Jamie was stannin',  
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;  
 Fare ye weel, Lucy! quo' Jamie, and ran in.  
 —The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her e'e.  
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',  
 Fare ye weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang;  
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',  
 And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

O what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter?  
 And what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e?  
 If I was nae ettled to be onie better,  
 Then what gars me wish onie better to be?  
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;  
 Nae mither nor frien' the poor lammie can see;  
 I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,  
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,  
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me:  
 Yestreen when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',  
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.  
 Tho' now he said naething, but Fare ye weel, Lucy!  
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:  
 He could na say mair, but just Fare ye weel, Lucy!  
 Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's dronkit;  
 The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lee;  
 But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit;  
 She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.  
 Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless:  
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!  
 His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,  
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

## THE WANDERING LADY.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

THROUGH dreary wilds forlorn I go  
When loud the storms of winter blow;  
On me they waste their rage in vain,  
For I can feel nor joy nor pain.

My sheep, companions kind and true,  
Yes, I can feel a pang for you;  
Come, gather round, and I will keep  
The watch, and sing while you shall slee .

Ah, these were once my lover's care,  
Of all the flock he held them dear;  
With me they left their native fold,  
And brav'd the winds of winter cold.

They follow wheresoe'er I lead,  
And while I sit and see them feed,  
Methinks the sunny days return  
Ere yet my heart had learnt to mourn.

To mourn a father's cruel pride,  
By whose rash hand my lover died;  
O cruel, cruel was the deed,  
That caus'd so kind a heart to bleed.

O youth belov'd, thy voice no more  
Can peace to my sad soul restore;  
To seek thy native hills I fly,  
Where thou wert born I go to die!

## WILLIAM AND NANCY.

A BALLAD.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

As on the transport's dusky side,  
Young William stood with folded arms,  
Silent he watch'd the rising tide,  
The loud wind filled him with alarms,

Not for himself he knew to fear,  
But for one dearer far than life;  
Nancy, in parting doubly dear,  
His tender bride, his faithful wife.

She still had hop'd to share his fate,  
To soothe him in affliction's hour;  
On all his wand'ring steps to wait,  
And give the comfort in her power.

But chance denied the wish'd-for prize,  
The envied lot another drew;  
Now sorrow dim'd her sleepless eyes,  
And to despair her sorrow grew.

But when the shouting seamen strove  
To tow the vessel on its way,  
Wak'd from despair by anxious love,  
She rush'd along the crowded quay.

The sails unfurled, as gliding round,  
The parting cheers still louder grew,  
She flew, and with a fearful bound  
Drop'd in her William's arms below.

A BALLAD

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

'Twas at the time the moon's broad shield  
Shone 'midst the vaulted skies,  
While trembling round in regal state,  
The starry myriads rise.

Her pale beams silver'd o'er the gate  
Where sculptur'd frenzy glares,  
And moping melancholy scowls  
Upon a world of cares.

From these dark cells where horror reigns,  
And wild distraction bides,  
A hapless maniac burst her chains,  
And through the portal glides.

Onward she press'd, with eager haste,  
So swift she seem'd to fly,  
One object fill'd her troubled breast  
And fix'd her wand'ring eye.

Loose flow'd her robes, and on her breast  
Chill fell the ev'ning dew;  
She felt it not; cold blew the blast,  
The blast unheeded blew.

Forward she press'd, with eager haste.  
The well known mansion sought,  
Where pass'd in youth those happier days,  
Which still return'd in thought.

Through lighted halls of gay resort,  
And trim domestic bands,  
She pass'd resistless, and at once  
Before the banquet stands.

O most unlook'd-for at that board,  
And most unwelcome guest;  
Cold is for thee the marble heart,  
Which robb'd thee of thy rest.

Appall'd he view'd her alter'd form,  
And met her vacant eye;  
The blood forsook his conscious cheek,  
And nature forc'd a sigh.

With the wild glance of keen despair  
She ey'd the shining train,  
Of lords, and knights, and ladies fair,  
Who silent all remain.

Then recollecting, quick she cried,  
"Why was I hence convey'd,  
By fiends accurst, to darkness drear,  
And thou deniest me aid?"

"Where are my children? are they near?  
O bring them to my sight!  
Alas! I rave; banish'd they fled;  
Like me forgotten quite.

"I burn, I burn! a wheel of fire  
Whirls round my tortur'd brain:  
They come; they tear them from my arms,  
And I resist in vain.

"Ah! see they weep; I cannot weep!  
Frown not, nor look unkind;  
That gentle pity sheds her balm  
To sooth my troubled mind.

"Fair blooms thy bride in pride of youth;  
But will she love like me?  
The holy knot is often tied,  
And yet the heart is free.

"Were not ambition, wealth, and show,  
The aim of her desires?  
Is it from youth declining age  
Can hope for mutual fires?"

"For me, I lov'd thee more than life,  
My children or my fame!  
Nor seiz'd a shelter from disgrace,  
Beneath thy offer'd name.

"But, hark! methinks a distant bell  
Low warns me to attend,  
Where the last beam of parting hope  
Marks out a kinder friend.

"Death is the friend I go to meet,  
And from his bounty crave  
All that can now remain for me,  
An undistinguish'd grave."

She stopt, scream'd wild; with frantic laugh  
She darted to the door,  
And, in the passing of a thought,  
Fled, to return no more.

~~~~~  
**THE FAREWELL.**

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

Far from hope, and lost to pleasure,  
Haste away to war's alarms!  
Sad I leave my soul's dear treasure,  
For the dismal din of arms,

But, ah! for thee I follow glory,  
To gain thy love I dare to die;  
And when my comrades tell my story,  
Thou shalt lament me with a sigh.

All my griefs will then be over,  
Sunk in death's eternal rest;  
You may regret a faithful lover,  
Though you refuse to make him bless'd.

Bestow a tear of kind compassion  
To grace a hapless soldier's tomb;  
And, ah! forgive a fatal passion,  
Which reason could not overcome.



## REMEMBRANCE.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

WHILE I behold the moon's pale beam,  
Her light, perhaps, reflects on thee,  
As wand'ring near the silver stream,  
Thy sad remembrance turns to me.

Ah, to forget! the wish were vain!  
Our souls were form'd thus fond to be;  
No more I'll murmur and complain,  
For thou, my love, wilt think on me.

Silent and sad, I take my way,  
As fortune deigns my bark to steer;  
Of hope a faint and distant ray  
Our far divided days shall cheer.

Ah! to return, to meet again!  
Dear blissful thought! with love and thee!  
No more I murmur and complain,  
For thou, my love, wilt think on me.

## THE MOMENTS FLY.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

THE moments fly, and we must part,  
 To weep a long adieu;  
 But still this fond, this faithful heart,  
 Shall feel, shall beat for you.

Though seas and adverse fates divide,  
 Yet thought unseen shall fly  
 Upon the light breeze o'er the tide,  
 And in your bosom die.



## YOUNG DESIRES GROW OLD AND DIE.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

FAR, far from me my love is fled,  
 In a light skiff he tempts the sea,  
 The young desires his sails have spread,  
 And hope his pilot deigns to be.

The promis'd land of varied joy,  
 Which so delights his fickle mind,  
 In waking dreams his days employ,  
 While I, poor I, sing to the wind.  
 But young desires grow old and die,  
 And hope no more the helm may steer;  
 Beneath a dark and stormy sky  
 Shall fall the late repentant tear.

While I, within my peaceful grot,  
 May hear the distant tempest roar,  
 Contented with my humble lot,  
 In safety on the friendly shore.



## IN AIRY DREAMS FOND FANCY FLIES.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

IN airy dreams fond fancy flies,  
My absent love to see,  
And with the early dawn I rise,  
Dear youth, to think of thee.  
How swiftly flew the rosy hours,  
When hope and love were new;  
Sweet was the time as op'ning flowers,  
But ah! 'twas transient too.  
The moments now move slowly on,  
Until thy wish'd return;  
I count them pensive and alone,  
As in the shades I mourn.  
Return, return, my love and charm  
Each anxious care to rest;  
Thy voice shall every doubt disarm,  
And soothe my troubled breast.

## O TUNEFUL VOICE, I STILL DEPLORE,

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

O TUNEFUL voice, I still deplore,  
Those accents which, tho' heard no more,  
Still vibrate on my heart;  
In echo's cave I long to dwell,  
And still would hear the sad farewell,  
When we were doom'd to part.  
Bright eyes, O that the task were mine,  
To guard the liquid fires that shine,  
And round your orbits play;  
To watch them with a vestal's care,  
And feed with smiles a light so fair,  
That it may ne'er decay.

SPRING RETURNS.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

SPRING returns, the flowrets blow;  
Will hope return? ah, no! ah, no!  
With the dreams of youth she flies,  
And like the rose, her emblem, dies.  
Fancy droops beneath the shade,  
And all the gay delights are fled.  
Spring returns, the flowrets blow;  
Will hope return! ah, no! ah, no!



THE FATAL MOMENT I BEHELD.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

THE fatal moment I beheld,  
Those eyes so fondly fix'd on me,  
Some magic sure my heart compell'd  
To place its dearest hopes on thee.  
And my true faith can alter never,  
Though thou art gone, perhaps for ever.  
Nor dangers past, nor woes to come,  
Thy image from my soul can part,  
Through years of anguish to the tomb  
'Twill follow this devoted heart;  
And my true faith can alter never,  
Though thou art gone, perhaps for ever.



WHEN HOLLOW BURSTS THE RUSHING WIND.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

WHEN hollow bursts the rushing wind,  
And heavy beats the shower,  
This anxious, aching bosom finds  
No comfort in its power.

For ah, my love ! it little knows  
What thy hard fate may be ;  
What bitter storm of fortune blows,  
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath twin'd the thread  
On which our days depend,  
And darkling in the checker'd shade,  
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be thy doom,  
The lot is cast for me ;  
Or in the world, or in the tomb,  
My heart is fix'd on thee.



### MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

My mother bids me bind my hair  
With bands of rosy hue,  
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,  
And lace my bodice blue.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep,  
While others dance and play ?  
Alas ! I scarce can go or creep,  
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,  
When those we love were near ;  
I sit upon this mossy stone,  
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
And sing my simple lay,  
The village seems asleep, or dead,  
Now Lubin is away.

## MARIA'S GRAVE.

IN TWO PARTS.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

COME, gentle maidens, gather round,  
Bring sprigs of rosemary and rue,  
Strew virgin lilies on the ground,  
And the wild rose embalm'd in dew.

Emblem of hope, upon the thorn  
Their transient beauties bloom and die,  
While yet their sweets perfume the morn,  
They on Maria's grave shall lie.

For she was fair, as fairest flower,  
And gentle as the breath of peace;  
But now her charms exist no more,  
And soon their memory shall cease.

I raise the song, a name so dear  
From cold oblivion's power to save;  
Come, gentle maidens, round, and hear  
The mournful story at her grave.

Methinks I see her on the beach,  
Her eyes still fixed upon the sea;  
Her thoughts beyond the ocean reach,  
O Henry, they were fixed on thee!

Above her sex's little arts,  
Their feign'd contempt, or proud disdain,  
She own'd the sympathy of hearts,  
She lov'd, and was belov'd again.

But glory's voice young Henry heard,  
Fortune and honours wait the brave;  
The youth Maria's heart prefer'd,  
Resolv'd to dare the hostile wave.

Dauntless to seek his country's foes,  
And bravely guard her injur'd rights,  
Warm from the heart his courage flows,  
For love and honour Henry fights.

But who can paint the anxious days,  
The ling'ring, long, and heavy hours,  
The silent tears affection pays,  
The sad forebodings love endures?

The rushing winds at dead of night,  
Which shake her casement's slender frame,  
Disturbs her rest with wild affright,  
For evils yet without a name.

In dismal dreams they meet again,  
Again she hears his parting sighs;  
The sails are spread, he skims the main,  
And far the bounding vessel flies.

She wakes, and to the sounding shore  
At early dawn her steps would move,  
Counting the days of absence o'er;  
How slow their pace appears to love!

I see her standing on the beach,  
Her eyes still fix'd upon the sea;  
Her thoughts beyond the ocean reach;  
O Henry! they were fix'd on thee!

Long absent on the wat'ry waste,  
In Britain's cause his sword he drew;  
And vanquish'd foes his fame increas'd,  
While with his fame his fortune grew.

Nor glory's pride, nor fiercest war,  
Maria from his thoughts could part;  
Though absent long and distant far,  
She still was nearest to his heart.

From ev'ry port with anxious care,  
 His kind attentive fondness wrote;  
 His love would still some gift prepare,  
 As witness to his constant thought.

The last remembrance she receiv'd  
 Her cheek with rosy blushes spread,  
 A trembling hope her soul deceiv'd,  
 While these soft words she fault'ring read.

"To thee, Maria, thee alone,  
 Each tender thought delights to fly,  
 This constant heart is all thy own,  
 For thee I live, for thee could die.

"For thy dear sake I still pursue  
 Unceasing toils, and think them sweet;  
 For now the time appears in view,  
 When we again in joy shall meet.

"Fly fast, ye hours! with winged haste,  
 Propitious gales, come waft me o'er!  
 Swift let me cross the wat'ry waste,  
 To meet my love! and part no more!"

## PART II.

I saw Maria on the beach,  
 Her eyes were fix'd upon the sea;  
 Her thoughts beyond the waters reach,  
 O Henry! she expected thee!

Expected thee, her hand to claim,  
 Thy faithful passion's sacred right;  
 Hope saw thee crown'd with wealth and fame,  
 And love exulted in the sight.

Gay flatt'ring hope! how bright you seem,  
 Gilding some joy beyond the hour!  
 A painted cloud a fairy dream,  
 A rainbow in a summer's shower.

Sudden distracting terrors rise,  
Unthought-of ills their hopes assail;  
A dark and dreadful rumour flies,  
And time confirms the horrid tale.

The demon of the trembling west  
With ruthless fury rears his head  
From the Atlantic's troubled breast,  
And dire destruction round is spread.

He rises on the water's roar,  
And death and desolation brings;  
The boiling sea, the burning shore,  
He sweeps with unrelenting wings.

The warring elements at strife,  
Seem wild with rage, and mad with power;  
And thousands sunk from light and life,  
The victims of that fatal hour.

Brave Henry's gallant vessel lay,  
Ill-starr'd! near that devoted coast.  
How shall I tell, nor need I say,  
That he, and all his hopes were lost.

He fell by no proud conqu'ring foe,  
That thought was sure in mercy giv'n;  
And patience must support the blow  
Inflicted by the hand of Heaven.

I saw her seated on the beach,  
Her eyes were fix'd upon the sea,  
Her thoughts the depths of ocean reach;  
O Henry! still they follow'd thee.

No loud complaints were heard to rise,  
'Twas vast unutterable woe!  
Silent her tongue, and from her eyes  
The dews of sorrow ceas'd to flow.

The lustre of her eye was gone,  
The roses of her cheek were dead;  
The faded lily reign'd alone,  
And all the charm of youth was fled.

Pining in thought, a swift decay  
Pervaded ev'ry vital part;  
The bloom of beauty dropt away,  
The canker-worm was in her heart.

Still I lament thee, gentle shade,  
Though thy sad pilgrimage is o'er;  
Still shall I weep for thee, sweet maid,  
Though thy dim eyes can weep no more.

And oft, at dewy fall of night,  
I seek the churchway path alone,  
And by the moon's pale trembling light  
Read thy lov'd name on this white stone.



# ABSENCE IS NO CURE FOR LOVE.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

Ye gentle gales, that careless blow  
Regardless of a lover's sighs;  
Ye streams, unheeding, as ye flow,  
The wretch who on your margin dies;  
Far from these banks I fly to prove,  
If absence is a cure for love.

Yet say, my heart, can distant plains,  
Tho' e'er so fair the flowers they boast,  
Can clearer streams assuage thy pains,  
And give thee back thy quiet lost?  
Ah no; and thou, alas! wilt prove  
That absence is no cure for love.



## LOVE SONGS.

## SONG.

THOMSON.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah ! tell me whither art thou fled;  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead.  
 Or dost thou free at random roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;  
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas ! no comfort know.  
 Oh ! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
 While under every well known tree,  
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
 And every tear is full of thee.  
 Should then the weary eye of grief,  
 Beside some sympathetic stream,  
 In slumber find a short relief,  
 Oh visit thou my soothing dream.



## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BURNS.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary, dear departed shade !  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breas ?  
 That sacred hour can I forget ?—  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met  
 To live one day of parting love ?

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past,—  
Thy image at our last embrace;—

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green:

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care;

Time but the impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

~~~~~

JESSIE.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,

And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr;

But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,

Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair,

To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;  
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain:  
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnating,  
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!  
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.



## THE POSIE.

BURNS.

O LOVE will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen;  
 O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;  
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the leaves sae  
 green,  
 And a' to pu' a posie for my ain dear Jean.

The primrose I will pu', the firatling o' the year,  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
 I'll join the scented birk, to the breathing eglantine,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,  
 The morning's fragrance breathing like her sweet bonnie  
 mou;  
 The hyacinth, of constancy the symbol, shall be seen,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

I'll pu' the lily pure, that adorns the dewy vale,  
The richly blooming hawthorn, that scents the vernal  
gale,

The daisy all simplicity, of unaffected mien,  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'en'ing star is near,  
Gemm'd wi' diamond drops o' dew, like her twa een  
sae clear,

The violet all modesty, the odour breathing bean,  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

I'll tie the posie round with the silken band o' luve,  
And I'll place it in her bosom, and I'll pray the pow'rs  
above,

That to our latest breath o' life, the band may aye re-  
main,

And this will be a posie to my ain dear Jean.



## CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES,

PAGAN.

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.*

As I gaed down the water side,  
There I met my shepherd lad,  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
And ca'd me his dearie.

*Ca' the ewes, &c,*

Will ye gang down the water side,  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

I was bred up at nae sic school,  
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool;  
 And a' the day to sit in dool,  
 And nae body to see me.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
 Caul leather shoon upon your feet;  
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,  
 And ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
 I'se gang wi' you my shepherd lad;  
 And ye may row me in your plaid,  
 And I shall be your dearie.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

While waters wimple to the sea,  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,  
 Ye aye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the ewes, &c.*



## THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

RAMSAY.

My Peggie is a young thing,  
 Just enter'd in her teens,  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay:  
 My Peggy is a young thing,  
 And I'm nae very auld,  
 Yet weel I like to meet her at  
 The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
 Whene'er we meet alane,  
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
 I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare:  
     My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
     To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
 But she gars a' my spirits glow  
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
 Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown:  
     My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
     It makes me blythe and bauld,  
 And naething gies me sic delight,  
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 When on my pipe I play;  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest that she sings best:  
     My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
     And in her sangs are tald,  
 Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,  
 At wauking o' the fauld.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

DR. AUSTIN.

For the sake of gold she has left me, O;  
 And of all that's dear she's bereft me, O;  
 She me forsook for a great duke,  
 And to endless wo she has left me, O.  
 A star and garter have more art  
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;  
 For empty titles we must part;  
 For glittering show she has left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injur'd heart again to love;  
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jeany she has left me, O.  
 Ye powers above I to your care  
 Resign my faithless lovely fair,  
 Your choicest blessings be her share,  
 Tho' she has ever left me, O!



### BLYTHER WAS SHE.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Andro and his cutty gun."

*Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben:  
 Blythe by the banks o' Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow braes the birken shaw;  
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass,  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

*Blythe, &c.*

Her looks were like a flower in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
 She tripped by the banks o' Earn,  
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

*Blythe, &c.*

Her bonnie face it was as meek,  
 As onie lamb upon a lee;  
 The ev'ning sun was ne'er sae sweet  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

*Blythe, &c.*

The highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass,  
That ever trod the dewy green.  
*Blythe, &c.*



I HAE LOST MY JEANIE, O.

CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—"Lady Cunningham's Delight," or "the Lee Rig."

O I hae seen when fields were green,  
And birds sae blythe an' cheerie, O,  
How swift the day would pass away,  
When I was wi' my dearie, O:  
But now I neither laugh nor sing,  
My looks are alter'd cleanlie, O;  
I'll never like a lass again,  
Since I hae lost my Jeanie, O.

Now I maun grane an' greet my lane,  
An' never ane to heed me, O;  
My claes, that aye were neat an' clean,  
Can scarce be said to clead me, O:  
My heart is sair, my elbows bare,  
My pouch without a guinea, O;  
I'll never taste o' pleasure mair,  
Since I hae lost my Jeanie, O.

O, Fortune! thou hast us'd me ill;  
Far waur than my deservin', O;  
Thrice o'er the crown thou'st knock'd me down,  
An' left me hafflin' starvin', O:  
Thy roughest blast has blawn the last;  
My lass has us'd me meanlie, O;  
Thy sharpest dart has pierc'd my heart,  
An' taen frae me my Jeanie, O.



I'll nae mair strive, while I'm alive,  
 For aught but missin' slavery, O  
 This world's a stage, a pilgrimage,  
 A mass o' nought but knav'ry, O:  
 If fickle fame but save my name,  
 An' frae oblivion screen me, O;  
 Then farewell fortune, farewell love,  
 An' farewell bonnie Jeanie, O.



### BIDE YE YET.

Oh had I a house and a cantie wee fire,  
 A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire;  
 A bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,  
 Fareweel to the bodies that yaumer and mourn.

*And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;  
 Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,  
 And I'll aye be cantie wi' thinking o't.*

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;  
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That'll cry papa or daddie to me.

*And bide ye yet, &c.*

I carena a button for sackfu's o' cash;  
 Let wizen'd auld bachelors think on sic trash;  
 Gie me a dear lassie to sit on my knee,  
 A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousan's to me.

*And bide ye yet, &c.*

And if there ever should happen to be  
 A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me;  
 In hearty good humour, although she be teaz'd,  
 I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

*And bide ye yet, &c.*

## FAIR ANNIE'S COMPLAINT.

JAMIESON.

O open the door, my love Gregor;  
O open the door to me,  
Dark, wild, and bitter is the night,  
And rough has been the sea.

And I'm your Annie of Lochrean,  
Turn'd out frae house and hald,  
Wi' our sweet bairn in my arms,  
That dies for weet and cauld.

Sae open the door, my love Gregor;  
O open and let me in;  
For the sea-surf freezes on my hair,  
The cauld sleet on my chin.

And cauld, my love, is now that lip,  
Whose smile ye aft hae blest;  
And cauld the bosom that your cheek  
Has aft sae fondly prest.

And cauld, cauld, soon will be that heart,  
That aye was warm to thee;  
Nor ever mair your bairn's smile  
Delight his father's e'e.

Then open the door, my love Gregor;  
For, an we twa should tane,  
Ye never mair frae womankind  
Can hope sic love as mine.

## MARY'S DREAM.

*(Original Words.)*

LOWE.

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill,  
 Where eagles big aboon the Dee.  
 And like the looks of a lovely dame,  
 Brought joy to every body's e'e;  
 A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;  
 A voice drapt saftly on her ear,  
 ' Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

She lifted up her waukening een,  
 To see from whence the voice might be,  
 And there she saw her Sandie stand,  
 Pale, bending on her his hollow e'e!  
 ' O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,  
 I'm in death's thraws \* below the sea;  
 Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

' The wind slept when we left the bay,  
 But soon it waked and raised the main,  
 And God he bore us down the deep,  
 Wha strave wi' him but strave in vain!  
 He stretched his arm, and took me up,  
 Tho' laith I was to gang but † thee;  
 I look frae heaven aboon the storm,  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

' Tak aff the bride sheets frae thy bed,  
 Which thou hast faulded down for me:  
 Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—  
 I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie.'

\* *Thraus*, thrice.† *But*, without.

Three times the grey cock flap his wing,  
To mark the morning lift her e'e,  
And thrice the passing spirit said,  
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

**HANDSOME KATIE.**

BUCHANAN.

TUNE—"Sleepy Maggy."

Now winter comes, wi' breath sae snell,  
And nips wi' frost the gizen'd gowan,  
Yet frosty winter, strange to tell!  
Has set my thrwart heart a-lowin'.

*O dearest, charming Katie!*  
*O sweetest, winsome Katie!*  
*My heart has flown across the loan,*  
*To dwell wi' my sweet neighbor Katie.*

When a' the chieks, wi' noses blae,  
Creep chitt'rin' roun' the cantie ingle,  
Through sleet an' snaw to Kate I gae,  
Drawn wi' a whang o' Cupid's lingle.

*O dearest, &c.*

When our back door I gang to steek,  
And bonnie Kate, frae her back winnock,  
Gies a 'bit slee an' smilin' keek,  
It warms me like a toasted bannock.

*O dearest, &c.*

To sleep I try, but no ae wink;  
(Fae hapless luve, may fate aye screen us!)  
I sprawl an' fidget, whan I think  
There's nought but a wee loan atween us.

*O dearest, &c.*

Langsyne Leander ilka night  
 Swam o'er the sea at Hero's biddin';  
 But if my Kate wad me invite,  
 I've nought ado but jump the midden.  
*O dearest, &c.*



### LOVE ABUSED.

HOGG.

TUNE—" *Mary, weep nae mair for me.*"

THE gloamin from the welkin high  
 Had chased the bonnie gouden gleam;  
 The curtain'd east, in crimson dye,  
 Hung heavy o'er the tinted stream;  
 The wild rose, blushing on the brier,  
 Was set with drops of shining dew—  
 As big, and clear, the bursting tear  
 That row'd in Betty's een sae blue!

She saw the dear, the little cot,  
 Where fifteen years flew swiftly bye!  
 And mourn'd her shame, and hapless lot,  
 That forc'd her from that home to lie.  
 Though sweet and mild the evening smile,  
 Her heart was rent with anguish keen;  
 The mavis ceas'd his music wild,  
 And wonder'd what her sobs could mean.

"It was not kind, to rob my mind  
 O' a' its peace for evermair!  
 To blot my name wi' burning shame,  
 And mak my parents' hearts sae sair.  
 That hame how dare I enter now,  
 Each honour'd face in tears to see,  
 Where oft I kneel'd, to hear the vow  
 Was offer'd from the heart for me!

" And can I love the treacherous man  
 Who wrought the dear and deadly ill,  
 Who blurr'd with clouds my early dawn?  
 Ah! woes my heart! I love him still.  
 My heart abus'd, my love misus'd,  
 My wretched fate with tears I see:  
 But most I fear, my parents dear  
 Go mourning to the grave for me."

### THE HAY MAKING.

HOGG.

TUNE—" *Comin' thro' the Rye.*"

O TIBBY, lassie, how I loe,  
 'Tis needless here to tell;  
 But a' the flowers the meadow through,  
 Ye're sweetest aye yoursel!  
 I canna sleep a wink at night,  
 Nor work in peace by day;  
 Your image smiles afore my sight,  
 Whate'er I do or say.

Fy, Jamie, dinna act the part  
 Ye'll ever blush to own,  
 Nor try to draw my youthfu' heart  
 Frae reason's sober throne.  
 Sic visions I can near approve,  
 Nor ony waukin' dream;  
 Than hae sic fiery furious love  
 I'd rather hae esteem.

My bonnie lassie, come away,  
 I canna bide your frown;  
 Wi' ilka flower sae fresh an' gay,  
 I'll deck your bosom roun'.

I'll pu' the gowan in the glen,  
 The lily on the lee,  
 The rose an' hawthorn sweet I'll twine,  
 To make a hobb for thee.

And Jamie, ye wad steal my heart,  
 And a' my peace frae me,  
 An' hank me fast within the net,  
 Ere I my error see.  
 Ye'll pu' the gowan in the glen,  
 My bosom to adorn,  
 An' ye confess ye're gaun to place  
 Within my breast a thorn!

How can ye, Tibby, be so tart,  
 An' vex me a' the day?  
 Ye ken I loe wi' a' my heart,  
 What wad ye hae me say?  
 Ilk anxious wish, an' little care,  
 I'll in thy breast confide!  
 An' a' your joys an' sorrows share,  
 If ye'll become my bride.

Then tak my hand, ye hae my heart,  
 There's nane I like sae weel,  
 And Heaven grant I act my part  
 To ane sae true and leel.  
 To win' the hay, an' ruck the hay,  
 Our labours we will join,  
 An' aften bless the happy day,  
 That join'd us lang syne.

## SONG.

ALEX. FULLARTON.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Dundee*."

Now lanely I sit 'neath the green spreading willow,  
 The loss o' my Johnnie in tears to deplore:  
 Loud blows the wind o'er the white foaming billow;  
 But the wild howling storm can awake him no more!  
 Bravely he fought on the hills of Vimiera,  
 Was doom'd at Corunna, with Moore, to lie low;  
 But bravely he fell, his brave comrades declare a',  
 While fearless he press'd on the ranks of the foe.

Oh! blirty and blae was the day when we parted!  
 And sare blew the blast on the bare naked tree:  
 But mild was the storm when compar'd wi' the tempest  
 That rav'd in my heart, and that blindit my e'e.  
 Fondly, but vainly, he strove for to cheer me,  
 And spak o' braw days when again he'd be free:  
 But ah! never mair shall the sight o' my Johnnie  
 Bring joy to my heart, or yet gladden my e'e.

O sweet war the hours that I spent wi' my laddie,  
 And saft were the tales that he tauld in mine ear;  
 Light beat my heart as sae blythesome an' cheerie  
 We met 'mang the breckans, when e'enin was near:  
 Wild throb'd my bosom as fondly he prest me,  
 And urg'd my consent, and derided delay;  
 But now ilka scene whar he kindly caress'd me  
 Gies pain, since my Johnnie lies cauld in the clay.

Pale glides his ghost on the hills of Corunna:  
 Fancy, O waft the dear shade to my view!  
 Fearless, alone I'd converse wi' my Johnnie,  
 Nor tremble to meet him beside the lone yew.



Down by yon hawthorn, so lately in blossom,  
 That drooping and wither'd now seems in decay,  
 There aft was I prest to that dear manly bosom,  
 That, sairly lamented, lies cauld in the clay.



### EV'NING SHEDS HER GEMS OF DEW.

TUNE—" *Gloomy Winter's now awa.*"

Ev'NING sheds her gems of dew,  
 On the heath bell's bosom blue,  
 Blooming here beneath the yew,  
     Upon thy grave, my Mary, O!  
 Larger drops than those of eve,  
 Burning tears, the flowers receive;  
 Grief, that time can ne'er relieve,  
     With me must ever tarry, O!  
 Nought below can e'er restore  
 Pleasure to my bosom more;  
 Anguish still must wring its core,  
     Till I rejoin my Mary, O!

O'er the scenes of past delight,  
 Slowly steals the shades of night,  
 Hiding from my aching sight  
     The lov'd resorts of Mary, O!  
 Scenes! by Creta \* rushing clear,  
 Haunts that bring the briny tear,  
 Far is she who made ye dear,  
     Above that vault so starry, O!  
 O! that brief the time may be,  
 Till my soul from anguish free,  
 Raptur'd rise to Heaven, and thee,  
     My dear departed Mary, O!

Cree, a rapid romantic stream in Upper Galloway.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WT STRAE.

RAMSAY.

GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,  
 Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;  
 But if ye meet a dirty hizzie,  
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.  
 Be sure ye dinna quat the grip  
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,  
 Before anld age your vitals nip,  
 And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;  
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,  
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,  
 Before it wither and decay.  
 Watch the saft minutes of delyte,  
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,  
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte  
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

' Haith ye're ill-bred,' she'll, smiling, say,  
 ' Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;'  
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide herself in some dark nook.  
 Her laugh will lead you to the place  
 Where lies the happiness ye want,  
 And plainly tell you to your face,  
 Nineteen na-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,  
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss:  
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring  
 As taiken of a futtre bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,  
 Are a' o' heaven's indulgent grant;  
 Then surly carles, whisht, forbear  
 To plague us wi' your whinning cant.

~~~~~

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

BURNS.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,  
 And blythe awakes the morrow;  
 But a' the pride o' spring's return  
 Can yield me nought but sorrow.  
 I see the flowers and spreading trees,  
 I hear the wild birds singing;  
 But what a weary wight can please,  
 And care his bosom wringing?  
 Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
 Yet dare na for your anger;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 If thou refuse to pity me,  
 If thou shalt love anither,  
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
 Around my grave they'll wither.

~~~~~

SONG.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworne;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights, that do misleade the morne:  
 But my kisses bring againe,  
 Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,  
Which thy frozen bosom beares,  
On whose tops the pinks that growe,  
Are of those that April wears :  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.



WINIFREDA.

AWAY ; let nought to love displeasing,  
My Winifreda move your care ;  
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
Not squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors,  
With pompous titles grace our blood !  
We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke :  
And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty  
No mighty treasures we possess,  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season,  
Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,  
We'll hand in hand together tread ;  
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
 While round my knees they fondly clung;  
 To see them look their mother's features,  
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I'll go a-wooing in my boys.



## SONG.

WRITTEN BY SIR HENRY WOTTON, KNIGHT, ON ELIZABETH,  
 DAUGHTER OF JAMES I. AND QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
 Which poorly satisfie our eyes  
 More by your number, than your light;  
 You common people of the skies,  
 What are you when the sun shall rise!

Ye violets that first appeare,  
 By your pure purple mantles known  
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare;  
 As if the Spring were all your own;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown!

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,  
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By your weak accents: what's your praise,  
 When Philomel her voyce shall raise!

So when my mistress shal be seene  
 In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;  
 By virtue first, then choyce a queen;  
 Tell me, if she was not design'd  
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

## A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

BURNS.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.  
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread;  
And, drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,  
A little linnet fondly prest;  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning,  
She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood;  
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair,  
On trembling string or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care,  
That tents thy early morning.  
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day;  
And bless the parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.



## THE INVITATION.

BARCLAY.

AWAKE, my fair, the morning springs,  
The dew drops glance around;  
The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,  
The echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would Mary taste,  
That breathing morning yields?  
The fragrance of the flow'ry waste,  
And freshness of the fields?

By uplands, and the greenwood-side,  
Let's take our early way,  
And view the valley spreading wide,  
And opening with the day.

Nor uninstruction shall the scene  
Unfold its charms in vain;  
The fallow brown, the meadow green,  
The mountain, and the plain;

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,  
And trembling to its fall;  
Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,  
In Wisdom's ear shall call:

' O ye, in youth and beauty's pride,  
' Who lightly dance along;  
' While laughter frolicks at your side,  
' And rapture tunes your song!

' What though each grace around you play,  
' Each beauty bloom for you;  
' Warm as the blush of rising day,  
' And sparkling as the dew:

' The blush that glows so gaily now,  
' But glows to disappear;  
' And, quiv'ring from the bending bough,  
' Soon breaks the pearly tear!

' So pass the beauties of your prime,  
' That e'en in blooming die;  
' So, shrinking at the blast of time,  
' The treach'rous graces fly.'

Let those, my Mary, slight the strain,  
Who fear to find it true;  
Each fair of transient beauty vain,  
And youth as transient too!

With charms that win beyond the sight,  
And hold the willing heart,  
My Mary shall await their flight,  
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,  
And beauties still controul;  
The graces of the polish'd mind,  
And beauties of the soul.



## LORD GREGORY.

BURNS.

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,  
And loud the tempest's roar;  
A wae fu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,  
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',  
And a' for loving thee;  
At least some *pity* on me shaw,  
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,  
By bonnie Irwine-side,  
Where first I own'd that virgin-love  
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow  
Thou wad for aye be mine;  
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
It ne'er mistrusted thine.



Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
And flinty is thy breast :  
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,  
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,  
Your willing victim see !  
But spare, and pardon my fause love,  
His wrangs to heaven and me !



## THE INVITATION.

MARLOW.

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valley, grove, or hill and field,  
And all the steepy mountain, yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs,  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.



THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joy no date, nor age no need;  
Then these delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

## MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—" *Morneen I Gaberland.*"

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,  
 Happy war the days when we herded thegither, O,  
 Sweet war the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,  
 An' vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O;

But ah, waes me! wi' their sodg'ring sae gaudy, O,  
 The laird's wys't awa my braw Highland laddie, O;  
 Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,  
 That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blae-berry banks now are lonesome and drearie, O,  
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,  
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,  
 The wild-melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

Oh! love is like the morning, sae gladsome and bonnie, O,  
 Till winds fa' a-storming, and clouds low'r sae rainy, O:  
 As nature in winter droops withering sae sadly, O,  
 Sae lang may I mourn for my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggie fen,  
 He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggie glen,  
 He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,  
 Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel my doggie, O,  
 Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,  
 Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammiie and my daddie, O,  
 I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

## THE LASS OF THE HILL.

MISS MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt,  
 Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;  
 For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,  
 That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown bread:  
 That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,  
 And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,  
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,  
 Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,  
 And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:  
 With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;  
 But quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd and protested, had kneel'd and implor'd,  
 And could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:  
 Then her eyes he commended in language well drest,  
 And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast:  
 Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,  
 That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,  
 All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd,  
 And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,  
 Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell:  
 Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,  
 And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing and hanging her head,  
 And her thoughts are so pester'd she scarce earns her  
 bread;

The whole village cries shame, when a-milking she goes,  
 That so little attention is shewn to the cows:  
 But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on,  
 And a fig for the cows, since her sweetheart is gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay isle,  
 How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile;  
 For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,  
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,  
 Who to court you and tempt you will try all his skill;  
 But remember, The lass on the brow of the hill.



### WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN,

TANNAHILL.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,  
 Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn side:  
     Tho' the broomy knowes be green,  
     Yet there we may be seen,  
 But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn  
 side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn side,  
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side;  
     There the busy prying eye,  
     Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,  
 While in ither's arms they lie, down by yon burn side,

Awa, ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,  
 Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn side:  
     There fancy smooths her theme,  
     By the sweetly murmur'ing stream,  
 And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side,  
 Now the plantin' taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon burn  
 side,  
 And gloamin' draws her foggy shroud, o'er yon burn  
 side:

Far frae the noisy scene,  
 I'll thro' the fields alane,  
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon  
 burn side.

## SONG.

MRS. BARBAULD.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,  
That boasts to love as well as me;  
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound;  
Come hither and thy flame approve;  
I'll teach thee what it is to love,  
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears;  
To live upon a smile for years;  
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet:  
To kneel, to languish and implore;  
And still, tho' she disdain, adore:  
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes  
With eager joy and fond surprise;  
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear  
As wretches feel who wait their doom;  
Nor must one ruder thought presume  
Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope tho' hope were lost;  
Tho' heaven and earth thy passion cros't;  
Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,  
And thou the least and meanest swain  
That folds his flock upon the plain,  
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears;  
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears;  
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,  
Tho' she were fonder and more true  
Than any nymph old poets drew,  
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,  
 Thou dost not seek to be alone,  
 Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender wo;  
 And muse, and fold thy languid arms,  
 Feeding thy fancy on her charms,  
 Thou dost not love; for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share  
 But those which love has planted there,  
 Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,  
 Thou never yet his power hast known;  
 Love sits on a despotic throne,  
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,  
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,  
 And prove whose patience longest can endure,  
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost  
 In dreams of fondest passion most;  
 For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh never hope a cure!

~~~~~  
 EVAN BANKS.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,  
 The sun from India's shore retires;  
 To Evan banks, with temp'rate ray,  
 Home of my youth, he leads the day.  
 Oh banks to me for ever dear!  
 Oh stream whose murmurs still I hear!  
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside  
 Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,  
 Whose image lives within my breast;  
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
 And long pursu'd me with her eye;

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,  
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline?  
 Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound;  
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
 Which sweetly winds so far below;  
 What secret charm to mem'ry brings,  
 All that on Evan's border springs;  
 Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:  
 Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast  
 Atone for years in absence lost?  
 Return, ye moments of delight,  
 With richer treasures bless my sight!  
 Swift from this desert let me part,  
 And fly to meet a kindred heart!  
 Nor more may aught my steps divide  
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

When first on the plain I began to appear,  
 And the shepherds to ogle and sigh,  
 They call'd me their joy, their delight, and their dear,  
 But I heed no such nonsense, not I.

Not all their fine speeches, their flatt'ry, and love,  
 Though they swore if I frown'd they should die,  
 Could bring me to like, or to love, or approve,  
 For I heed no such nonsense, not I.

But now, in my turn, I'm in love too, I find,  
 Though for certain in grief I shan't die,  
 Were Jemmy as false as the wavering wind;  
 O, I heed no such nonsense, not I!



I think the lad likes me, and he *may* prove true;  
 And if so, I will love till I die;  
 But if he prove fickle, then I'll prove so too;  
 For I'll die for no shepherd, not I.



### JEANIE'S BLACK E'E.

MACNIEL.

TUNE—" *Cauld Frosty Morning.*"

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning;  
 Light sprang the lav'rock and mounted sae hie;  
 When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewie morning,  
 My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.  
 To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens:  
 Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black e'e;  
 Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow tree,  
 ' Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.\*

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,  
 Streik'd on Spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree:  
 Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,—  
 Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.

Wi' luv's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,  
 Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black e'e.—  
 You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean; open thae lovely een;  
 Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.

Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green knowe adorning;  
 Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew;  
 Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning;  
 Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow;  
 O! light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth gowany  
 green,

Barefit and kilted half up to the knee;  
 While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,—  
 I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me!

\* I am asleep, do not waken me.

I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;  
 Kiss her frae lug to lug; nae ane can see;  
 Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou.—Will, I'm no sleeping  
 now;

I was asleep, but ye waken'd me.  
 Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,  
 Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black e'e;  
 And aye since, whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound is  
 sweet,  
 Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.



### THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE—"Ewe Buchts, Marion."

Will ye go to the Highlan's, my Mary,  
 And visit our haughs and our glens?  
 There's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlan's  
 The braw lawlan' lassie ne'er kens.

'Tis true we've few cowslips or roses,  
 Nae lilies grow wild on the lee;  
 But the heather its sweet scent discloses,  
 And the daisy's as sweet to the e'e.

See yon far heathy hills, whar they're risin',  
 Whose summits are shaded wi' blue;  
 There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',  
 Or feedin' their fawns, love, for you.

There the loud roaring floods they are fallin',  
 By crags that are furrow'd and grey;  
 To her young there the eagle is callin',  
 Or gazin' afar for her prey.

Or low by the birks on the burnie,  
 Whar the goat wi' her younglin's doth rest;

There oft I wou'd lead thee, my Mary,  
 Whare the blackbird has builded her nest.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin',  
 Whan shepherds return frae the hill,  
 Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon,  
 While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill.

Right sweet is the low-setting sun-beam,  
 On the lake's bosom quiv'rin' seen;  
 But sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,  
 And kinder the blinks o' her een.

Thy looks wou'd gar simmer seem sweetet,  
 An' cheer winter's bare dreary gloom;  
 With thee ev'ry joy is completer,  
 While true love around us shou'd bloom.

The south'ren, in a' his politeness,  
 His airs and his grandeur may shine;  
 Our hills boast o' mair true discreetness,  
 An' his love is not equal to mine.



### LUCY AND COLLIN.

TICKEL.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
 Bright Lucy was the grace;  
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
 Reflect so sweet a face.  
 Till luckless love and pining care,  
 Impair'd her rosie hue,  
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,  
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh have you seen a lily pale,  
 When beating rains descend?  
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,  
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains  
 Take heed, ye easy fair :  
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring;  
 And shrieking at her window thrice,  
 The raven flapp'd his wing:  
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound;  
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke  
 The virgin weeping round.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 " Which says, I must not stay ;  
 " I see a hand you cannot see,  
 " Which beckons me away.  
 " By a false heart, and broken vows,  
 " In early youth I die ;  
 " Was I to blame, because his bride  
 " Was thrice as rich as I ?

" Ah, Collin ! give not her thy vows,  
 " Vows due to me alone ;  
 " Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
 " Nor think him all thy own.  
 " To-morrow in the church to wed,  
 " Impatient, both prepare ;  
 " But know, fond maid ; and know, false man,  
 " That Lucy will be there.

" Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,  
 " This bridegroom blythe to meet ;  
 " He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 " I, in my winding-sheet."  
 She spoke, she died ; her corse was borne ;  
 The bridegroom blythe to meet ;

He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Collin's thoughts?  
How were these nuptials kept?

The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell;

The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)  
The varying crimson fled;

When stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,

One mold with her, beneath one sod,  
For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen;

With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear;

Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

~~~~~

### SONG.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE—"Nae Dominies for me, Laddie."

AGAIN the breeze blows through the trees;

The flowers bloom by the burn, Willie:

Gay Spring is seen in fairy green—

The year nae mair shall mourn, Willie.

The tender bud hangs on the woods,  
An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;  
Its blossoms spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,  
But may be nipt like me, Willie,

The frien'less hare is chas'd nae mair,  
She whids alang the lea, Willie,  
Thro' dewy show'rs the lav'rock tow'rs,  
An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

When frae thy arms, a' nature's charms,  
What pleasure can they gi'e, Willie?  
My spring is past, my sky o'ercastr'd,  
It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent an' shy, they now gae by,  
That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;  
Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang  
It's a' for lovin' thee, Willie,

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart—  
That heart nae mair is free, Willie;  
Then, O be kind, sin' now it's thine!  
I had mae mair to gi'e, Willie.

But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed,  
A wealthier bride than me, Willie;  
Now, nought can heal the wound I feel,  
But lay me down an' die, Willie,

Fareweel ye braes, and happier days!  
By crystal windin' Cree Willie:  
When o'er my grave the green grass waves,  
O! wilt thou think on me, Willie?

## A LOVE SONG.

CONCANEN.

I LOVE thee, my Mary; I cannot say more;  
 Then set not my passion a-cooling;  
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er;  
 For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in deeds,  
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?  
 A performance you wot well, a promise exceeds;  
 And a word to the wise is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;  
 But I hate all protesting and arguing:  
 Had a goddess my heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,  
 If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm  
 Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying;  
 Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better term,  
 But e'en throw thy yea, or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery-suit,  
 The age of a patriarch depending;  
 Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,  
 Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool;  
 Like the grace of fanatical sinners,  
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,  
 Before men sit down to their dinners.

## SONG.

PRIOR.

DEAR Annie! while thus beyond measure  
 You treat me with doubts and disdain;  
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,  
 And hoard up an old age of pain;

Your maxim, that love is still founded  
On charms that will quickly decay,  
You will find to be very ill-grounded  
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn  
Your kindness will vastly improve;  
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,  
Fruition's the sunshine of love;  
And though the bright beams of your eyes  
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,  
And darkness obscure all the skies,  
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,  
You oft have regarded with wonder;  
He is dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,  
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;  
Together they totter about,  
And sit in the sun at the door;  
And at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,  
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,  
Their several failings to smother,  
Then what are the charms, can you guess,  
That make them so fond of each other?  
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
The endearments that love did bestow,  
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,  
The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,  
Which sickness nor time can remove  
For when youth and beauty are past,  
And age brings the winter of love,



A friendship insensibly grows,  
 By reviews of such raptures as these,  
 And the current of fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.



### THE BONNETS O' BONNY DUNDEE.

HOGG.

O will ye gang down to the bush i' the meadow,  
 Your daddy an' mammy wi' me winna dread you,  
 An' by the fair hand through the flowers I will lead you,  
 An' sing you *the bonnets o' bonny Dundee?*  
 Wi' heart an' wi' hand, my dear lad, I'll gang wi' thee,  
 My daddy and mammy think nought to belie thee;  
 I ken ye'll do naething but kiss me an' lead me,  
 An' sing me *the bonnets o' bonny Dundee.*

O, why fled thy angel, poor lovely Macmillen,  
 An' left thee to listen to counsel so killin' ?  
 O, where were the feelin's o' that cruel villain,  
 Who rifled that blossom, an' left it to die ?  
 How pale is that cheek that was rosy an' red aye !  
 To see that sunk e'e wad gar ony heart bleed aye !  
 O, wae to the wild willow-bush i' the meadow !  
 O, dule to *the bonnets o' bonny Dundee !*



### BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

TANNAHILL.

*Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,  
 Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,  
 Near thee I pass'd life's early day,  
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.*

THE broom, the brier, the birken bush,  
 Bloom bonnie o'er the flow'ry lea,

And a' the sweets that ane can wish  
Frae Nature's han' are strew'd on thee.

*Thou bonnie, &c.*

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,  
The cushat croodles am'rously;  
The mavis down thy bughted glade,  
Gars echo ring frae every tree.

*Thou bonnie, &c.*

Awa, ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,  
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
They'll sing you yet a cantie sang,  
Then, O in pity let them be!

*Thou bonnie, &c.*

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs  
Frae aff the norlan hills sae hie,  
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,  
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.

*Thou bonnie, &c.*

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,  
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
The happy hours I'll ever mind,  
That I in youth hae spent in thee.

*Thou bonnie, &c.*

~~~~~

SONG.

ETHERIDGE.

Ye happy swains! whose hearts are free  
From love's imperial chain,  
Take warning and be taught by me  
To avoid the enchanting pain:  
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,  
Fierce winds to blossoms prove;  
To careless seamen hidden rocks,  
To human quiet, love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize,  
 The snake's beneath the flow'r;  
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous eyes  
 That tasted quiet more?  
 How faithless is the lover's joy!  
 How constant is their care!  
 The kind with falsehood to destroy,  
 The cruel with despair.

~~~~~  
 PLL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

BURNS.

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green again;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonnie Jean again.  
 There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,  
 What brings me back the gate again,  
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,  
 And stowlins we sall meet again.  
 She'll wander by the aiken-tree,  
 When trystin-time draws near again;  
 And when her lovely form I see,  
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And by yon garden green again;  
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,  
 Clear was the sky, the wind was still,  
 The flocks were penn'd within the fold;

When in the silence of the grove  
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
From the hard rock or oozy beach,  
Who from each weed that barren grows,  
Expects the grape or downy peach,  
With equal faith may hope to find  
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,  
No fields that wave with golden grain,  
No pastures green, or gardens fair,  
A woman's venal heart to gain;  
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
Since women's hearts are bought and sold!  
They ask no vows of sacred truth,  
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold,  
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove;  
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,  
What wealth, what riches, would suffice?  
Yet India's shore could never boast  
The lustre of thy rival eyes;  
For there the world too cheap must prove;  
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then Mary, since no gems nor ore  
Can with thy brighter self compare,  
Be just, as fair, and value more  
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere;  
Let treasure meaner beauties move;  
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

## LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Rothemurche's Rant."

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,  
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,  
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
And a' is young and sweet like thee;  
O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
And say thou't be my dearie, O?

*Lassie wi', &c.*

And when the welcome simmer-shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way;  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasped to my faithful breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

*Lassie wi', &c.*

## SONG.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove;  
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
 My all of life was love.  
 By mutual toil our board was dress'd  
 The spring our drink bestow'd;  
 But when her lip the brim had press'd  
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guest came nigh;  
 In them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd,  
 What gold could never buy.  
 No value has a splendid lot  
 But as the means to prove  
 That from the castle to the cot  
 The all of life is love.



## WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

TUNE—"Clean pease strae."

WHEN John and me were married,  
 Our hauding was but sma',  
 For my minnie, canker't carling,  
 Wou'd gie us nocht ava'.  
 I wair't my fee wi' canny care,  
 As far as it wou'd gae,  
 But weel I wat our bridal bed  
 Was clean pease strae.

Wi' working late and early,  
 We're come to what you see;  
 For fortune thrive aneath our hands,  
 Sae eydent aye were we.

The lowe o' luve made labour light,  
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,  
 When kind ye cuddle down at e'en  
 'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,  
 As weel's in birken shaw,  
 And love will lowe in cottage low,  
 As weel's in lofty ha'.  
 Sae, lassie, tak the lad ye like,  
 Whate'er your minnie say,  
 Tho' ye should mak your bridal bed  
 O' clean pease strae.



### SONG.

From glaring shew and giddy noise,  
 The pleasures of the vain,  
 Take me, ye soft and silent joys!  
 To your retreats again.

Be mine, ye cool, ye peaceful groves!  
 Whose shades to love belong;  
 Where echo, as she fondly roves,  
 Repeats my Henry's song.

Ah, Henry! why should I depart  
 From solitude and thee?  
 When in that solitude thou art  
 A perfect world to me.



### I'LL NE'ER BEGUILÉ THEE.

BETTY, early gone a Maying,  
 Met her lover, Willie, straying;  
 Drift, or chance, no matter whether,  
 This we know, he reason'd with her!

Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,  
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;  
See how ev'ry bush discovers  
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.

See the op'ning blushing roses,  
All their secret charms discloses;  
Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure,  
O' their fleeting, hasty pleasure!  
Quickly we must snatch the savour  
Of their soft and fragrant flavour;  
They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,  
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces  
Of those beauties, of those graces;  
Youth and love forbid our staying,  
Love and youth abhor delaying.  
Dearest maid,—nay, do not fly me,  
Let your pride no more deny me;  
Never doubt your faithful Willie—  
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee!



## SONG.

WHILE Sandy, thus you tease one,  
To say, what won my heart;  
It cannot sure be treason,  
If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming;  
'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright;  
'Twas not your bloom, tho' warning;  
Nor beauty's dazzling light.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining;  
Nor shape, that made me sigh:  
'Twas not your tongue, combining,  
For that I knew—might lie.



No—'twas your generous nature;  
 Bold, soft, sincere, and gay;  
 It shone in every feature,  
 And stole my heart away.



### SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—"Woe's my heart that we should sunder."

SPEAK on,—speak thus, and still my grief,  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 These fears, that soon will want relief,  
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.  
 A gentler face, and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,  
 Alake poor me! will now conspire,  
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;  
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,  
 Sweet-scented rocks round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep  
 Around the knowe, with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.  
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,  
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other.

SONG.

How imperfect is expression  
 Some emotions to impart !  
 When we mean a soft confession,  
 And yet seek to hide the heart,  
 When our bosoms, all complying,  
 With delicious tumults swell,  
 And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying,  
 Language would, but cannot tell,

Deep confusion's rosy terror,  
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,  
 Ask no more—behold your error;  
 Blushes eloquently speak.  
 What tho' silent is my anguish,  
 Or breath'd only to the air ?  
 Mark my eyes; and, as they languish,  
 Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !  
 Once my heart's strong feelings view !  
 Love has nought more fond, believe me,  
 Friendship, nothing half so true.  
 How imperfect is expression  
 Some emotions to impart !  
 When we mean a soft confession,  
 And yet seek to hide the heart.



O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL,

BURNS.

TUNE—" *My love is lost to me.*"

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill !  
 Or had of Helicon my fill;  
 That I might catch poetic skill,  
 To sing how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my muse's well,  
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';  
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,  
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay,  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,  
     How much, how dear I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—  
     By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;  
 And aye I muse and sing thy name;  
     I only live to love thee.  
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run,  
     Till then—and then I'll love thee.



## SONG.

ROWE.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,  
 A shepherd forsaken was laid,  
 And, while a false nymph was his theme,  
 A willow supported his head;  
 The wind that blew over the plain  
     To his sighs with a sigh did reply,  
 And the brook in return to his pain  
     Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was?  
(Thus sadly complaining he cried!)  
When first I beheld that fair face,  
'Twere better by far I had died.  
She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue  
When she smil'd it was pleasure too great  
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,  
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe  
She would doat on so lowly a clown,  
Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
To forsake the fine folks of the town;  
To think that a beauty so gay,  
So kind and so constant would prove,  
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,  
And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,  
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd?  
What tho' when they hear my soft strain,  
The virgins sit weeping around?  
Ah Collin! thy hopes are in vain,  
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,  
Thy fair one inclines to a swain  
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,  
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
Forbear to accuse the false maid;  
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,  
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;  
'Twas hers to be false, and to change,  
'Tis mine to be constant—and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,  
In her breast any pity is found,  
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
And see me laid low in the ground:

The last humble boon that I crave  
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew,  
 And when she looks down on my grave  
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,  
 And deck her in golden array,  
 Be finest at every fine show,  
 And frolic it all the long day:  
 While Collin forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,  
 Unless when beneath the pale moon  
 His ghost shall glide over the green.



## O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE.

TANNAHILL.

TUNE—"Sleepy Maggy."

*O are ye sleeping, Maggie,  
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie;  
 Let me in, for loud the linn,  
 Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.*

Mirk and rainy is the night,  
 No a starn in a' the carry;  
 Lightnings' gleam athwart the lift,  
 And winds drive wi' winter's fury.  
*O are ye, &c.*

Fearfu' soughs the boortree bank,  
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearier;  
 Loud the iron yate does clank,  
 And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.  
*O are ye, &c.*

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,  
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie:  
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;  
 Rise, O rise, my bonnie lady!  
*O are ye, &c.*

She opt the door, She let him in,  
 He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie:  
 Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',  
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.  
*Now since ye're waking, Maggie,  
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie!  
 What care I for howlet's cry,  
 For boortree bank, or warlock craigie!*



## SONG.

AH where can fly my soul's true love?  
 Sad I wander this lone grove;  
 Sighs and tears for him I shed;  
 Henry is from Laura fled.  
 Thy love to me thou didst impart;  
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart;  
 But, dearest Henry! thou'st betray'd  
 Thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,  
 Sighing sad, with pearly tears;  
 Oft thy image is my theme,  
 As I wander on the green:  
 See from my cheek the colour flies,  
 And love's sweet hope within me dies;  
 For oh! dear Henry! thou'st betray'd  
 Thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

## THE LEA RIG.

BURNS,

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,  
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,  
 And owsen frae the furrowed field  
 Return sae dowf and wearie, O;  
 Down by the burn, where scented birks  
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.  
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,  
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,  
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
 Alang the burn to steer, my jo.  
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
 It makes my heart sae cheerie, O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie, O.



## SONG.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,  
 Have you seen my Anna?  
 Pride of every shady grove,  
 Upon the banks of Banna!

I for her my home forsook,  
Near yon misty mountain,  
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more  
Until her returning,  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,  
Shepherds tell me whither,  
Ah! woe's me, perhaps she's gone  
For ever and for ever.



### THE BANKS OF TARF.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE—"Sin' my Uncle's dead," &c.

WHERE windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes,  
Her siller wave sae saftly rows;  
An' mony a green-wood cluster grows,  
An' hare-bells bloomin' bonnie, O.  
Below a spreadin' hazle tree,  
Fu' snugly hid what nane cou'd see,  
While blinking' love beam'd frae her e'e,  
I met my bonnie Annie, O.

Her neck was o' the snaw-drop hue,  
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew;  
But O, her e'e, o' azure blue,  
Was past expressin' bonnie, O.  
Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,  
That lightly wanton'd on the air;  
But vain were a' my skill an' mair  
To tell the charms o' Annie, O.



While smilin' in my arms she lay,  
 She, whisperin', in my ear did say,  
 "O how could I survive the day,  
     Should ye prove false, my Tammie, O!"  
 "While spangl'd fish glide to the main,  
 While Scotlan's braes shall wave wi' grain,  
 Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,  
     I'll ay be true to Annie, O."

The Beltane winds blew loud an' lang,  
 An' ripplin' rais'd the spray alang;  
 We cheerfu' sat, and cheerfu' sang,  
     The banks o' Tarf are bonnie, O.  
 Tho' sweet is spring, whan young and gay,  
 An' blythe the blinks o' summer's day;  
 I fear nae winter, cauld and blae,  
     If blest wi' love an' Annie, O.

~~~~~

### TO STELLA.

THE REV. N. BULL.

SAY, why that deep and frequent sigh  
 Heaves thy soft bosom gentle fair?  
 The tear that trembles in thine eye,  
 Ah! flows it from the fount of care?  
 Thou look'st, my love, like some fair flow'r,  
 Sinking beneath the dewy show'r.

Too well I guess thy secret woe;  
 Thou weep'st to think, that one short day  
 May bid thy beauties cease to glow,  
 And pilfer every grace away:  
 'Tis this that melts thy tearful eyes,  
 And heaves thy tender breast with sighs.

Yet shall not all thy beauties fade  
Beneath rough Time's austere controul;  
His keenest frosts shall ne'er invade  
The bright recesses of thy soul,  
Which, purer than the vestal flame,  
For ever burns, and burns the same.

~~~~~  
DARK ROLLING DEE.

NICHOLSON.

DARK rolling Dee, with thy heath cover'd mountains,  
Thy wild rugged rocks by yon black birken glen,  
That claims't thy supplies from the cold mossy fountains,  
And minglest thy treasures with low-spreading Ken:

Scenes of my youth, where my wishes oft wander,  
Where the traces of nature my bosom first warm'd;  
For low on thy banks, where thy waves sweet meander,  
Spreads the low blushing rose that my fancy has  
charm'd.

How fain would I woo thee, sweet flower, to my bosom,  
And sever thy stalk from its first native stole,  
Where the kind breath of love should invite thee to  
blossom,  
Though the chill blasts of winter around us should  
howl.

Beauty might fade in the days of December,  
But the noontide of friendship around us should beam;  
The fervour of youth I would fondly remember,  
And shield thy sweet blossoms by Dee's winding  
stream.

## THE LASS O' ISLA.

FROM THE GAELIC.

Ah Mary, sweetest maid, farewell !  
 My hopes are flown, for a's to wreck ;  
 Heav'n guard you love and heal your heart,  
 Tho' mine alas ! maun break—

Dearest lad, what ills betide ?  
 Is Willie to his love untrue ?  
 Engag'd the morn to be his bride,  
 Ah ! hae ye, hae ye ta'en the rue ?

Ye canna wear a ragged gown,  
 Or beggar wed, wi' nought ava ;  
 My kye are drown'd, my house is down,  
 My best sheep lyes aneath the snaw—

Tell na me o' storm or flood,  
 Or sheep a' smoor'd ayont the hill,  
 For Willie's sake, I Willie lo'ed ;  
 Tho' poor, ye are my Willie still—

Ye canna thole the wind or rain,  
 Or wander, friendless, far frae hame ;  
 Cheer, cheer your heart, some other swain  
 Will soon blot out lost Willie's name—

I'll tak my bundle in my hand,  
 An' wipe the dew drop frae my e'e,  
 I'll wander wi' ye o'er the land,  
 I'll venture wi' ye thro' the sea—

Forgie me love, 'twas all a snare,  
 My flocks are safe, we need na part,  
 I'd forfeit them, and ten times mair,  
 To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

How could ye wi' my feelings sport,  
Or doubt a heart sae warm and true?  
I should wish mischief on ye for't  
But canna wish ought ill to ye.



### O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

BURNS.

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

*An' O, for ane an' twenty, Tam!  
An' hey, sweet ane an' twenty, Tam!  
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,  
Gin I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,  
An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam!  
But three short years will soon wheel roun',  
An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.  
*An' O, for ane, &c.*

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
War left me by my auntie, Tam;  
At kith or kin I needna spier,  
Gin I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.  
*An' O, for ane, &c.*

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;  
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam!  
*An' O, for ane, &c.*

## SONG.

CAPTAIN THOMSON.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,  
The ship she casts to sea;  
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,  
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:  
For, tho' thy sailor's bound afar,  
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,  
O doubt their artful tales!  
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,  
If Cupid fill'd his sails:  
Thou art the compass of my soul,  
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,  
More fell than rocks and waves;  
But sailors of the British fleet  
Are lovers, and not slaves.  
No foes our courage shall subdue,  
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but, if you're kind,  
We'll scorn the dashing main,  
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
The pow'rs of France and Spain.  
Now Britons' glory rests with you,  
Our sails are full—sweet girls! adieu!

~~~~~

## THE BRAES O' GALLOWAY.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE—"White Cockade."

O, LASSIE wilt thou gang wi' me,  
An' leave thy frien's i' the south countrie—

Thy former frien's an' sweethearts a',  
An' gang wi' me to Gallowa'?

*O Gallowa' braes, they wave wi' broom,  
An' heatherbells in bonnie bloom;  
There's lordly seats an' livin's braw  
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.*

There stately woods on mony a bae,  
Where burns and birds in concert play;  
The waukrife echo answers a',  
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

*O Gallowa' braes, &c.*

The simmer shiel' I'll build for thee  
Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,  
Half circlin' roun' my father's ha',  
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

*O Gallowa' braes, &c.*

When Autumn waves her flowin' horn,  
An' fields o' gowden grain are shorn,  
I'll busk thee fine in pearlin's braw,  
To join the dance in Gallowa'.

*O Gallowa' braes, &c.*

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,  
An' lanely langsome is the night,  
Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,  
To "A the way to Gallowa'."

*O Gallowa' braes, &c.*

Should fickle fortune on us frown,  
Nae lack o' gear our love shou'd drown;  
Content shou'd shield our haudin' sma',  
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'!

*O Gallowa' braes, &c.*

Come, while the blossom's on the broom,  
An' heather-bells sae bonny bloom;  
Come, let us be the happiest twa  
On a' the braes o' Gallowa'!

*O Gallowa' braes, &c.*

## SONG.

WHEN first I ken'd young Sandy's face,  
He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace;  
He stole my heart, but did na care;  
The lad he lo'ed a lass more fair:  
And oft I sung o'er brae and burn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return!

He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind,  
Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind;  
Which made the love-sick laddie rue;  
For she was cauld when he was true:  
He mourn'd and sung, o'er brae and burn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return!

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd  
Where lilacks with sweet cowslips join'd,  
To make a garland for her hair;  
But she refus'd a gift so fair.  
This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne,  
But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale een,  
And love so true is soonest seen:  
Dear lass! said he, my heart is thine;  
For thy soft wishes are like mine:  
Now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return!

My answer was both frank and kind;  
I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind:  
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee;  
And wha sae blest as he and me?  
Now blithe we sing, o'er brae and burn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return!

## BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' hinney 'tween my luve's lips,  
 An' gowd amang her hair,  
 Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,  
 Nae mortal een keek there.  
 What lips dare kiss; or what hand dare touch,  
 Or what arm of luve dare span,  
 The hinny lips, the creamy loof,  
 Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,  
 Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;  
 But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,  
 Maun touch her lady nou'.  
 But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,  
 Her jimpy waist maun span:  
 O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
 My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is lattic'd wi' flow'rs  
 Tied up wi' siller thread;  
 And comely sits she in the midst,  
 Men's langing een to feed:  
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,  
 Wi' her milky milky han';  
 And her every look beams wi' grace divine,  
 My bonnie Lady Ann.

The morning cloud is tast'd wi' gowd,  
 Like my luve's broider'd cap;  
 An' on the mantle which my luve wears,  
 Is monie a gowden drap.  
 Her bonnie eebree's a holie arch,  
 Cast by nae earthly han';  
 An' the breath o' heaven's atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.



I wondering gaze on her stately steps,  
 An' I beet a hopeless flame;  
 To my luve, alas ! she mauna stoop,  
 It wad stain her honoured name.  
 My een are bauld they dwell on a place  
 Where I darena mint my han';  
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I am but her father's gardener lad,  
 An' poor poor is my fa';  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa:  
 My lady comes, my lady gae,  
 Wi' a fu' and kindly han';  
 O their blessing maun mix wi' my luve,  
 An' fa' on Lady Ann.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

HENRY CAREY.

Tho' cruel you seem to my pain.  
 And hate me because I am true;  
 Yet Jeanie you love a false swain,  
 Who has other nymphs in his view.  
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him,  
 To me what a blessing 'twou'd be!  
 To him but a woman you seem;  
 But, ah! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,  
 To them I for ever cou'd grow;  
 Still clinging around that dear waist,  
 Which he'll span as beside you he'll go.  
 That hand, like a lily so white,  
 Which over his shoulders you lay;  
 My bosom cou'd warm it all night,  
 My lips they cou'd press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,  
 Were graces my subjects to be,  
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,  
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.  
 But if I must feel your disdain,  
 If tears cannot cruelty drown;  
 Oh! let me not live in this pain,  
 But give me my death in a frown.



### BALLENDEN BRAES.

POLLINGROVE ROBINSON, ESQ.

It was high o'er the murelands and down by the Lyne,  
 Whare the waters rin deep and the hillocks begin,  
 That Bessy, the bonny, wi' heart sad and sair,  
 Sat tir'd on a know, an' sang loud her despair;  
 Fause, fause the great town is, and fause are its ways,  
 Like him who decoy'd me frae Ballenden braes.

When the laird o' the lan' first came down to our glen,  
 He tell'd me he ne'er saw a fairlie till then.  
 He sleek'd down my hair, and he laugh'd in my e'en;  
 He sich'd o'er my hand, and he ca'd me his queen.  
 But fause was his heart, and mair fause was his praise,  
 For he tuk me awa frae sweet Ballenden braes.

He was young, like mysel', and he sware he wad be  
 A father, and brither, and aw things to me;  
 He sware, gin I lo'ed him, he'd mak me sae fine,  
 That wi' goud and wi' siller my tartan shoud shine;  
 But fause ware his words, and mair fause was his ways,  
 Wha tuk me awa' frae sweet Ballenden braes.

I thocht it was sinful, but he luk'd so kind,  
 I thocht it was sinful to tarry behind,  
 Sae high o'er the murelands, and far frae my hame,  
 He led me, and made me believe it nae shame;

But fause ware his doings, and fause ware his ways,  
For he tuk me far far frae sweet Ballenden braes.

But short was his kindness, his gude words, and care,  
When he saw the great town then he lo'ed me nae mair,  
He tuk to great ladies, they leugh me to scorn,  
And he wad na help me, but left me to mourn;  
Till, sick wi' his sin, and near kill'd by his ways,  
I am come back to dee on sweet Ballenden braes.



### THE HEART OF STONE.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

WHENCE comes my love, O heart, disclose?  
'Twas from cheeks that sham'd the rose;  
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise;  
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.  
Whence comes my woe? as freely own,  
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind;  
The lips befitting, words most kind;  
The eye does tempt to soft desire,  
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire;  
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,  
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak,  
Sweet lip, sweet eye, and blushing cheek,  
Yet not a heart to save my pain.—  
O Venus, take thy gifts again;  
Make not so fair to cause our moan,  
Or make a heart that's like our own.

## ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

BAKER.

TUNE—" *Grim King of the Ghosts.*"

ON the bank of a river so deep,  
 Whose waters glide silently on,  
 Sad Rosalind sat down to weep,  
 For Damon her lover was gone:  
 The fairest and faithfulest she,  
 Of all that tripp'd over the plains;  
 But alas! the most fickle was he,  
 Among all the shepherds and swains.

Down each cheek ran her tears in a stream:  
 All his vows are forgotten! she cries;  
 Regarded no more than a dream,  
 Tho' for him his fond shepherdess dies:  
 He's gone, the false creature is gone,  
 To deceive some fresh nymph of the plain,  
 Whose fate will, like mine, be to moan  
 The loss of a perjured swain.

Beware, you bright maidens! beware,  
 If my treacherous Shepherd you meet;  
 For, alas! he's bewitchingly fair;  
 When he speaks, there's no music so sweet:  
 As the spring he is blooming and gay,  
 As the summer, delightful and kind;  
 But believe not one word he can say,  
 For he's false as the wavering wind.

Foolish maid! whilst I thought he was true,  
 I sent up no look to the skies;  
 All the sunshine or gloom that I knew,  
 Was the gloom or the shine of his eyes.  
 He alone was my joy and my care,  
 I wish'd for no heaven above;  
 No sorrow, no pain, could I fear;  
 No hell, but the loss of his love

How fondly endearing was he,  
 Till I granted whate'er he desir'd;  
 But, you virgins! take warning by me,  
 For his flame from that moment expir'd.  
 Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,  
 He, ungrateful, is flown from my arms,  
 Far away o'er the flowery plain,  
 And despises these sullied charms.

But vengeance is surely in store,  
 For the breach of those vows which he made;  
 Tho' by him they're remember'd no more  
 Than the wretch who by them was betray'd.  
 But forgive him, ye powers above!  
 Tho' he's false, bring no harm on his head;  
 But crown him with beauty and love,  
 Long after poor Rosalind's dead.

Thus she mourn'd: What a scene all around!  
 The birds flag their wings at her sighs,  
 The vallies her sorrows resound,  
 And the stream shews her grief swollen eyes:  
 All nature takes part in her woe,  
 A black cloud o'er the heaven is spread,  
 The winds have forgotten to blow,  
 And the willows bend over her head.



### THE RETURN OF SPRING.

CAULD winter is awa' my luv,  
 An' spring is in her prime;  
 The breath o' heaven stirs a' to life,  
 The grasshoppers to chime.  
 The birds canna contain themsel'  
 Upon the sprouting tree,  
 But loudlie, loudlie sing o' luv,  
 A theme which pleaseth me.

The blackbird is a pauky lown,  
 An' kens the gate o' luve;  
 Fu' weel the sleekit mavis kens  
 The melting lilt maun muve.  
 The gowdspink woos in gentle note,  
 And ever singeth he,  
 'Come here, come here, my spousal dame,'  
 A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster rose-linnet?  
 His breast is beating high,  
 'Come here, come here, my ruddie mate,  
 The gate o' luve to try.'  
 The lavrock calls his freckled mate,  
 Frae near the sun's eebree,  
 'Come make on the knowe, our nest, O luve!'  
 A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares hae brought forth twins, my luve,  
 Sae has the cushy doo;  
 The raven croaks a safer way,  
 His sooty luve to woo:  
 And nought but luve, luve breathes around  
 Frae hedge, frae field, and tree,  
 Saft whispering love to Jeanie's heart,  
 A theme which pleaseth me.

O Lassie! is thy heart mair hard  
 Than mavis on the bough;  
 Say, maun the hale creation wed,  
 And Jean remain to woo?  
 Say, has the holie lowe o' luve,  
 Ne'er lighten'd in your ee?  
 O! if thou canstna feel for pain,  
 Thou art nae theme for me!

## ROBIN'S COMPLAINT.

LORD BINNING.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,  
As I ungrateful Nanny do?  
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,  
Or ever broken heart so true?  
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay?  
Or linger, when she bade me run?  
She only had the word to say,  
And all she wish'd was quickly done.  
I always think of her; but she  
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
Have I not rose by break of day?  
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,  
If Robin in his barn had hay?  
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,  
I cheerfully did give her two:  
And I her lambs did safely keep,  
Within my folds in frost and snow:  
Have they not there from cold been free?  
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,  
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;  
Full as they were, I brought them home;  
Her corn I carry'd to the mill:  
My back did bear the sack; but she  
Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave;  
 I'm sure, they always had the best:  
 Within this week her pigeons have  
 Eat up a peck of pease at least.  
 Her little pigeons kiss; but she  
 Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,  
 And Nanny still on Robin frown?  
 Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,  
 If Nanny does not love me soon?  
 If no relief to me she'll bring,  
 —I'll hang me in her apron-string.



SONG.

By the side o' yon cleugh, whare the burnie rins still,  
 A lassie sat sighing and spinning her lane:  
 "O gin the waes o' my heart wad lie still!  
 There'll néver be peace till our Habbie comes hame.

"As my wheel it gaes round, and my lint tap I spread,  
 Lint that I mean for bibs to my bairn;  
 The warp shall be blue and the waft shall be red,  
 An' how bra we'll be a' when our Habbie comes hame.

\* That morning he left us, our cock never crew,  
 Our grey clocking hen she gaed keckling her lane;  
 The gowk frae the craft never cried cuckoo,  
 That wearyfu' morning our Habbie left hame.

\* When the wind blaws loud and tirls our strae,  
 An' a' our house sides are dreeping wi' rain,  
 An' ilka burn rows frae the bank to the brae,  
 I weep for our Habbie who rows i' the main.



"When the wars are owre, an' quiet is the sea,  
 On board the Culloden our Hab will come hame :  
 My slumbers will then be as sweet as the Dee,  
 An' how blythe we'll be a' when our Habbie comes  
 hame."



## SALLY GRAY.

ANDERSON.\*

TUNE—"The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

COME, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,  
 But thou mun lock't up i' thee breast,  
 I wadden't for aw Dalston parish,  
 It com to the ears of the rest;  
 Now I'll hod tee a bit of a weager,  
 A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,  
 Thou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',  
 And only keep off Sally Gray.

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,  
 Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,  
 And monny mair cum's i' the county,  
 But nane wi' Cumdivock can match;  
 It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,  
 The fells abuin aw, far away—  
 There is nee sic pleace, nit in England,  
 For there lives the sweet Sally Gray.

I was seventeen last Collop-Monday,  
 And she's just the verra same yage;  
 For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,  
 I'd freely give up a year's wage;  
 For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin,  
 And singing about Jemmy Gay,  
 I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen,  
 For fain wad I see Sally Gray.

\* Mr. Anderson writes in the Cumberland dialect.

Had thou seen her at kurk, man, last Sunday,  
Thou cou'dn't hae thought o' the text;  
But she sat niest to Tom o' the Lonnin,  
Thou may think that meade me quite vext:  
Then I pass'd her gawn owre the lang meadow,  
Says I, ' Here's a canny wet day!'  
I wad hae said mair, but how cou'd I,  
When luikin at sweet Sally Gray!

I caw'd to sup cruds wi' Dick Miller,  
And hear aw his cracks and his jokes,  
The dumb wife was tellin their fortunes,—  
What! I must be like other fokes;  
Wi' chalk on a pair of auld bellows,  
Twee letters she meade in her way,  
S means Sally the wide warl owre,  
And G stands for nought else but Gray.

O was I but lword of the manor,  
A nabob, or parliament man,  
What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,  
Wad she only gi' me her han!  
A coach and six horses I'd buy her,  
And gar fowk stan out o' the way,  
Then I'd lowp up behint like a footman—  
Oh! the warl for my sweet Sally Gray.

They may brag o' their feyne Carrel lasses,  
Their feathers, their durtment, and leace:  
Alack for them! deeth-luikin bodies,  
Widout a bit reed o' their feace!  
But Sally's just like allyblaster,  
Her cheeks are twee rose-buds in May—  
O lad! I cou'd sit here for ever,  
And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

## SONG.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE—" *Will ye walk the woods with me.*"

" O WILL ye go to yon burn side,  
 Among the new made hay,  
 And sport upon the flow'ry swaird,  
 My ain dear May?

*And sport, &c.*

" The sun blinks blythe on yon burn side,  
 Whar lambkins lightly play,  
 The wild bird whistles to his mate,  
 My ain dear May.

*The wild bird, &c.*

" The waving woods, wi' mantle green,  
 Shall shield us in the bower,  
 Whar I'll pu' a posy for my May,  
 O' mony a bonny flower."

*Whar I'll pu', &c.*

" My father maws ayont the burn,  
 To spin my mammy's gane;  
 And should they see thee here wi' me,  
 I'd better been my lane.

*And should, &c.*

" The lightsome lammie little kens  
 What troubles it await—  
 Whan ance the flush o' spring is o'er,  
 The fause bird lea'es its mate.

*When ance, &c.*

" The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,  
 And lose their bonny green;  
 The sun wi' clouds may be o'er cast,  
 Before that it be e'en.

*The sun, &c.*

THE LASS O' NETHERLEE.

*Auld farran' cantie bodie,  
Cam ye frae the Netherlee?  
Auld farran' cantie bodie,  
Did ye there my lassie see?*

KIND, an' blythe, an' sweet as onie,  
Fairer never can ye see;  
In face an' form my lassie's bonnie,  
Dimpled love sits in her ee.  
*Auld farran', &c.*

Hair like the morning's gouden beam,  
On the tapmaist mountain hie;  
An' oh! when dress'd in tartan sheen,  
Beauty's power is ill to dree.  
*Auld farran', &c.*

Her lips would mak the cherry blush  
Deeper red—tho' red it be;  
An' weel like I the dew to brush  
Frae her lips sae sweet an' wee.  
*Auld farran', &c.*

But saw na ye the lassie then,  
Thro' the wood or owre the lea?  
Tho' ye're the wale o' cantiest men;  
To seek her quickly maun I flee.

*Fare ye weel then funnie bodie.  
When ye ca' 't the Netherlee,  
Spier for me auld farran bodie,  
Then the lassie dear ye'll see.*

## SONG.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE—" *Swaggering roaring Willie.*"

WHAN first I forgather'd wi' Peggy,  
 My Peggy an' I were young;  
 Sae blythe at the bught i' the gloamin'  
 My Peggy an' I ha'e sung.  
 My Peggy an' I ha'e sung,  
 Till the stars did blink sae hie;  
 Come weel or come wae to the biggin',  
 My Peggy was dear to me.

The stately aik stood on the mountain,  
 And tower'd o'er the green birken shaw;  
 Ilk glentin' wee flow'r on the meadow,  
 Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw.  
 Seem'd proud o' bein' buskit sae braw,  
 When they saw their ain shape i' the Dee;  
 'Twas there that I courted my Peggy,  
 Till the kirk it fell foul o' me.

Tho' love it has little to look for  
 Frae the heart that's wedded to gear;  
 A wife without house or a haudin'  
 Gars ane look right blate like an' queer.  
 Gars ane baith look blate like an' queer.  
 But queerer when twa turns to three;  
 Our frien's they ha'e foughten an' flyten,  
 But Peggy's ay dear to me.

It vex'd me her sighin' an' sabbin',  
 Now nought short o' marriage wou'd do;  
 An' tho' that our prospects were dreary,  
 What could I but e'en buckle to?  
 What cou'd I but e'en buckle to,  
 An' dight the sa't tear frae her e'e?  
 The warl's a wearifu' wister;  
 But Peggy's aye dear to me.

•

## THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

ANDERSON.

TUNE — "*Ettrick banks.*"

THE moon shone bright at nine last night,  
 When Jemmy Sharp cam owre the muir;  
 Weel did I ken a lover's fit,  
 And heard him saftly tap the door:  
 My fadder started i' the nuik,  
 'Rin, Jenny! see what's that,' he said:  
 I whisper'd, 'Jemmy, come the morn,'  
 And then a leame excuse soon meade.

I went to bed, but cudn't sleep,  
 This luv sae breaks a body's rest;  
 The mornin dawn'd, then up I gat,  
 And seegh'd, and aye luik'd towards the west;  
 But when far off I saw the wood,  
 Where he unlock'd his heart to me,  
 I thought o' monie a happy hour,  
 And then a tear gush'd frae my e'e.

To-night my fadder's far frae heame,  
 And wunnet come this three hours yet;  
 But, O! it pours, and I'd be leath  
 That Jemmy sud for me get wet!  
 Yet, if he dis, guid heame-brew'd yill  
 Will warm his cheerfu' honest heart;  
 Wi' him, my verra life o' life!  
 It's fain to meet, but leath to part.

~~~~~

## CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,  
 Are blown to air,  
 And my poor heart betray'd  
 To sad despair;

Into some wilderness,  
My grief I will express  
And thy hard heartedness,  
O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves  
On ev'ry tree,  
In yonder spreading groves,  
Tho' false thou be?  
Was not a solemn oath  
Plighted betwixt us both,  
Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
Some doleful shade,  
Where neither sun nor wind  
E'er entrance had :  
Into that hollow cave,  
There will I sigh and rave,  
Because thou dost behave  
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
I'll drink the spring,  
Cold earth shall be my seat :  
For covering  
I'll have the starry sky  
My head to canopy,  
Until my soul on high  
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
Nor tears for me ;  
No grave do I desire,  
Nor obsequies.  
The courteous red-breast he,  
With leaves will cover me,  
And sing my elegy,  
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,  
 I'll visit thee,  
 O thou deceitful dame,  
 Whose cruelty  
 Has kill'd the kindest heart,  
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
 And never can desert  
 From loving thee.

~~~~~  
 THE TEAR HUNG IN HIS E'E.

NICHOLSON.

TUNE—" *Logan Braes.*"

O! PALE, pale raise that April morn,  
 My sodger lad frae me was torn;  
 Then honour's name was hard to dree;  
 The parting tear hung in his e'e,  
 But loud the pealing trumpet sang,  
 And loud the warlike cymbals clang;  
 Then honour's fause name ruin'd me,  
 Altho' the love-tear blint his e'e.

'Twas no' his locks of amber brown,  
 His manly limbs in armour bound;  
 His gracefu' snawie arched brow,  
 His dimpl'd cheek sae sweet to view,  
 Nor buddin' lips, that ga'e delight,  
 Ha'f shieldin' teeth of ivory white;  
 But 'twas his glance that ruined me—  
 The lovely language o' his e'e.

Now he has found a foreign grave,  
 Far, far ayont the roaring wave,  
 Within yon luckless ravaged land,  
 Wi' thousands on Corunna's strand,  
 In fancying sleep, how aft I've seen  
 His rising grave that grows sae green,  
 Then starting, wak'd wi' tearfu' e'e!  
 For O, he's cauld and far frae me.



Nae mair the flowers in wreaths we'll twine,  
 Wi' which my brows he us'd to bin';  
 Nae gay attire my breast can ease;  
 For now! there's nane I wish to please!  
 Tho' sair's my heart, I lo'e the pain,  
 And sweet's the tear that's shed alane—  
 And dear's the pledge he gae to me,  
 That day the tear hung in his e'e.

~~~~~

### FIRST LUIVE.

ANDERSON.

TUNE—"Cold and raw."

It's just three weeks sin' Carel fair,  
 This sixteenth o' September;  
 There the first loff of a sweetheart I gat,  
 Sae that day I'll remember.

This luve meks yen stupid—ever sin seyne  
 I's thinkin and thinkin o' Wully;  
 I dung owre the knop, and scaded my fit,  
 And cut aw my thoun wi' the gully.

O, how he danced! and, O how he talk'd  
 For my life I cannot forget him;  
 He wad hae a kiss—I gae him a slap—  
 But if he were here I'd let him.

Says he, 'Mally Maudlin, my heart is thine!  
 And he brong sec a seetgh, I believ'd him:  
 Thought I, Willy Wintrep, thou's welcome to mine,  
 But my head I hung down to deceive him.

Twae yards o' red ribbon to wear for his seake,  
 Forby leather mittens, he bought me;  
 But when we were thinkin' o' nought but luve,  
 My titty, ill luck! com and sought me:

A plague o' aw clashers! off she ran heame,  
 And e'en telt my tarn'd auld mudder;  
 There's sec a te-duit—but let them fret on—  
 Miss him, I'll ne'er get sec anuder!

Neist Sunday, most kindly we promised to meet,  
 I'll get frae our tweesome a baitin;  
 But a lee mun patch up, be't rang or be't reet,  
 For Wully he sha'not stan waiting:

The days they seem lang, and lang are the nights,  
 And, waes me! this is but Monday!  
 I seegh, and I think, and I say to mysel,  
 O that to-morrow were Sunday!

~~~~~  
**LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.**

TANNAHILL.

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes  
 I maun lea' them a', lassie;  
 Wha can thole when Britian's faes  
 Would gie Britons law, lassie?  
 Wha would shun the field of danger?  
 Wha to fame would live a stranger?  
 Now when freedom bids avenge her,  
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie?  
 Loudon's bonnie woods and braes  
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,  
 And gentle hope shall sooth thy waes  
 When I am far awa, lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings,  
 Wae fu' thoughts to me, laddie.  
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,  
 Still the wearie moments counting,  
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.

O'er the gory fields of war,  
 Whar vengeance drives his crimson car,  
 Thou'lt may be fa', frae me afar,  
 And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,  
 O suppress thy fears, lassie,  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil,  
 That the soldier shares, lassie:  
 Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,  
 'Till the vengeful strife is over;  
 Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,  
 'Till the day we die, lassie:  
 'Midst our bonnie woods and braes  
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,  
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb, that plays  
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

TUNE—"Jackson's Cog in the Morning."

NICHOLSON.

O! COME, my dear lassie, wi' me to the green,  
 The clover does bud, and the daisy is seen—  
 Remember the promise that ye made yestreen,  
 To tak' a walk out i' the mornin':  
 The sun's gouden beams saftly gildeth the morn;  
 The birds sweetly chantin' their notes frae the thorn  
 The dew draps are hangin' sae clear on the corn,  
 An' sweet smells the flow'rs i' the mornin'.

Yet still there is something that's dearer to me:  
 The rose o' thy cheek, and the blink o' thy e'e,  
 Through ilk cross an' care they aye comfort wou'd gi'e,  
 An' cheer me baith e'enin' an' mornin':  
 The king wi' his crown, or the duke wi' his star,  
 May elbow for honour or counsel for war:  
 Sic cares bring but crosses—I'm happier far  
 When walkin' wi' you i' the mornin'.

The beauties o' simmer can please while 'tis May,  
 Yet, how frail is their form, and how short is their stay ?  
 So youth wi' its blossoms will shortly decay—

E'en thy charms will but last like the morning' :  
 But wat ye what pleasures the bosom can yield,  
 When love's saft impression true friendship has seal'd !  
 Frae the cauld blast o' fortune 'twou'd ay be a bield,  
 An cheer us bairn e'enin' an' morning.



### THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE.

ANDERSON.

TUNE—" *Farewell to Bamf.*"

THE summer sun was out o' sight,  
 His partin' beams danc'd on the flood ;  
 The fisher watch'd the silver fry,  
 As i' the stream he bending stood ;  
 The blackbird mourn'd the clowsin day,  
 And caw'd his partner to his nest ;  
 When I up Caldew tuik my way,  
 And met the lass I aye like best.

I gaz'd upon her matchless feace,  
 That fairer than a lily seem'd ;  
 I mark'd the magic o' her e'e,  
 That wi' luive's powerfu' leetnin beam'd ;  
 I saw her cheek of bree'test red,  
 That, blushing, telt a lover's pain,  
 And seiz'd a kiss, if 'twas a crime,  
 I really fear I'll sin again.

Fast flew the hours—now raise the muin,  
 And telt us it was time to part ;  
 I set her to her mudder's duir,  
 She whisper'd low, " Thou's stown my heart !"

I thro' the lattice stole a glance,  
 And heard her angry mudder chide :  
 Then thought of aw a parent's cares,  
 As frae her cottage heame I hied.

I've teasted pleasures dearly bought,  
 And read mankind in monie a page :  
 But woman, woman, sweetens life,  
 Frae giddy youth to feeble age.  
 Ye fuils, aye court coy Fortune's smile ;  
 Ye rakes, in quest of pleasure rove :  
 Ye drunkards, drown each sense in wine !  
 Be mine the dear delights of love !



### HUSH YE RUDE BREEZES.

SIMSON.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

Hush, hush ye rude breezes, my Harry is comin',  
 Nor aim at my lover the blasts that ye blaw,  
 For he'd come to my arms, tho' the burn it was foamin',  
 In winter or summer, thro' sleet or thro' snaw.  
 He hears not, nor fears not your blustering thunder,  
 But thinks his dear lassie how soon he shall see ;  
 And oh ! may rude fate never cast us asunder,  
 Nor blast all the hopes of my Harry and me.

My Harry is blythesome, my Harry is cheerie,  
 Wi' him ilk thing round me looks bonnie and braw ;  
 But ilk thing aroun' me looks darksome and drearie,  
 If e'er he gaes frae me, or turns to gae 'wa.  
 Lang hae I lo'ed him, an' never, O never,  
 Can I think my dear laddie for ever to lea' ;  
 But if 'tis our fate that death should us sever,  
 One grave shall receive both my Harry and me.

THE BLACK-E'D-LASSIE.

CHARLES GRAY.

TUNE—"My only jo and dearie, O."

Wi' truest love, I love thee, Jean—

But dinna ye be saucy, O,

Tho' why I love I winna tell,

My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,

It's no thy little cherry mou;

It's a' because thy heart's sae true,

My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

It's no the witch-glance o' thy e'e,

Tho' few for that surpass ye, O,

That maks ye aye sae dear to me,

My bonnie black e'd lassie, O!

It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,

It's no love's dimple on thy chin;—

It's a' thy modest worth within,

My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,

That a' wish to caress ye, O!

But I adore thy heav'nly mind,

My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

I've seen thy een, like crystal clear,

Shine dimly thro' saft pity's tear,

Which mak's ye ever, ever dear,

To me, my black-e'd lassie, O!

DICKY GLENDININ.

ANDERSON.

TUNE—"As Patie came up frae the glen."

My fadder was down at the mill,

My mudder was out wid her spinnin,

When, whea sud slip quietly in,

But canny lal Dicky Glendinin;

VOL. L

T

He pou'd off his muckle top coat,  
 And drew in a stuil by the hallan,  
 Then forc'd me to sit on his knee,  
 And suin a sad teale began tellin.

' O, Jenny, O Jenny!' says he,  
 ' My liking for thee I can't smudder;  
 ' It meade me as sick as a peat,  
 ' To think thou'd teane up wid anudder,

' What! there's been a bonny te-dui  
 ' About a lang hulk o' a miller!  
 ' He's wide-gobb'd, and ill-natur'd too,  
 But ae word says aw—he hes siller.

' The lasses aye flyre and mak gam,  
 ' And ax me, wha's got Jenny Foster?  
 ' The lads, when we meet i' the lone,  
 ' Cry out, Sairy Dick! what, thou's lost her!

' When Rowley, the miller, last night  
 ' I met, as we come in frae sheerin,  
 ' Had the sickle but been our lang gun,  
 ' I'd shot him, ay, dead as a herrin.

' O! hes te forgotten the time,  
 ' Thou said thou lik'd me best of onie?  
 ' And hes te forgotten the time,  
 ' Thou said luv was better than monie?

' And hes te forgotten the time,  
 ' I mark'd our twa names on a shillin?  
 ' Thou promis'd to wear't neist thy heart,  
 ' And then to wed me thou was willin,

' The furst time you're cried in the kurk,  
 ' I'll step my ways up, and forbid it;  
 ' When cauld i' my coffin, they'll say,  
 ' 'Twas e'en Jenny Foster that did it!

' My ghost, the lang night, aw in wheyte  
 ' Will shek thee, and gar the aw shiver—  
 ' O, the tears how they hop owre my cheeks,  
 . ' To think I sud lose thee for ever !'

O, Dicky ! O, Dicky ! says I,  
 I nowther heed house, lan, or siller ;  
 Thou's twenty times dearer to me  
 Than onie lang hulk of a miller !

A match we struck up in a crack,  
 And Dicky's got sticks and got beddin ;  
 My fadder and mudder are fain,  
 Then hey for a guid merry weddin !

~~~~~

### MEG O' THE MILL.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *O bonnie lass will ye lie in a barrack?*"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,  
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;  
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:  
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:  
 She's left the guid fellow, and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:  
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving;  
 A fine pacing horse, wi' a clear chained bridle,  
 A whip by her side and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing ;  
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailin' !  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,  
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl !



## GWORDIE GILL.

ANDERSON.

TUNE—"Andrew wi' his cutty gun."

OF aw the lads I see or ken,  
 There's yen I like abuin the rest;  
 He's neycer in his war day duds,  
 Than others donn'd in aw their best.

A body's heart's a body's ain,  
 And they may gi'e't to whea they will;  
 Had I got ten where I ha'e neane,  
 I'd gi'e them aw to Gwordie Gill.<sup>a</sup>

Whea was't that brak our lanlword's garth,  
 For me, when bairns we went to schuil?  
 Whea was't durst venture mid-thie deep,  
 To get my clog out o' the puil;

And when the filly flang me off,  
 And lang and lang I laid sae ill,  
 Whea was't grat owre me day and night,  
 And wish'd me weel? 'Twas Gwordie Gill.

Oft mounted on his lang-tail'd naig,  
 Wi' feyne new buits up till his knee,  
 The laird's daft son lights i' the faul,  
 And keaves as he wad wurry me;

Tho' fadder, mudder, uncle too,  
 To wed this maz'lin teaze me still,  
 I hear of aw his lan' and brass,  
 But oft steal out to Gwordie Gill.

Frae Carel cousin Fanny com,  
 And brong her whey-feac'd sweetheart down,  
 Wi sark-neck stuck abuin his lugs,  
 A peer clipt dinment frae the town:

He minc'd and talk'd, and skipp'd and walk'd,  
But tir'd a ganging up the hill,  
And luik'd as pale as onie corp,  
Compar'd to rwsie Gwordie Gill.

My Gwordie's whussle weel I ken,  
Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet;  
And when he liltis and sings Skewball,  
Nit playhouse music's hawf sae sweet.

A body's heart's a body's awn,  
And they may gi'e't to whea they will;  
I yence had yen, now I ha'e neane,  
For it belongs to Gwordie Gill.



# MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Diel tak the wars.*"

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,  
Round the wealthy, titled bride;  
But when compar'd with real passion,  
Poor is all that princely pride.  
What are the showy treasures?  
What are the noisy pleasures?  
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art.  
The polish'd jewel's blaze  
May draw the wond'ring gaze,  
And courtly grandeur bright  
The fancy may delight,  
But never, never can come near the heart-

But did you see my dearest Chloris,  
In simplicity's array;  
Lovely as yonder sweet op'ning flower is,  
Shrinking from the gaze of day.

O then the heart alarming,  
And all resistless charming,  
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing  
soul!

Ambition would disown  
The world's imperial crown,  
Even Avarice would deny  
His worship'd deity,  
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

~~~~~  
YOUNG SUSY.

ANDERSON.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

YOUNG SUSY is a bonny lass,  
A canny lass, a teydey lass,  
A mettled lass, a hearty lass,  
As onie yen can see;  
A clean-heel'd lass, a weel-spok lass,  
A buik-larn'd lass, a kurk-gawn lass,  
I watena how it comes to pass,  
She ne'er luiks kind on me.

I's tir'd o' workin—plowin, sowin,  
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin;  
Seeghin, greaning, nêver knowin  
What I's gawn to de.

I met her—aye, 'twas this day week!  
Thought I, I'll surely try to speak!  
But tried in vain the teale to seek,  
For sec a lass is she;  
Her jet-black hair hawf hides her brow  
Her een just thirl yen thro' and thro'—  
But, Oh! her cheeks and cherry meou  
Are far owre sweet to see!  
I's tir'd o' workin, &c.

Oh, could I put her in a sang!  
 To hear her praise the heale day lang,  
 She mud consent to kurk to gang;  
     There's puirer fowk than me!  
 But rhyming, I do nought but rave,  
 Luive meks yen sic a coward slave;  
 I'd better far sleep i' my grave,  
     But, Oh! that munnet be!

I's tir'd o' workin—plowin, sowin,  
 Deetin, deykin, threshing, mowing;  
 Seeghin, greanin, never knowin  
     What I's gawn to de.



# THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BURNS,

TUNE—"The mill mill, O."

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 And eyes again wi' pleasure beam'd,  
     That had been blear'd wi' mounning;  
 I left the lines and tented field,  
     Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
     A poor but honest sodger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
 My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
     I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
     I thought upon my Nancy,  
 I thought upon her witching smile  
     That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
Where early life I sported;  
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted:  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O! happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom!  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
Fain would I be thy lodger;  
I've serv'd my king and country lang—  
Take pity on a sodger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier grew than ever;  
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never:  
Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake it;  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—  
Syne pale like ony lily;  
She sank into my arms and cried,  
Art thou my ain dear Willie!  
By Him who made yon sun and sky—  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man!—and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,  
And find thee still true hearted;  
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailin' plenish'd fairly;  
 Come then, my faithful sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor;  
 But glory is the sodger's prize,  
 The sodger's wealth is honour.  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger:  
 Remember, he's his country's stay,  
 In day and hour of danger.

~~~~~  
 THE DAWTIE.

ANDERSON.

TUNE—" *I'm o'er young to marry yet.*"

" Tho' weel I like ye, Jwohnnny lad,  
 I cannot, munnet marry yet!  
 My peer auld mudder's unco bad,  
 Sae we a wheyle maun tarry yet;  
 For ease or comfort she has neane;  
 Leyfe's just a lang, lang neet o' pain:  
 I munnet leave her aw her leane,  
 And wunnet, wunnet marry yet!"

" O Jenny! dunnet brek this heart,  
 And say we munnet marry yet;  
 Thou cannot act a jillet's part—  
 Why sud we tarry, tarry yet?  
 Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel;  
 I've leyk'd thee lang, nane kens how weel!  
 For thee, I'd feace the verra deil—  
 Oh say not, we maun tarry yet!"

" A weddet leyfe's oft dearly bought:  
 I cannot, munnet marry yet!  
 Ye ha'e but little—I ha'e nought,  
 Sae, we a whayle maun tarry yet.  
 My heart's yer ain, ye needa fear,  
 But let us wait anudder year,  
 And luive, and toil, and screape up gear;  
 We munnet, munnet marry yet!

'Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,  
 " O, dawtie! dunnet marry yet!  
 I'll suin lig i' my last cauld bed;  
 Tou's aw my comfort—tarry yet!"  
 Whene'er I steal out o' her seet,  
 She seeghs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—  
 Whisht!—That's her feeble voice.—Guid neet!  
 We munnet, munnet marry yet!"



### SWEET ELLEN OF THE DALE.

SIMSON.

TUNE—" *Maid of Erin.*"

No hope, no comfort near me,  
 I sit me down and sigh;  
 Alas! she will not hear me;  
 Her tears are her reply.  
 She spurns my faithful bosom,  
 She scorns my love-lorn tale;  
 Still fades the lovely blossom,  
 Sweet Ellen of the dale.

She loved, she loved another,  
 And still his loss deplores;  
 Nought can her passion smother  
 For him she still adores.

She hears a faithful lover  
 His hapless lot bewail;  
 No tears nor sighs can move her,  
 Sweet Ellen of the dale.



## FORBES'S GREEN.

BY A LADY.

TUNE—" *The lads o' Dunse.*"

AND auld Robin Forbes hes gien them a dance !  
 I pat on my specks, to see them aw prance;  
 I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen,  
 And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's Green:  
 Of aw things that is, I think thought is meast queer,  
 It brings that that's by-past, and sets it down here;  
 I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,  
 When he tuik his coat lappet, and dighted his feace.

The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy cud see  
 In yen that was dark and hard-featur'd leyke me;  
 And they wonder'd ay mair, when they talk'd o' my wit,  
 And slily telt Willy, that cudn't be it;  
 But Willy he laugh'd, and meade me his weyfe,  
 And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?  
 It's e'en my great comfort now Willy is geane,  
 That he often said nea place was like his ain heame.

I mind when I carried my work to yon steyle,  
 Where Willy was deykin, the teyme to beguile,  
 He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,  
 And I hammer'd my noddle to mek out a jest:  
 But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell,  
 There was nane o' the leave that was like my awn sel;  
 And he spak what he thought, for I'd hardly a plack,  
 When we married, and only ae gown to my back.



When the clock had struck eight, I expected him heame,  
 And wheyles went to meet him, as far as Dumleane;  
 Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,  
 But now when it streykes, there's a tear i' my e'e.  
 O, Willy! dear Willy! it never can be,  
 That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me;  
 For that spot on the earth, that's aye dearest to me,  
 Is the turf that has cover'd my Willy frac me.

~~~~~

MATTY.

WILSON.

WHILE Phoebus reposes in Thetis's bosom,  
 While white thro' the branches the moonlight is seen;  
 Here, lonely, I rove, near the old hawthorn's blossom,  
 To meet with my Matty, and stray o'er the green.

Nor hardship, nor care, now my bosom harasses;  
 My moments from fame and its nonsense are free;  
 Ambition I leave to the folly of asses,  
 For Matty is fame and ambition to me.

The great may exclaim, and with fury enclose me;  
 But fools, or the rabble, shall growl now in vain:  
 Their madness, their malice shall ne'er discompose me,  
 Since Matty commends and delights in my strain.

And kind is the lovely, the charming young creature;  
 Sweet beauty and innocence smile in her cheek:  
 In raptures I wander, and gaze o'er each feature,  
 My bosom unable its transports to speak.

When lock'd arm in arm we retire from the city,  
 To stray through the meadow or shadowy grove,  
 How oft do I wake her compassion and pity,  
 While telling some tale of unfortunate love.

Her innocent answers delight me to hear them,  
 For art or dissembling to her are unknown:  
 And false protestations she knows not to fear them,  
 But thinks that each heart is as kind as her own.  
 And lives there a villain, who, born to dissemble,  
 Would dare an attempt to dishonour her fame;  
 May blackest confusion, surrounding, assemble,  
 And bury the wretch in distraction and shame.  
 Ye pow'rs! Be my task to protect and behold her,  
 To wander delighted with her all the day;  
 When sadness dejects, in my arms to enfold her,  
 And kiss, in soft raptures, her sorrows away.  
 But hush! who comes yonder? 'tis Matty my dearest:  
 The moon how it brightens, while she treads the plain!  
 I'll welcome my beautiful nymph by the nearest,  
 And pour my whole soul in her bosom again.



## THE FLOW'R O' DUMBLANE.

TANNAHILL.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin blossom!  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;  
 For guileless Simplicity marks her it's ain;  
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 Vol. I.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,  
Thou'rt dear to the echos of Calderwood glen;  
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,  
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r of Dumblane.  
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.



### HIE BONNIE LASSIE.

Hie bonnie lassie blink over the burn,  
And if your flocks wander I'll gie them a turn;  
Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

A ewe and twa lammies is a' my hale stock,  
But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,  
To buy thee a head-lace sae bonnie and braid,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae a wee whittle made me a trout creel,  
And O that wee whittle I liked it weel;  
But I'll gie't to my lassie, and mair if I had,  
If she'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae little siller, but ae hauf year's fee;  
But if you will tak it, I'll gie't aw to thee,  
And then we'll be married, and lye in ae bed,  
If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

KATE O' GOWRIE.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

WHEN Katie was scarce out nineteen,  
O but she had twa coal-black een;  
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen,  
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.  
Quite tir'd o' livin' a' his lane,  
Pate to her did his love explain,  
An' swore he'd be, were she his ain,  
The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, I winna marry thee,  
For a' the gear that ye can gie;  
Nor will I gang ae step a-jee,  
For a' the gowd o' Gowrie.  
My father will gie me twa kye;  
My mither's gaun some yarn to dye;  
I'll get a gown just like the sky,  
Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie.

O my dear Katie, say na sae,  
Ye little ken a heart that's wae;  
Hae there's my hand, hear me I pray,  
Sin' thou'll no gang to Gowrie.  
Since first I met thee at the shiel,  
My saul to thee's been true and leal;  
The darkest night I fear nae deil,  
Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

I fear nae want o' claise, nor nought,  
Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught;  
I dream a' night, an' start about,  
An' wish for thee in Gowrie.  
I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,  
Than a' my rigs an' out-gaun gear;  
Sit down by me, till ance I swear,  
Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie.

Syne on her mouth sweet kisses laid,  
Till blushes a' her cheeks o'er-spread;  
She sigh'd, and in saft whispers said,

O Pate tak me to Gowrie.

Quo' he, let's to the auld fook gang,  
Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,  
And bide a night tho' beds be thrang,

But I'll hae thee to Gowrie.

The auld fook syne baith gied consent,  
The priest was ca'd, a' were content;  
And Katie never did repent,

That she gaed hame to Gowrie.

For routh o' bonnie bairns had she,  
Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see;  
And her braw lasses bore the gree,

Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.



### OE'R THE MIST SHROUDED CLIFTS.

BURNS.

TUNE—" *Banks of the Devon.*"

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the low mountain straying,

Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;

What woes wring my heart, while intently surveying

The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows allow me to wail,

Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;

Where the flow'r which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's  
green vale,

The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,

And smile at the moon's rippled face in the wave;

No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,

For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,  
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,  
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,  
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

TANNAHILL.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go  
Where the hills are clad with snow,  
Where, beneath the icy steep,  
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?  
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,  
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheerie Spring  
Will gar a' our plantins ring;  
Soon our bonnie heather braes  
Will put on their simmer claes;  
On the mountain's sunnie side,  
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,  
Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,  
Then we'll seek the caller shade,  
Lean us on the primrose bed;  
While the burning hours preside,  
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,  
I will launch the bonnie boat,  
Skim the loch in cantie glee,  
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;  
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,  
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,  
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;  
 Lowland lads hae mair of art,  
 A' my boast's an honest heart,  
 Whilk shall ever be my pride,  
 O row thee in my Highland plaid!

Bonnie lad ye've been sae leal,  
 My heart would break at our fareweel;  
 Lang your love has made me fain,  
 Take me—take me for your ain!  
 'Cross the Frith, away they glide,  
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

TUNE—"The Bridegroom greets."

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,  
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane;  
 The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me for his  
 bride,

But saving a crown he had naething beside;  
 To mak' that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,  
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun  
 awa';

My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,  
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, will ye marry me?

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck,  
 The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die?  
 And why do I live to say Wae's me?

Auld Robin argued sair; tho' my mither didna speak,  
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
 So I gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,  
 'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;  
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die;  
 And why do I live to say Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;  
 I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;  
 But I'll do my best a guide wife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.



### THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THE Summer it was smiling, all Nature round was gay,  
 When Jenny was attending on auld Robin Gray,  
 For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,  
 But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.



Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cried, as sure as I had birth,  
Then see my poor auld bones, I pray, laid decent in the  
earth,

And be a widow for my sake a twelve-month and a day,  
And I will leave whate'er belangs to' auld Robin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I could,  
And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very good;  
I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I sigh'd,  
Oh wae is me, what shall I do, since poor auld Robin died.  
Search every part throughout the land, there's nane like  
me forlorn;

I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born;  
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away;  
My father dead, my mother dead, and eke auld Robin  
Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till setting day,  
And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for Rob-  
in Gray;

I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant too:  
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan pursue.  
I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was lost,  
And all my fond and youthful love entirely was crost;  
I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time away,  
For I had ne'er a friend alive since died auld Robin  
Gray.

At length the merry bells rang round, I coudna, guess the  
cause,

But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd so much  
applause;

I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,  
And show'd a purse of golden ore, and said It is for thee.  
Auld Robin Gray I find is dead, and still your heart is  
true,

Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be so too;  
Mess John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blythe  
and gay;

He consented, and replied, Adieu to Robin Gray.

SANDY FAR AWA

TUNE—" *Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.*"

DRAW near ye warblers wild, in wo  
 Convene and aid my mournfu' strain:  
 Thou wimpling stream in silence flow,  
 While by the margin I complain.  
 Ye gaudy flow'rs by Nature blown,  
 Ye emblems o' the Summer braw,  
 O hang your heads while I bemoan  
 My true-love Sandy, far awa.

Alas! frae Scotia's peacefu' shore,  
 Where blooming first he caught my e'e—  
 Beyond the broad Atlantic's roar,  
 He roams unknown, afar frae me,  
 For him wi' grief my bosom's torn!  
 For him my tears unnumber'd fall  
 In pensive wo, I wandering mourn  
 My true-love Sandy, far awa.

When, in the midnight silent hours,  
 Bright Fancy's dreams around me rove,  
 Conducting me to Indian bow'r's,  
 Or clasping him in some wild grove,  
 O how with rapture him I hail!  
 In bliss the sigh of love I draw!  
 But soon, ah! soon, I wake to wail  
 My true-love Sandy, far awa!

Oh Sandy, like a fading flower  
 My weary days draw near a close;  
 A victim soon of love's strong power,  
 I'll veil my eyes in death's repose.  
 But tho' afar frae thee I die,  
 Obedient to the heavenly co',  
 Thou'lt claim my last sad heaving sigh,  
 My true-love Sandy, far awa!

## SONG.

WALLER.

AH! see, my love, how time resumes  
 The glory which he lent these flowers;  
 Though none should taste of their perfumes,  
 Yet must they live but some few hours,  
 Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or th' Egyptian Queen,  
 Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,  
 Those beauties must at length have been  
 The spoil of age, which finds out faces,  
 In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring  
 A barren drought, or ceaseless shower,  
 Upon the Autumn or the Spring,  
 And spare us neither fruit nor flower,  
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect  
 Preserve you from the violation  
 Of coming years, then more respect  
 Were due to so divine a fashion,  
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

~~~~~

## SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Coming o'er the lea?  
 Sure a finer creature  
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,  
 So complete each feature,  
 So divine is she.

O how Peggy charms me;  
 Every look still warms me;  
 Every thought alarms me,  
 Lest she love nae me.  
 Peggy doth discover  
 Nought but charms all over;  
 Nature bids one love her,  
 That's a law to me.

Who would cease the lover,  
 To become a rover?  
 No! I'll ne'er give over,  
 Till I happy be.  
 For since love inspires me,  
 As her beauty fires me,  
 And her absence tires me,  
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
 Fate seems to detain her,  
 Could I but obtain her,  
 Happy would I be!  
 I'll lie down before her,  
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
 With faint looks implore her,  
 Till she pity me.



LADY MARY ANN.

O Lady Mary Ann look'd o'er the castle wa,  
 She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',  
 The youngest he was the flower amang them a';  
 My bonnie laddie's young but he's growing yet.

" O Father, O Father, an' ye think it fit,  
 We'll send him a year to the college yet;  
 We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,  
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,  
 Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,  
 And the langer that it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;  
 For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an aik,  
 Bonnie, and blooming, and straight was its make,  
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,  
 And it will be the brag of the forest yet.

The simmer is gane, when the leaves they were green;  
 And the days are awa that we hae seen;  
 But far better days, I trust, will come again,  
 For my bonnie young lad he's but growing yet.

### MY DEARIE IF THOU DIE.

CRAWFORD.

Love never more shall give me pain,  
 My fancy's fix'd on thee,  
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
 My Peggy, if thou die.  
 Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,  
 Thy love's so true to me,  
 Without thee I can never live,  
 My dearie if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
 How shall I lonely stray:  
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,  
 In sighs, the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
 Nor such perfection see;  
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,  
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,  
 With Cupid's raving rage;  
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,  
 Must all the world engage.  
 'Twas this, that like the morning sun,  
 Gave joy and life to me;  
 And when its destin'd day is done,  
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 And in such pleasure share;  
 You who its faithful flames approve,  
 With pity view the fair:  
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,  
 Those charms so dear to me!  
 Oh! never rob them from these arms;  
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

The lark dried his dewy wings i' the sun,  
 Aboon the rigs o' barley,  
 Whan a bonnie lad came to my window bredd  
 Wi' me to haud a parley:  
 Are ye sleeping, my bonnie, bonnie lass,  
 Or are ye waken I ferlie?  
 Will ye rise and come to the faulds wi' me?  
 Our ewes are bleating sairlye.

First I pat on my jupe sae green,  
 An' kiltit my coaties rarely;  
 Awa I gaed, but stockings or shoon,  
 Amang the dews sae pearlie.

He played his hand 'mang my lang brown hair,  
 An' kittled my white cheek fairlie,  
 Till his een o'er-brimm'd wi' kin', kin' luvie,  
 An' indeed I pitied him sairly.

The sun it raise an' better raise,  
 An' owre the hills low'd rarely;  
 The wee lark sang, and higher sang  
 Aboon the bearded barley.  
 We touzled sae lang on the sunny knowe side,  
 Where the gowan heads hung pearlie,  
 That the bluidy, bluidy tod had worried a' the fauld,  
 An' left my lad fu' barely.



### MY PEGGY AN' I.

HOGG.

TUNE—"Paddy Whack."

I HAE a wee wifie, an' I am her man,  
 My Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I:  
 We waggle through life as weel as we can,  
 An' wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?  
 We hae a wee lassie will keep up our line,  
 My-Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I;  
 I'm sure she is hers, an' I think she is mine,  
 An' wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?

We aftentimes dandle her upon our knee,  
 My Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I;  
 In ilka bit smile her dear mother I see,  
 An' wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?  
 O lang may she live to our honour an' joy,  
 My Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I;  
 An' nae wicked fellow our darling decoy,  
 For wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?

Though Peggy an' I hae little o' gear,  
 My Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I;  
 We're healthy an' handy, an' never need fear,  
 For wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?  
 We sleep a' the night, and we ply a' the day,  
 My Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I;  
 Baith vices an' follies lie out o' our way,  
 An' wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?

Contented we are in the highest degree,  
 My Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I;  
 An' gratefu' to him wha contentment can gie,  
 An' wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?  
 Through life we will love, an' through life we will pray,  
 My Peggy an' I, my Peggy an' I;  
 Then, sidie for sidie, we'll sleep i' the clay,  
 An' wha's sae happy as Peggy an' I?



## SONG.

O WARE ye at the pier o' Leith:  
 Or came ye in by Bannochie!  
 Cross'd ye at the boat o' Craig?  
 Saw ye the lad that courted me?  
 Wi' short hose and belted plaidie,  
 Garters tied below his knee;  
 O he was a bonnie lad,  
 The blythe lad wha courted me.

Weary fa' the lang yellow broom,  
 Gard me gang kilted to the knee!  
 May the sleekie bird ne'er build a nest,  
 That sang to see the hawk wi' me.  
 Sae sweet's we kiss'd, and kiss'd again,  
 An' ay he said he wad constant be;  
 But the blume has come, and the blume has gane,  
 An', ah! he's ne'er come back to me.



## THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.

CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—" *Roslin Castle*."

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,  
Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees:  
The linnet greets the rosy morn,  
Sweet, in yon fragrant flowery thorn;  
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,  
Collecting sweets from every flower;  
And pure the crystal streamlets run  
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

O blissful days, for ever fled,  
When wand'ring wild as Fancy led,  
I rang'd the bushy bosom'd glen,  
The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,  
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,  
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush;  
Or careless roaming, wandered on,  
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,  
When hills and dales rebound with joy?  
The flowery glen and lilied lee  
In vain display their charms to me.  
I joyless roam the heathy waste,  
To sooth this sad, this troubled breast;  
And seek the haunts of men to shun  
Amongst the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,  
The angel smile of artless truth,  
This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,  
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy :

O Julia dear!—the parting look,  
 The sad farewell we sorrowing took,  
 Still haunt me as I stray alone  
 Among the bræes of Ballahun.



### THE GRAY COCK.

Pll clip, quo' she, your lang gray wing,  
 An' pouk your rosy kame,  
 If ye daur tak the gay morn star,  
 For the morning's ruddie leam!  
 But if ye craw na till the day,  
 I'll mak your bauk o' silk,  
 An' ye shall pick o' the red cherries,  
 An' drink the reeking milk!

Flee up, flee up my bonnie gray cock,  
 An' craw whan it is day;  
 An' I'll mak ye a kame o' the bonnie beaten gowd,  
 An' yere wings o' the siller gray!  
 But fause, fause prov'd the bonnie gray cock,  
 An hour owre soon crew he;  
 He clappit his wings owre the auld guidwife,  
 An' an angry wife raise she.

What's that, quo' she, at our door latch?  
 Is it some limmer loun?  
 Na, mither, it is the pauky tod,  
 That howls again the moon.  
 What step is that by our ha' en',  
 Whilk treads sae light o' spauld?  
 O mither it is the herd laddie,  
 Gaun by to look the fauld.

## ALAKE FOR THE LASSIE !

AIR—" *Logie o' Buchanan.*"

ALAKE for the lassie! she's no right at a',  
 That loes a dear laddie, an' he far awa;  
 But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,  
 That loes a dear lad, when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin'; my heart it grew fain  
 To see my dear laddie, to see him again;  
 My heart it grew fain, an' lap light at the thought  
 Of milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

The bonnie gray morn scarce had open'd her e'e,  
 When we set to the gate a', wi' nae little glee;  
 I was blythe, but my mind aft misgæ me right sair,  
 For I hadna seen Jamie for five months and mair.

I' the hira' right soon ~~my~~ dear Jamie I saw;  
 I saw na ane like him, sae bonnie an' braw;  
 I watch'd and baid near him, his motion to see,  
 In hopes ay to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in onie ae place:  
 At length I gaed up an' just smil'd in his face,  
 I wonder ay yet my heart brak na in twa;  
 He just said, "How ir ye?" an' steppit awa.

My neibor lads strave to entice me awa  
 They roos'd me, and hight me ilk thing that was braw;  
 But I hatit them a', an' I hatit the fair,  
 For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leel, an' his manners sae kind!  
 He's someway gane wrang, he may alter his mind;  
 An' sude he do sae, he's be welcome to me;  
 Sure I can never like ony but he.

## LORD EGLINTON'S AULD MAN.

HOGG.

The auld gudeman came hame at night,  
Sair wearied wi' the way;  
His looks were like an evening bright,  
His hair was siller gray.  
He spak o' days lang past and gane,  
When life beat high in every vein;  
When he was foremost on the plain  
On every blythsome day.

"Then blythly blush'd the mornin' dawn,  
An' gay the gloamin' fell;  
For sweet content led ay the van,  
An' sooth'd the passions well;  
Till wounded by a gilded dart,  
When Jeanie's een subdu'd my heart,  
I cherish'd ay the pleasing smart,—  
Mair sweet than I can tell.

We had our griefs, we had our joys,  
In life's uneasy way:  
We nourish'd virtuous girls an' boys,  
That now are far away:  
An' she, my best, my dearest part,  
The sharer o' each joy an' smart,  
Each wish and weakness o' my heart,  
Lies mould'rin' in the clay.

The life o' man's a winter day:  
Look back, 'tis gone as soon:  
But yet his pleasures halve the way,  
An' fly before 'tis noon.  
But conscious virtue still maintains  
The honest heart through toils an' pains,  
An' hope o' better days remains,  
An' hauds the heart aboon."

## SOLDIER'S SONG ON THE EVE OF A BATTLE.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtains for my head,  
 My lullaby the warder's tread,  
     Far, far from love and thee, Mary;  
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
     It will not wauken me, Mary!  
 I may not, dare not, fancy now,  
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;  
 I dare not think upon thy vow,  
     And all it promis'd me, Mary!  
 No fond regret must Norman know;  
 When bursts clan Alpine on the foe,  
 His heart must be like bended bow,  
     His foot like arrow free, Mary!  
 A time will come with feeling fraught—  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought,  
     Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!  
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close,  
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
     To my young bride and me, Mary!

## LAMENT FOR JULIA.

CUNNINGHAM.

AIR—"Mr. Pike's Scots Measure."

AULD lucky sat fornent the bleeze,  
 An' fuft her cutty up the lum;  
 An' sair she strave my heart to heeze,—  
     A dowie heart o' blythness toom!

"Gae fill the chappin stoup," quo' she,  
 "An' tak a joy inspirin' waught;  
 A canty skair o' nappy bree  
 Aft cheers a heart wi' sorrow fraught.

Come, gie's the *Birks o' Invermay*,  
 Or *Wabster Willie's Waefu' Scald*;  
 Bauld Manchlin Robin's *Duncan Gray*,  
 Or Allan's *Wauking o' the Fauld*."  
 "I downa sing ye *Duncan Gray*;  
 My burnin' heart o' dule's sae fu',  
 It wadna lilt, though bribit wi'  
 The nappiest yill that ye cude brew.

For, rioting on richest woe,  
 My joyless soul in secret weeps  
 O'er the green sod, where, mouldering low,  
 My lov'd, my lovely Julia sleeps.  
 Fell ruthless fae! thy wanton dart  
 A ruefu' errand sped away,  
 An' quiver'd in the kindest heart  
 That ever throb'd for others wae.

Aye thou hast clos'd the brightest e'en,  
 An' blighted far the sweetest charms,  
 That ever I through life hae seen,  
 Or ever fauldit in my arms.  
 I'll tak the pipe I wont to blaw,  
 It ance was ripe o' birken buds,  
 An' I'll be gaun, an' haud awa  
 To see my lov'd, my native woods.

An' on the banks o' bonnie Nith,  
 The lanely banks I lo'e sae dear,  
 I'll mourn my Julia's timeless death  
 As lang as I can drap a tear.  
 An' as I range the woodlands through,  
 An' roam the dusky dells amang,  
 The tunefu' sons o' ilka bough  
 Will learn my sorrow-teeming sang."

## THE CAPTIVE MANIAC.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THEY bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
 They say my heart is warp'd and wrung—  
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae;  
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue.  
 But were I now where Allan glides,  
 Or heard my native Devon's tides,  
 So sweetly would I rest and pray  
 That heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,  
 They bade me to the church repair;  
 It was my bridal morn they said,  
 And my true love would meet me there.  
 But woe betide the cruel guile,  
 That drown'd in blood the morning smile!  
 And woe betide the fairy dream!  
 I only wak'd to sob and scream.

## BLYTHE AN' CHEERY.

TUNE—" *Blythe, blythe, an' merry was she.*"

ON Ettrick clear there grows a brier,  
 An' monie a bonnie bloomin' shaw;  
 But Peggy's grown the fairest flower  
 The braes o' Ettrick ever saw.  
 Her cheek is like the woodland rose;  
 Her e'e the violet set wi' dew;  
 The lily's fair without compare,  
 Yet in her bosom tines its hue.

HAD I her hame at my wee house,  
 That stands aneath yon mountain high,  
 To help me wi' the kye an' ewes,  
 An' in my arms at e'enin' lie;

O sae blythe! an' O sae cheery!  
O sae happy we wad be!  
The lammie to the ewe is dear,  
But Peggy's dearer far to me.



## THE CAPTIVE HUNTSMAN.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

My hawk is tir'd of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall,  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forests green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matin ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee—  
That life is lost to love and me.



## TO MISS JANE S—.

HOGG.

TUNE—" *Arniston House.*"

I WASNA sae soon to my bed yestreen;  
 What ail'd me I never could close an e'e?  
 Was't Chalmer's sherry that thrill'd ilka vein?  
 Or glamour yon gypsie has thrown upon me?  
 I'm certain twa een as bright I hae seen;  
 An' every perfection in every degree;  
 Can naebody sing like Jeanie yestreen,  
 That sleep's sae completely departed frae me!

It isna her een, where modesty beams,  
 Where sense an' good nature apparent we see  
 'Tis her sweet cherry lips, and her delicate form,  
 Have left an impression where it shouldna be.  
 No, that's not the thing: 'tis an elegant ease  
 Attending ilk action, though ever sae wee;  
 An' her sweet heavenly voice, sae to melody tun'd,  
 It will ring in my hugs till the day that I dee.

It isna her een sae bonnie an' blue,  
 Nor nae single beauty astonishes me;  
 But the hale o' the lassie arises to view,  
 As a model what womankind really may be.  
 Your love in a present I wadna receive,  
 It wad mar sic a pure an' agreeable dream;  
 But only, if you think it prudent to give,  
 A shepherd, dear Jeany, entreats your esteem.



## THE MILK MAID, OR THE FIRST OF MAY.

R. BLOOMFIELD.

HAIL May! lovely May! how replenish'd my pails!  
 The young dawn overspreads the East streak'd with  
 gold!  
 My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,  
 And Colin's voice rings through the woods from the  
 fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,  
 Whose blue misty summits first glow with the sun !  
 See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends  
 To join the glad sports:—hark ! the tumult's begun.  
 Be cloudless, ye skies!—be my Colin but there,  
 Not the dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale,  
 Nor morning's first blush can more lovely appear  
 Than his looks, since my wishes I could not conceal.  
 Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts  
     to move,  
 We'll count joys to come, and exchange vows of truth;  
 And haply when age cools the transports of love,  
 Decry like good folks the vain pleasures of youth.  
 No, no; the remembrance shall ever be dear !  
 Love never with Innocence ceases to charm ;  
 It is transport in youth—and it smiles through the tear,  
 When they feel, in their children, its first soft alarm.



THERE'S NANE O' THEM A' LIKE MY BONNIE  
 LASSIE.

I'LL part wi' a' ere I part wi' my lassie,  
 I'll part wi' a' ere I part wi' my lassie;  
 The ladies o' Nithsdale are proud, high, and saucy,  
 But there's nane o' them a' like my bonnie lassie.

Her twa rosy lips are like kame-drappit hinney,  
 Her twa laughing een amang lads are uncanny;  
 Her links o' black hair owre her shouthers fa' bonnie,  
 An' whare's there a maiden like my bonnie Jeanie.

White is the han' o' my ain bonnie lassie,  
 Leal is her heart fu' o' kindness my lassie;  
 Yestreen i' my arms how she drappit fu' gawcie;  
 I'll ay be ye're ain, quo my bonnie young lassie.

She has nae gude mailens to band her ay easy,  
 Nor pearlins nor gowd to make her look gawcie;  
 She has nae braw claes for to shine i' the causie,  
 But there's nane o' them a' like my bonnie lassie.

My friends they are proud, an' my mither is saucy,  
 My auld auntie taks ay the crown o' the causie;  
 But here's my Jean's health i' the siller-lipped tassie!  
 I'll part wi' them a' ere I part wi' my lassie.

Fræ the cot to the faulding I follow'd my lassie,  
 To kirk an' to market I gang wi' my lassie;  
 Up the warlock glen, down the boglie causie,  
 An' thro' a' the warld I'd follow my lassie.

I'll part wi' a' ere I part wi' my lassie,  
 I'll part wi' a' ere I part wi' my lassie,  
 I'll tak wi' my auntie the crown o' the causie,  
 An' shaw me the lad wha will hae sic a lassie.

### BONNIE JEAN.

HOGG.

TUNE—"Prince William Henry's Delight."

SING on, sing on, my bonnie bird,  
 The sang ye sang yestreen, O,  
 When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,  
 I met my bonnie Jean, O.  
 My blude ran prinklin through my veins,  
 My hair began to steer, O;  
 My heart play'd deep against my breast!  
 As I beheld my dear, O.

O weels me on my happy lot!  
 O weels me on my dearie!  
 O weels me on the charmin' spot,  
 Where a' combin'd to cheer me

The mavis liltit on the bush,  
The lavrock on the green, O;  
The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,  
But a' was nought to Jean, O.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnie thrush,  
Be neither flee'd nor eerie;  
I'll wad your love sits in the bush,  
That gars ye sing sae cheerie:  
She may be kind she may be sweet,  
She may be neat an' clean, O;  
But O she's but a drysome mate,  
Compar'd wi' bonnie Jean, O.

If love wad open a' her stores,  
An' a' her bloomin' treasures,  
An' bid me rise, an' turn an' choose,  
An' taste her chiefest pleasures;  
My choice wad be the rosy cheek,  
The modest beamin' eye, O;  
The yellow hair, the bosom fair,  
The lips o' coral dye, O.

A bramble shade around her head,  
A burnie poplin' by, O;  
Our bed the swaird, our sheet the plaid,  
Our canopy the sky, O.  
An' here's the burn, an' there's the bush  
Around the flowrie green, O;  
An' this the plaid, an' sure the lass  
Wad be my bonnie Jean, O.

Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon!  
Ye starnies twinklin' high, O!  
An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,  
That roam athwart the sky, O!  
To see me gratefu' for the past,  
Ye saw me blest yestreen, O;  
An' ever till I breathe my last  
Ye'll see me true to Jean, O.

## TO-MORROW.

A BANKRUPT in trade, fortune frowning on shore,  
All lost, save my spirit and honour;  
No choice being left but to take to the oar,  
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain Connor.

But though the winds call me, some few words to say  
To Polly, these moments I borrow;  
For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her to day,  
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.

Nay, weep not; tho' Fortune her smile now denies,  
Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure;  
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,  
And send me home loaded with treasure.

If so lucky, Oh! doubt not, without more delay,  
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow;  
And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,  
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

But ah! the fond hopes may prove faithless and vain,  
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;  
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,  
Or, 'whelm'd in the ocean, may perish.

Shou'd such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay  
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;  
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,  
Should a wave be my coffin to-morrow.



## COLLIER LADDIE.

WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass,  
And tell me what they ca' ye,  
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,  
And I follow the Collier laddie.

See ye not yon hills and dales  
The sun shines on sae brawlie !  
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,  
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,  
Weel busket up sae gaudy ;  
And ane to wait on every hand  
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,  
And the earth conceals sae lowly ;  
I wad turn my back on you and it a',  
And embrace my Collier laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,  
And spen't at night fu' brawlie :  
And make my bed in the Collier's nook,  
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,  
Though the wee cot house should haud me,  
And the world before me to win my bread,  
And fair fa' my Collier laddie.



NO ROSES FROM THE FIELD I SEEK.

PETER FINDAR, ESQ.

No roses from the field I seek,  
While brighter bloom on Jeanie's cheek,  
Nor wish the honied juice to sip,  
While richer nectar loads her lip.

Let rude December swell the storm,  
And nature's beauteous robes deform :  
The shivering vale with torrents drown,  
I feel no Winter—but her frown.

Unheeded mounts the orb of day,  
And scatters wide the golden ray;  
Whilst she, my moments can beguile,  
I know no Summer—but her smile.

Then let me not desert my Love,  
And madly from her beauty rove,  
Who, when I clasp her peerless charms,  
Contain a world within my arms.



## SONG.

FALCONER.

THE smiling plains profusely gay,  
Are drest in all the pride of May;  
The birds on every spray above,  
To rapture wake the vocal grove;  
But, ah! Miranda, without thee,  
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,  
All lonely in the secret shade  
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!  
Serenely sweet as vernal air!  
Come to my arms; for thou alone  
Canst all my absence past atone.  
O come! and to my bleeding heart  
The sovereign balm of love impart;  
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
And give the year eternal spring.

## CORIN'S PROFESSION.

PETER FINDAR, ESQ.

Now, Joan, we are married—and now let me say,  
Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay :  
In our journey through life, my dear Joan, I suppose,  
We shall oft meet a bramble—and sometimes a rose !

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,  
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away ;  
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,  
To chase it the labour and triumph be mine.

Thou shalt milk our one cow, and if fortune pursue,  
In good time with her blessing, my Joan shall milk two :  
I will till our small field, while my prattle and song  
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,  
And treat our good neighbours at eve with our ale ;  
For, Joan, who could wish for self only to live?  
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to give !

E'en the redbreast and wren shall not seek us in vain,  
While thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain :  
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,  
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love !

Tho' thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll remember;  
That thy May was my own, when thou shewest December;  
And when age to my head shall his winter impart,  
The summer of love shall repose in my heart.



## JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

WHEN I was in my se'nteen year,  
I was baith blythe and bonnie, O ;  
The lads loe'd me baith far and near,  
But I loe'd nane but Johnny, O :



He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,  
He spake sae blythe and kindly, O;  
And I made him new gray breeks,  
That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow;  
His humour was baith frank and free;  
His bonnie locks sae yellow,  
Like gowd they glittered in my e'e:  
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,  
And face sae fair and ruddy, O;  
And then a-days his gray breeks,  
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they're threadbare worn,  
They're wider than they wont to be;  
They're tashed like and sair torn,  
And clouted upon ilka knee.  
But gin I had a simmer's day,  
As I hae had right mony, O,  
I'd make a web o' new gray,  
To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,  
And better gin I had to gie;  
And I'll tak pains upo' them,  
Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.  
To cleed him weel shall be my care,  
To please him a' my study, O;  
But he maun wear the auld pair  
A wee, though they be duddy, O.

Now to conclude—his gray breeks,  
Come sing them up wi' mirth an' glee;  
Here's luck to a' the gray steeks,  
That show themsells upo' the knee:

They've stood the stowre o' thretty year,  
Yet aye they're gawsie in my e'e;  
And he wha wears them's doubly dear,  
Though now his back be bent awae.

For when the lad was in his prime,  
Like him there wasna mony, O.  
He ca'd me ay his bonnie thing,  
Sae wha wadna loe Johnny, O?  
So I loe Johnny's gray breeks,  
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,  
And gin we live anither year,  
We'll mak' them hale between us yet.



### WHEN ONCE BY THE CLEAR GLIDING STREAM.

WHEN once by the clear gliding stream  
I carelessly counted my sheep  
Ev'ry subject afforded a theme,  
Ev'ry murmur invited to sleep;

But a maid has appear'd on the plain,  
And her charms have bewilder'd my sense,  
I dare not give breath to my pain,  
For I tremble to give her offence.

All the shepherds remark how I change,  
That anxiety lyes in mine eye,  
That the woodlands no longer I range,  
That my pipe is thrown heedlessly by.

Ah! what are the woodlands to me,  
Unadorn'd by the maid I adore;  
Ah! what would I give could I see,  
With such eyes as I saw them before.



The sheep once I boasted for mine,  
 Now rove and I cannot tell where,  
 And the stream, where I lov'd to recline,  
 With its murmur no more charms mine ear.

But my pipe, that's been idle so long,  
 Shall be vocal once more to her praise,  
 For her name, that would grace any song,  
 Is too sacred to live in my lays.



### HER BONNIE BLACK E'E.

AIR—"Saw ye my wee thing,"

On the banks o' the burn, while I pensively wander,  
 The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;  
 I think on my lassie, her gentle mild nature;  
 I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, an' loud, loud, the win, blaws,  
 An' simmer's gay cleedin' drives fast frae the tree;  
 I heedna the win' nor the rain, when I think on  
 The kind, lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,  
 The cauld Norlan' win' ca's the drift o'er the lea;  
 Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the mountain,  
 I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,  
 Though a' neat an' bonnie, they're naething to me;  
 I sigh and sit dowie, regardless what passes,  
 When I miss the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When thin twinklin' starnies announce the grey gloamin';  
 When a' round the ingle's sae cheerie to see!  
 Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',  
 Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin' an' laughin', the lave they are merry,  
Though absent my heart, like the lave I maun be;  
Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but aft I turn dowie,  
An' think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fair form frae my mind's awa never;  
She's dearer than a' this hale warld to me;  
An' this is my wish, may I leave it, if ever  
She row on anither her love-beaming e'e.



### POOR NEGRO WOMAN, ULALEE.

My cruel love to danger go,  
No think of pain he give to me;  
Too soon me fear like grief to know,  
As broke the heart of Ulalee.  
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

Poor soul to see her hang her head  
All day beneath the cypress tree;  
And still she sings, "my love be dead"—  
The husband of poor Ulalee.  
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

My love be kill'd! How sweet he smil'd!  
His smile again me never see;  
Unless me see it in the child  
That he have left poor Ulalee.  
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

My baby to my breast I fold,  
But little warmth, poor boy! have he;  
His father's death make all so cold  
About the heart of Ulalee.  
Poor Negro Woman, Ulalee!

## MY DEAR LITTLE JEANY.

HOGG.

AIR—"Lack o' Gowd."

"My dear little Jeany, what maks ye sae shy  
 An' saucy wi' Charley, whase horses an' kye  
 Gang wide on the meadow, his ewes on the lee?  
 An' where will you see sic a laddie as he?"  
 "Ah! father, if ye kend him as weel as I,  
 How ye wad despise him, his ewes an' his kye!  
 Whene'er we're our lane, on the meadow or hill,  
 Ilk word an' ilk action is tendin' to ill.

But Jamie's sae modest, that him I maun roose;  
 He'll beg for a kiss, which I canna refuse:  
 He ne'er gies a look that a lassie needs fear,  
 Nor yet says a word but the warld may hear.  
 I ken my dear father, ye like me sae weel,  
 That naething frae you I can ever conceal:  
 Young Charley is handsome, and gallant to see;  
 But Jamie, though poorer, is dearer to me."

"My sweet little Jeany! the pride o' my age!  
 Oh, how I'm delighted to hear you sae sage!  
 The forward, who maks the young maiden his prey,  
 Is often carest, and the good sent away.  
 I like ye, my Jeany, as dear as my life;  
 Ye've been a kind daughter, sae will ye a wife.  
 Then gree wi' your Jamie when he comes again;  
 From this time I'll count him a son o' my ain."

~~~~~  
LOVE'S LIKE A DIZZINESS.

HOGG.

TUNE—"Paddy's Wedding."

I LATELY liv'd in quiet case,  
 An' never wish'd to marry, O;  
 But when I saw my Peggy's face,  
 I felt a sad quandary, O.

Though wild as ony Athol deer,  
She has trapan'd me fairly, O;  
Her cherry cheeks, an' een sae clear,  
Harass me late an' early, O.

*O! love! love! laddie.*

*Love's like a dizziness!*

*It winna let a puir body*

*Gang about his business!*

To tell my feats this single week  
Wad mak a curious diary, O:  
I drave my cart against a dyke,  
My horses in a miry, O:  
I wear my stockings white an' blue,  
My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O:  
I drill the land that I should plow,  
An' plow the drills entirely, O.

*O! love! love! &c.*

Soon as the dawn had brought the day,  
I went to theek the stable, O;  
I coost my coat, an' ply'd away  
As fast as I was able, O.  
I wrought a' morning out an' out  
As I'd been redding fire, O;  
When I had done, and look'd about,  
Behold, it was the byre, O!

*O! love! love! &c.*

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget;  
The dear, the lovely blinkin' o't,  
Has pierc'd me through an' through the heart,  
An' plagues me wi' the prinklin' o't,  
I try'd to sing, I try'd to pray,  
I try'd to drown't wi' drinkin' o't:  
I try'd wi' toil to drive't away,  
But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.

*O! love! love! &c.*

Were Peggy's love to hire the job,  
 An' save my heart frae breakin', O,  
 I'd put a girdle round the globe,  
 Or dive in Corryvreckin, O;  
 Or howk a grave at midnight dark  
 In yonder vault sae eerie, O;  
 Or gang and spier for Mungo Park  
 Through Africa sae dreary, O.  
*O! love! love! &c.*

Ye little ken what pains I prove!  
 Or, how severe my plisky, O!  
 I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love  
 Than e'er I was wi' whisky, O!  
 For love has rak'd me fore an' aft,  
 I scarce can lift a leggy, O:  
 I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,  
 An' now I'll dee for Peggy, O.  
*O! love! love! &c.*



## SONG.

## AIKENSIDE.

A SHAPE alone let others prize,  
 The features of the Fair;  
 I look for spirit in her eyes,  
 And meaning in her air:

A damask cheek, an iv'ry arm,  
 Could ne'er my wishes win;  
 Give me an animated form  
 That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,  
 Where sense and sweetness move,  
 And angel-innocence refines  
 The tenderness of love:

These are the force of beauty's charms,  
Without whose vital aid,  
Unfinish'd all her features seem,  
And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both these two unite,  
How perfect is the view ?  
With every image of delight,  
With graces ever new :

With pow'r to sooth the greatest grief,  
The wildest rage controul ;  
Diffusing wildness o'er the brow,  
And rapture through the soul.

Their power but faintly to express,  
All language must despair ;  
But go, behold my Mary's face,  
And read it perfect there.



## SONG.

MICHAEL WOODHALL, ESQ.

COULD ye guess,—for I ill can repeat,  
The sensation I'm destin'd to prove ;  
'Tis something than friendship more sweet,  
More passionate even than love.

For ever when absent from you,  
Pale echo returns my fond sighs ;  
But when happ'ly your beauties I view,  
On my lips the faint utterance dies.

This the secret I had to betray,  
And the fate of my passion is such ;  
That in what I was prompted to say,  
Methinks I have utter'd too much.





## THE JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

A BEAUTIFUL face and a form without fault,  
Are not the attractions by which I am caught ;  
Good nature, good sense, and an honest free mind,  
Are perfections in women to which I'm inclin'd.

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age,  
That who with a beauty alone would engage ?  
Since time spreads a veil o'er the brightest of eyes,  
And a face is a flower that blossoms and dies.

Then wantons begone, nor thus strive to decoy,  
Like syrens to tempt, and like syrens destroy ;  
'Tis friendship and virtue I seek in a wife,  
Whom I'd love and caress ev'ry day of my life.



## SONG.

L. T.

'Tis hard when summer clothes the year  
In nature's gayest dress,  
The vigorous morn of life to wear  
In study's dull recess.

'Tis hard with an indignant breast,  
Betray'd by secret wiles,  
To meet the spoiler of its rest,  
And deck the brow in smiles.

But oh ! 'tis harder to conceal  
A lover's pregnant sigh,  
And what the secret heart doth feel,  
To bid the cheek deny.

## JOHNNY AND MARY.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,  
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,  
 Johnny lilting, tun'd his reed,  
 And Mary wip'd her bonnie mou':  
 Dear she loe'd the well known song,  
     While her Johnny  
     Blithe and bonnie,  
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

*Down the burn and thro' the mead,  
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;  
 Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,  
 And Mary wip'd her bonnie mou'.*

Costly claise she had but few;  
 Of rings and jewels nae great store;  
 Her face was fair, her love was true,  
 And Johnny wisely wish'd no more:  
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize;  
     O'er the mountain,  
     Near the fountain,  
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.  
*Down the burn, &c.*

Gold and titles give not health,  
 And Johnny cou'dna these impart;  
 Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth  
 Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart:  
 Sweet the joys the lovers find;  
     Great the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 Where the heart is always kind.  
*Down the burn, &c.*  
 Z 3

## SONG.

L. T.

LET the lovesick boy, who dies  
 If anger beam from Chloe's eyes,  
 Bow before the iron rod  
 Of the tyrant archer god;  
 Who feeds with dreams of poison'd bowls  
 The gloomy, dull, distemper'd souls  
 Of wretched lovers, who despair,  
 Because a peevish woman's fair!  
 Be mine the little rosy boy,  
 Whose only chains are chains of joy;  
 Who dances on to Lydian measures,  
 Surrounded by a troop of pleasures;  
 Mutual wishes, soft desires,  
 Such as merry May inspires,  
 When in the twins the sun is glowing,  
 And a fragrant zephyr blowing;  
 And sometimes round his temples twine,  
 A fillet steep'd in mighty wine:  
 But ever let the snow-wing'd dove  
 Of sacred faith around him move;  
 Let honour be his constant friend,  
 And secrecy his steps attend.  
 Let honour be his constant friend,  
 And secrecy his steps attend.

~~~~~

 THE NORTH COUNTRY LASS.

TUNE—"Langolet."

THERE was a fair maiden, her name it was Gillian,  
 Her manners were sage tho' her carriage was free;  
 You scarcely would meet such a girl in a million,  
 Her charms were the pride of the north countrie.  
 All she said came so wittily,  
 She danc'd with such grace, and she chanted so prettily;  
 Nor Madames of France, nor Signoras of Italy,  
 Could cope with this lass of the north countrie.

Rich lords and fine gentlemen crowded to woo her,  
 Each begging her most humble servant to be;  
 Some shew'd coach and horses, some proffer'd gold to her;  
 Some clothes and fine jewels, most gorgeous to see.  
 But, in vain all their brav'ry,  
 She said flat and plain, she saw thro' their knav'ry,  
 And rather would pass her whole lifetime in slav'ry  
 Than bring such disgrace on the north countrie.  
 But going one day to the wood with young Roger,  
 To gather sweet posies for he and for she,  
 Sly Cupid observ'd them, (a comical codger)  
 And hid himself snug in a sycamore tree:  
 Out he drew from his quiver  
 A shaft that a heart made of marble would shiver;  
 He shot, there was none a poor maid to deliver,  
 And down fell the lass of the north countrie.

~~~~~

### THE RIVAL.

L. T

OH! Celia, when thine eyes of light  
 First broke on my enraptur'd sight,  
 I swore the starry train of night  
 Grew dim before their brilliancy:

But when I found those orbs of day  
 Did but thy fairer soul display,  
 My heart became a willing prey,  
 And sought a joyous slavery.

The high renown that war doth give,  
 With all ambition's sons receive,  
 Are worthless to the smiles which live  
 In circles of such witchery.

Not all Napoleon's fortunes prove,  
 Nor all Potosi's wealth should move  
 To tempt me from the chains of love,  
 From thee, my soul's idolatry.

But tho' a death I'd gladly die,  
To chase the tear which fills thine eye,  
And bid the troop of sorrows fly  
Which dim its wonted brilliancy;

I'd rather see its magic light  
Obscur'd in fate's eternal night,  
Then see its potent influence bright  
Shine on another's rivalry.



## SONG.

SHERIDAN.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
I ne'er could injure you:  
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
Your charms should make me true.  
To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
No stranger offer wrong;  
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part.  
Then lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong:  
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And brothers in the young.



## SONG.

L. T.

WHEN by invading cares oppress'd  
The drooping spirits tamely fly,  
And all the hopes which youth has dress'd  
In fancy's brightest colours die;

When melancholy's surly power  
Weighs to despair the sinking heart,  
And the dull lazy-pacing hour  
Seems resting never to depart;

Say, what can bid the moments roll,  
Swift as the wandering comet's glance,  
Can wake to hope the fainting soul,  
And bid the rising spirits dance?

What, but the smile of love and joy  
That woman's dimpled cheek discloses,  
And sparkles in her melting eye,  
And parts her lips of living roses!

What, but her voice, whose whisper gives  
In witching music hopes of bliss;  
What, but the thrilling fire which lives  
In matchless woman's yielding kiss?



SONG.

COX.

WHEN first, by fond Henry, sweet Marg'ret was seen,  
He slightly regarded her air or her mien;  
The charms of her mind he alone did commend,  
Not warm'd as a lover, but cool as a friend:  
From friendship (not passion) his raptures did move,  
And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known,  
Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own;  
Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,  
And oh! what dear virtues beam'd forth in her mind;  
Yet still for the sanction of friendship he strove,  
'Till a sigh gave the omen and shew'd it was love.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,  
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her :  
 He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,  
 For the fear of offending forbids him to speak ;  
 But wanders a willing example to prove,  
 " That friendship with woman is sister to love."

A lover, thus conquer'd, can ne'er give offence ;  
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense ;  
 His passion, nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,  
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;  
 And time, that will beauty's short empire remove,  
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.



## SONG.

LORD BYRON.

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel  
 That I should thus be happy too,  
 For still my heart regards thy weal,  
 Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart  
 Some pangs to view his happier lot ;  
 But let them pass—oh ! how my heart  
 Would hate him if he lov'd thee not !

When late I saw thy favourite child,  
 I thought my jealous heart would break,  
 But when th' unconscious infant smil'd,  
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it—and repress my sighs,  
 Its father in its face to see ;  
 But then it had its mother's eyes,  
 And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu ! I must away,  
 While thou art blest, I'll not repine !  
 But near thee I can never stay,  
 My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride  
 Had quench'd at length my boyish flame,  
 Nor knew till seated by thy side,  
 My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm : I knew the time  
 My breast would thrill before thy look,  
 But now to tremble were a crime,  
 We met—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
 Yet meet with no confusion there ;  
 One only feeling couldst thou trace,  
 The sullen calmness of despair.

Away ! away ! my early dream  
 Remembrance never must awake :  
 Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?  
 My foolish heart be still, or break.



## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

LOGAN.

Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream !  
 When first on them I met my lover ;  
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !  
 When now thy waves his body cover !  
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream !  
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;  
 For never on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow,



He promis'd me a milk-white steed,  
To bear me to his father's bowers;  
He promis'd me a little page,  
To squire me to his father's towers;  
He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—  
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas! his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met,  
My passion I as freely told him!  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him!  
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The green-wood path to meet her brother:  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!  
Alas! thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wandering in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

The tear did never leave her cheek,  
No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.



## SONG.

LOGAN.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud  
The moon in her beauty appears;  
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,  
The music of love in our ears;  
Maria, appear! now the season so sweet  
With the beat of the heart is in tune;  
The time is so tender for lovers to meet  
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,  
I sigh—can a lover do more?  
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
Maria, my love! do you long for the grove?  
Do you sigh for an interview soon!  
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove  
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,  
My bosom is all in a glow;  
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,  
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.  
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine  
Indulge a fond lover his boon?  
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,  
Alone by the light of the moon?

## SONG.

LONG, long I despair'd a young shepherd to find,  
Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind;  
But, at last, I have got a dear lad to my mind;  
Oh! I never can part with my Willy:  
We hied to the altar last midsummer-day;  
I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say;  
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey:  
Can I do any less by my Willy!

His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air;  
His face than the rose is more ruddy, I swear;  
And his kisses as sweet—oh! beyond all compare!  
There is not such a lad as my Willy.  
With him none pretends or to pipe or to play,  
But what tender soft things does the shepherd not say?  
With ease, I am sure, he might steal hearts away:  
But I'll never distrust thee, dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung nown my head,  
How kindly he watch'd me! what tears did he shed!  
He ne'er left me a moment 'till sickness was fled:  
Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy?  
Should death from my sight tear the shepherd so true,  
Let him take, if he chooses, then, me away too;  
For why should I tarry, or what could I do,  
Should I lose such a lad as my Willy?



## THE FAREWELL.

LORD BYRON.

WHEN man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,  
A moment linger'd near the gate,  
Each scene recal'd the vanish'd hours,  
And bade him curse his future fate.

But wandering on through distant climes,  
He learnt to bear his load of grief;  
Just gave a sigh to other times,  
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,  
And I must view thy charms no more;  
For whilst I linger near to thee  
I sigh for all I knew before,

In flight I shall be surely wise,  
Escaping from temptation's snare;  
I cannot view my Paradise,  
Without a wish to enter there.

~~~~~  
SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET Annie frae the sea beach came,  
Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;  
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,  
When Jocky's tost aboon the tide.  
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,  
Yet I'll be true as he has been;  
And when ilk lass about him thrangs,  
He'll think on me his faithfu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,  
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me;  
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,  
And made a brag o' what he'd gie.  
What tho' my Jocky's far awa',  
Tost up and down the awsome main,  
I'll keep my heart anither day,  
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie! sing nae mair  
And fairly cast yon pipe away;  
My Jocky wad be troubl'd sair,  
To see his friend his love betray:

For a' your sangs and verse are vain,  
 While Jocky's notes do faithfu' flow;  
 My heart to him shall true remain,  
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales! round Jocky's head,  
 And gar your waves be calm and still;  
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,  
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.  
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,  
 Yet he will braw in siller shine;  
 I'll keep my heart anither day,  
 Since Jockey may again be mine.



## SONG.

LORD BYRON.

REMI~~N~~D me not, remind me not,  
 Of those belov'd those vanish'd hours,  
 When all my soul was given to thee;  
 Hours that may never be forgot  
 Till time unnerves our vital powers,  
 And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget? canst thou forget?  
 When playing with thy golden hair,  
 How quick th' fluttering heart did move?  
 Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet,  
 With eyes so languid, breast so fair,  
 And lips, though silent, breathing love.

When thus reclining on my breast  
 Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,  
 As half reproach'd, yet rais'd desire,  
 And still we near, and nearer prest,  
 And still our glowing lips would meet,  
 As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,  
 And bid their lids each other seek,  
 Veiling the azure orbs below;  
 While their long lashes' darkening gloss  
 Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,  
 Like raven's plumage smooth'd on snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd,  
 And sooth to say that very dream  
 Was sweeter in its phantasy  
 Than if for other hearts I burn'd,  
 For eyes that ne'er like thine could beam  
 In rapture's wild reality.

Then tell me not, remind me not  
 Of hours which, though for ever gone,  
 Can still a pleasing dream restore,  
 Till thou and I shall be forgot;  
 And senseless as the mouldering stone,  
 Which tells that we shall be no more.



### THE WISH.

THOMAS BRERWOOD, ESQ.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,  
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;  
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost;  
 While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,  
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;  
 When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,  
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow;

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw,  
 And send forth their breath like a stream;  
 And the neat-looking dairy maid sees she must thaw,  
 Fleaks of ice that she finds in her cream;

A a 3

When the sweet country maiden as fresh as the rose,  
As she carelessly trips often slides,  
And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shows  
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the birds to the barn door hover for food,  
As with silence they rest on the spray;  
And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,  
Lest her footsteps her course should betray.  
When the lads and the lasses, in company join'd,  
In a crowd round the embers are met,  
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,  
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,  
With the nymph whom I love and admire,  
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,  
I may thither in safety retire.  
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,  
We may live, and no hardship endure,  
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
But such as each other may cure.



## SONG.

LORD BYRON.

THERE was a time, I need not name,  
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
When all our feelings were the same,  
As still my soul hath been to thee.  
And from that hour when first thy tongue  
Confess'd a love which equall'd mine,  
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,  
Unknown, and thus unfelt, by thine:  
None, none, hath sunk so deep as this,  
To think how all that love hath flown;  
Transient as every faithless kiss,  
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,  
 When late I heard thy lips declare,  
 In accents once imagin'd true,  
 Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes ! my ador'd, yet most unkind !  
 Though thou wilt never love again,  
 To me 'tis doubly sweet to find  
 Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes ! 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
 Nor longer shall my soul repine,  
 Whate'er thou art, or e'er shalt be,  
 Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

TUNE—" *The Birks of Invermay.*"

WHAT though the meads be deck'd with flow'rs ?  
 What though the daisy paints the green ?  
 My Mary charms no more the hours,  
 Nor does she grace the sylvan scene.

Though now the linnets chant their song,  
 And nightingales their tuneful lay ;  
 Sweet emblems of my Mary's tongue !  
 No more ye please—my love's away.

I thought this beauteous landscape gay,  
 These gilded bow'rs could charm my view ;  
 I labour'd oft my love to stay,  
 And rural pastimes to renew.

O ! happy days ! when with my love  
 I wander'd in the flow'ry vale ;  
 Or when she deign'd to haunt the grove,  
 And listen to my artless tale.



I've heard her say, "the vale was fair,  
"And how the daisy decks the green;"  
And to the hill she would repair,  
And say, "How beautiful was the scene!"

And can she prize the city's noise,  
Fill'd with revel, pride, and strife  
Mayhap she yet will prove the joys  
Of a domestic country life.

Mayhap she'll think on these lov'd bow'rs,  
Where, wing'd with joy, the moments fled;  
And swift, unnotic'd, pass'd the hours,  
Beneath the ivy-mantled shade.



## SONG.

LORD BYRON.

And wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again;  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,  
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,  
My blood runs coldly thro' my breast;  
And when I perish, thou alone  
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet methinks a gleam of peace  
Doth thro' my cloud of anguish shine,  
And for a while my sorrows cease  
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh, lady! blessed be that tear,  
It falls for one who cannot weep;  
Such precious drops are doubly dear  
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm,  
With every feeling soft as thine,  
But beauty's self hath ceas'd to charm  
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again;  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,  
I would not give that bosom pain.

~~~~~

## SONG.

MR. HENRY CAREY.

Love's a gentle gen'rous passion,  
Source of all sublime delight;  
When with mutual inclination,  
Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp, and riches  
When compar'd with true content!  
That false joy that now bewitches,  
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation:  
But a chaste and virtuous love,  
Is a glorious emulation  
Of the blissful state above.

~~~~~

## SONG.—ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

LORD BYRON.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail,  
And whistling o'er the bending mast  
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;  
And I must from this land begone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,  
And could I see what I have seen,  
Could I repose upon the breast  
Which once my warmest wishes blest,  
I should not seek another zone  
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye  
Which gave me bliss or misery;  
And I have striven, but in vain,  
Never to think of it again;  
For tho' I fly from Albion  
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,  
My weary heart is desolate:  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face;  
And e'en in crowds I'm still alone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whit'ning foam,  
And I will seek a foreign home,  
Till I forget a false fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting place;  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,  
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth  
Still finds some hospitable hearth,  
Where friendship's or love's softer glow  
May smile in joy or soothe in wo;  
But friend or lover I have none,  
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee  
There's not an eye will weep for me;  
There's not a kind, congenial heart  
Where I can claim the meanest part:

Nor thou who hast my hopes undone,  
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,  
Of what we are, and what we've been,  
Would whelm some softer heart with wo,  
But mine, alas ! has stood the blow ;  
Yet still beats on as it begun,  
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear lov'd one may be  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see ;  
And why that early love was crost,  
Thou knowst the best, I feel the most ;  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have lov'd so long, and lov'd but one.

I've tried another's fetters too,  
With charms perchance as fair to view ;  
And I would fain have lov'd as well ;  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu ;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him that wanders o'er the deep ;  
Tho' wheresoe'er my bark may run,  
I love but thee, I love but one.



SONG.

TUNE—" *Alloa-House.*"

THERE liv'd long ago, in a country place,  
A clever young lad who lov'd a young lass ;  
She lov'd him again, and, oh ! wonder to hear,  
No offer could move her, she lov'd him so dear ;

The lord of the manor took it in his head,  
To tempt her to leave him, and come to his bed;  
He offer'd her jewels, and baubles, and rings,  
But she slighted his offers; refus'd his gay things.

He told her, he'd make her as fine as a queen,  
Her gown should be silk, and her cap colberteen;  
But she said, linsey-woolsey and bone-lace would serve,  
And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.  
He told her, he'd gie her a pad to ride out,  
Or a coach, if she lik'd it, to travel about;  
She thank'd him, but said, she could very well walk,  
And shou'd she have a coach, how the neighbours wou'd talk:

He said, for the neighbours, he'd make it his care,  
That not even the person on Sundays should dare  
To censure her conduct, or offer to blame  
Her manner of living, or blast her good name.  
She told him, in short, he must e'en be content,  
For jewels or gold should ne'er bribe her consent;  
Her heart was another's and so should remain,  
And she scorned to be false for the lucre of gain.

### STRATHFILLAN.

TUNE—"Tushilaw."

By Fillan's wild and lonely streams  
She dwells, the angel of my fancy!  
The lustre from her eye that beams  
Proclaims the maid, my lovely Nancy!  
Her locks are of the raven's hue,  
And fair her face as smiling morning,  
When every rose-bud's wet with dew,  
And sunbeams hill and vale adorning.

Whene'er she treads Strathfillan's vale,  
 More sweetly sounds the gurgling fountain;  
 More balmy breathes the evening gale;  
 More bright the moon looks o'er the mountain;  
 And when her tongue's attun'd to love,  
 Or full the tear of pity swelling,  
 The blest above can only prove  
 The raptures in my bosom dwelling.

~~~~~

### A WEARY BODIE'S BLYTHE WHEN THE SUN GANGS DOWN.

TUNE—"Auld Robin Gray."

A WEARY bodie's blythe when the sun gangs down,  
 A weary bodie's blythe when the sun gangs down;  
 To smile wi' his wife, an' to daut wi' his weans,  
 Wha wadna be blythe when the sun gangs down?

The summer sun's lang, an' we're a' toil'd sair,  
 Frae sunrise to sunset's a dreigh tack o' care;  
 But at hame for to daut 'mang our wee bits o' weans,  
 We think on our toils an' our cares nae mair.

The Saturday sun it gangs ay sweetest down,  
 For my bonnie boys then leave their wark i' the town;  
 My heart louns light at my ain ingle side,  
 Whan my kin' blythe bairntime is a sitting roun'.

The Sabbath morning comes, an' warm lowes the sun,  
 Ilk heart's fu' o' joy a' the parishen roun';  
 Round the hip o' the hill comes the sweet psalm tune,  
 An' the auld fowk a' to the preaching are bowne.

The hearts o' the younkers loup lightsome, to see  
 The gladness which dwalls in their auld grannie's e'e;  
 An' they gather i' the sun, 'side the green haw-tree,  
 Nae new-flown birds are sae mirthsome an' hie.

Though my sonesie dame's cheeks nae to auld age are  
 prief;  
 Though the roses which bloom'd there are smit i' the  
 leaf;  
 Though the young blinks o' luve hae a' died in her e'e,  
 She is bonnier and dearer than ever to me:

Ance poortith came in yont our hallen to-keek,  
 But my Jeanie was nursing an' singing sae sweet,  
 That she laid down her pocks at anither door cheek,  
 An' stappit blythely ben her auld shanks for to beek.

My hame is the mailen weel stockit an' fu',  
 My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I loe;—  
 My Jeanie is the goud an' delight o' my e'e,  
 She's worth a hale lairdship o' mailens to me.

O wha wad fade away like a flower in the dew,  
 An' leave nae a sprout for kind heaven to pu'?  
 Wha wad rot 'mang the mools, like the trunk o' the  
 tree,  
 Wi' nae shoots the pride o' the forest to be!



### WANDERING MARY.

LEWIS.

TUNE—"Wae's my heart that we should sunder."

KEEN blows the storm upon that breast,  
 Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow,  
 Oh! guide me to some place of rest,  
 Where I may slumber till to-morrow.  
 You view my face—it once was fair,  
 At least, so said the charming Harry;  
 But he is gone—and black despair  
 Is all that's left for wand'ring Mary.

Bright shone our blythsome bridal hour,  
 Love shook his wings with pleasure beaming;  
 But, ah! he left our little bow'r,  
 While I of bliss was fondly dreaming:  
 A soldier's coat allur'd my love,  
 I wept, I kneel'd—he would not tarry;  
 I pray'd him by the pow'rs above,  
 Not to desert his faithful Mary.

Alas! how can I speak the rest,  
 The grief that's in my bosom burning;  
 The "green sod wraps" his bloody breast!  
 And can you blame his Mary's mourning.  
 No house nor home, nor friend have I,  
 Except this babe, my pledge of Harry,  
 And famine dims his infant eye,  
 That us'd to glad poor wand'ring Mary.

From virtue's paths I've never swerv'd,  
 Tho' sore has cold and hunger tried me;  
 Those ills, alas! I've ne'er deserv'd,  
 Why then, is human aid denied me?  
 But hush! my babe, tho' large the load  
 Of woes that we are doom'd to carry,  
 Within the cold grave's bleak abode,  
 You'll sweetly sleep with wand'ring Mary.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

TUNE—"The Plough-boy."

SHOULD the rude hand of care wound my partner in life,  
 He always shall find his best friend in his wife;  
 In the midst of his woes if on me he'll recline,  
 His sorrows, his anguish, his tears shall be mine.

If cheerfulness prompts him to mirthful employ,  
 My invention shall teem to enliven his joy:  
 When the light footed hours all w th gaiety shine,  
 His pleasures, his transports, his smiles shall be mine.



The wife, 'tis agreed, best her station adorns,  
 When spreading life's roses, and blunting its thorns,  
 Then I'll strive to select its most grateful of flow'rs,  
 And their fragrance, their beauties, their bloom shall be  
     ours.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

ON SEEING A LADY SPLENDIDLY DRESSED.

WHENCE all this labour, Ah! too lovely maid!  
 To seek the tinsel ornaments of art?  
 In nature's simple dignity array'd,  
   'Tis yours to win, 'tis yours to keep the heart.  
 Let other damsels search for every toy,  
 Than you more studious, since than you less fair;  
 Let them to gild their weaker charms employ  
   The pearl's pale lustre, or the diamond's glare.  
 But you, Louisa, trust those killing eyes,  
 That blooming cheek—and, Ah! those lips divine!  
 Then make of every heart a willing prize,  
 But use your conquest only over mine.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

O BRIGNAL banks are wild and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there,  
   Would grace a summer queen,  
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall,  
   Beneath the turret high,  
 A maiden on the castle wall  
   Was singing merrily,—

*“O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen.”*

" If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
 To leave both tower and town,  
 Thou first must guess what life lead we,  
 That dwell by dale and down.  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
 As blithe as queen of May."

*Yet sung she, " Brignal banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are green :  
 'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen."*

" I read you, by your bugle horn,  
 And by your palfrey good,  
 I read you for a ranger sworn,  
 To keep the king's green wood."  
 " A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
 And 'tis at peep of light:  
 His blast is heard at merry morn,  
 And mine at dead of night."

*Yet sung she, " Brignal banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are gay,  
 I would I were with Edmund there,  
 To reign his queen of May!"*

" With burnish'd brand and musquetoön,  
 So gallantly you come,  
 I read you for a bold dragoon,  
 That lists the tuck of drum."  
 I list no more the tuck of drum,  
 No more the trumpet hear;  
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
 My comrades take the spear.

*And O though Brignal banks be fair,  
 And Greta woods be gay,  
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare,  
 Would reign my queen of May!*

" Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
 A nameless death I'll die,  
 The fiend, whose lanthorn lights the mead,  
 Were better mate than I:  
 And when I'm with my comrades met,  
 Beneath the greenwood bough,  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now.

*" Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there,  
 Would grace a summer queen."*



## O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

LEWIS.

AE morn of May, when fields were gay,  
 Serene and charming was the weather,  
 I chanc'd to roam some miles frae home,  
 Far o'er yon moor, amang the heather.

*O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 How healthsome 'tis to range the moors,  
 And brush the dew from bloomin' heather.*

I walk'd along and humm'd a song,  
 My heart was light as ony feather,  
 And soon did pass a lovely lass,  
 Was wading, barefoot, thro' the heather!

*O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 The bonniest lass that e'er I saw,  
 I met ae morn amang the heather.*

Her eyes divine, mair bright did shine,  
Than the most clear unclouded æther;  
A fairer form did ne'er adorn  
A brighter scene than blooming heather.

*O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
There's ne'er a lass in Scotia's isle,  
Can vie with her amang the heather.*

I said, "Dear maid, be not afraid;  
Pray, sit you down, let's talk together;  
For, O! my fair, I vow and swear,  
You've stole my heart amang the heather."

*O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
Ye swains, beware of yonder moor,  
You'll lose your hearts amang the heather.*

She answer'd me, right modestly,  
"I go, kind Sir, to seek my Father,  
His fleecy charge, he tends at large,  
On yon green hills, beyond the heather.

*O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
Were I a king, thou shou'dst be mine,  
Dear blooming maid amang the heather.*

Away she flew out of my view,  
Her home, or name, I ne'er could gather,  
But aye sin' syne I sigh and pine  
For that sweet lass amang the heather.

*O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
While vital heat glows in my heart,  
I'll love the lass amang the heather.*

## SONG.

## HER RIGHT NAME.

PRIOR.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,  
Admiring this, and blaming that;  
Tell me, she said, but tell me true,  
The nymph who could your heart subdue:  
What sort of charms does she possess?  
Absolve me, fair one, I'll confess.—

With pleasure I replied—her hair,  
In ringlets rather dark than fair,  
Does down her ivory bosom roll,  
And hiding half, adorns the whole.  
In her high forehead's fair half-round  
Love sits in open triumph crown'd—

He, in the dimple of her chin,  
In private state by friends is seen.  
Her eyes are neither black nor gray;  
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray:  
Their dubious lustre seems to shew  
Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.

Her lips, no living Bard, I weet,  
May say how red, how round how sweet:  
Old Homer only could indite  
Their fragrant grace, and soft delight:  
They stand recorded in his book,  
When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke.

The Gipsy turning to her glass,  
Too plainly shew'd, she knew the face—  
And which am I most like, she said,  
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown maid?  
And which am I most like, she said,  
Your Cloe or your Nut-brown maid?

## LOVE DESPISED.

T. L.

CAN any length of years gone by,  
 Love's bliss destroy or ardour tame?  
 No, no: the passion that can die  
 Has ne'er deserv'd that blessed name.

Can brighter beauties e'er persuade  
 The lover from his fair to rove?  
 No, no: if any other maid  
 Seems fair to him, he does not love.

Can want, can wo, can misery blight  
 Sincere affection's impulse warm?  
 No: love is as the beacon's light,  
 Priz'd ever most amid the storm.



## SONG.

## THE CYPRESS WREATH.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree:  
 Too lively glow the lily's light,  
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright,  
 The may-flower and the eglantine,  
 May shade a brow less sad than mine:  
 But, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine  
 With tendrils of the laughing vine;  
 The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
 To patriot and to sage be due;

The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
 But that Matilda will not give;  
 Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear  
 Her blended roses, bought so dear;  
 Let Albin bind her bonnet blue,  
 With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;  
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
 The flower she loves of emerald green—  
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
 Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
 The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;  
 And, while his crown of laurel-leaves  
 With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
 Let the loud trump his triumph tell;  
 But when you hear the passing bell,  
 Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,  
 And twine it of the cypress tree!

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough:  
 But, O Matilda, twine not now!  
 Stay till a few brief months are past,  
 And I have look'd and lov'd my last!  
 When villagers my shroud bestrew  
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue—  
 Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the cypress tree!

~~~~~  
 CALDER BRAES.

LEWIS.

TUNE—"Logan Water."

WHEN cares were few, and life was young,  
 On Calder braes I danc'd and sung,

Unpain'd by keen remorse's dart,  
Joy flow'd spontaneous from my heart:  
To crown the happy, mundane scene,  
I lov'd—nor did I love in vain,  
The theme of all my artless lays,  
Was my dear lass on Calder braes.

Thrice happy days, your loss I mourn,  
You're gone—ah “never to return;”  
Ambition's *ignis fatuus*' glare  
Transform'd my bliss to black despair.  
The pomp of war, and pride of arms  
Appear'd with such resistless charms,  
I left (to face my country's foes)  
My weeping maid on Calder braes.

In martial conflict first I shone,  
In climes below the burning zone;  
Beneath Seringapatam's wall,  
I saw the tyrant sultan's fall;  
Amidst the carnage of the day,  
Where dead and dying round me lay,  
'Midst cannons' roar, and lightnings' blaze,  
I thought on peaceful Calder braes.

With laurels crown'd, with wealth array'd,  
Again I sought my native shade,  
In hopes my long-lost love to meet,  
To lay my laurels at her feet;  
Alas! I never saw her more,  
My sanguine dreams of bliss are o'er,  
My only pleasure's now to gaze  
On her lone grave on Calder braes.



## SONG.

FYFE.

TUNE—" *Tweedside.*"

EREWHILE on the gloom of my fate,  
 Hope shone with a glimmering glare;  
 Ah! how blest was that wretched estate,  
 To this utter distress of despair!  
 When I think on the frowns of her brow,  
 My bosom what agonies tear!  
 I would not my bitterest foe  
 One pang of such anguish should bear.

Oh! give me a sigh all ye swains  
 Whose hearts the soft torment endure,  
 When I tell you that Anna disdains  
 My attentions because I am poor.  
 Oh! give me a tear, ye that know  
 The weakness of reason 'gainst love—  
 Ah! why such unspeakable woe,  
 For a damsel so mean should I prove!

## SONG.

AH! why must words my flame reveal!  
 What need my Henry bid me tell  
 What all my actions prove!  
 A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,  
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh,  
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,  
 My eyes, still fixed on him remain,  
 And him alone approve;  
 The rest unheeded, dance or play,  
 From all he steals my praise away;  
 And can he doubt my love!

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess  
 The joys which all my soul possess,  
     And ev'ry care remove:  
 Still, still too short appears his stay,  
 The moments fly too swift away;  
     Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Henry's praise!  
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,  
     I ev'ry word approve;  
 But is he blam'd altho' in jest,  
 I feel resentment fire my breast,  
     Alas! because I love.

But, O! what tortures tear my heart,  
 When I suspect his looks impart  
     The least desire to rove:  
 I hate the maid who gives me pain,  
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain;  
     For, ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,  
 Believe my blushes, trust my sighs;  
     My passion these will prove:  
 Words oft deceive, and spring from art;  
 But the true language of my heart  
     To Henry, must be love.



## SONG.

## TO THE MOON.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

HAIL to thy cold and clouded beam,  
 Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!  
 Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream,  
 Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!

How should thy pure and peaceful eye  
 Untroubl'd view our scenes below,  
 Or how a tearless beam supply  
 To light a world of war and wo.

Fair queen! I will not blame thee now,  
 As once by Greta's fairy side;  
 Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow  
 Did then an angel's beauty hide;  
 And of the shades I then could chide,  
 Still are the thoughts to memory dear,  
 For, while a softer strain I tried,  
 They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene  
 Was form'd to light some lonely dell,  
 By two fond lovers only seen,  
 Reflected from the crystal well:  
 Or sleeping on their mossy cell,  
 Or quivering on the lattice bright,  
 Or glancing on their couch, to tell  
 How swiftly wanes the summer night!



### THE BRAES OF YARROW.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR,

- A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.
- B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?  
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
- A. I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,  
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?  
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?  
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow!  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,  
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow,  
And I hae slain the comliest swain  
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy brae's heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why yon melancholious weeds  
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow.

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?  
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
'Tis he the comely swain I slew  
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
And weep around in waeiful wise,  
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, warn thee not to lue,  
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,  
 O'er rashly bold, a stronger arm  
 Thou met'st and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the  
 grass,  
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,  
 As green its grass, its gowan yellow,  
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lue, fair, fair indeed thy lue,  
 In flow'ry bands thou him did'st fetter;  
 Tho' he was fair and weel beluv'd again,  
 Than me he never lu'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
 Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,  
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can busk I a bonny bonny bride,  
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
 How lue him on the banks of Tweed,  
 That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,  
 No dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
 For there was basely slain my lue,  
 My lue as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,  
Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd  
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,  
But e'er the toofall of the night  
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeiful, waeiful day;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning:  
But lang ere night the spear was flown  
That slew my luvie, and left me mourning,

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My luvie's blood is on thy spear,  
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,  
With cruel, and ungentle scoffin',  
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes  
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may, he may upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to muve me!  
My luvie's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou ~~ever~~ bid me luvie thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvie,  
With bridal-sheets my body cover,  
Unbar ye bridal maids the dōor,  
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,  
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,  
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,  
 O could my warmth to life restore thee,  
 Yet lye all night between my breasts,  
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,  
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,  
 And lye all night between my breasts,  
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

- A. Return, return O mournful, mournful bride,  
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow,  
 Thy luvver heeds nought of thy sighs,  
 He lyes a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

~~~~~  
 LANARK MILLS.

LEWIS.

TUNE—"Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

ADIEU! romantic banks of Clyde,  
 Where oft I've spent the joyful day,  
 Now, weary wand'ring on thy side,  
 I pour the plaintive, joyless lay.  
 To other lands I'm doom'd to rove,  
 The thought with grief my bosom fills,  
 Why am I forc'd to leave my love,  
 And wander far from Lanark mills?

Can I forget th' extatic hours,  
 When ('scap'd the village evening din)  
 I met my lass 'midst Braxfield bow'rs,  
 Or near the falls of Corhouse linn?

While close I clasp'd her to my breast,  
 (Th' idea still with rapture thrills!)  
 I thought myself completely blest,  
 By all the lads of Lanark Mills.

Deceitful, dear, delusive dream,  
 Thou'rt fled—alas! I know not where,  
 Evanish'd is each blissful gleam,  
 And left behind a load of care.  
 Adieu! dear winding banks of Clyde,  
 A long farewell, ye rising hills;  
 No more I'll wander on your side,  
 Tho' still my heart's at Lanark Mills.

While Tintock stands the pride of hills,  
 While Clyde's dark stream rolls to the sea,  
 So long, my dear-lov'd Lanark Mills,  
 May Heav'n's best blessings smile on thee.  
 A last adieu! My Mary dear,  
 The briny tear my eye distills;  
 While reason's pow'rs continue clear,  
 I'll think of thee, and Lanark Mills.



# THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

COWPER.

TUNE—" *Tweedside.*"

WHAT Nature, alas! has denied  
 To the delicate growth of our isle,  
 Art has in a measure supplied,  
 And winter is deck'd with a smile.  
 See, Mary, what beauties I bring  
 From the shelter of that sunny shed,  
 Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,  
 Though abroad they are frozen and dead.





'Tis a bower of arcadian sweets,  
 Where Flora is still in her prime,  
 A fortress to which she retreats,  
 From the cruel assaults of the clime.  
 While earth wears a mantle of snow,  
 These pinks are as fresh and as gay,  
 As the fairest and sweetest, that blow  
 On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd  
 The frowns of a sky so severe;  
 Such Mary's true love that has liv'd  
 Through many a turbulent year.  
 The charms of the late blowing rose  
 Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,  
 And the winter of sorrow best shows  
 The truth of a friend such as you.



## SONG.

LORD LYTTLETON.

TUNE—"Birks of Invermay."

To him that in an hour must die  
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,  
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,  
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give  
 Another day or year to live,  
 Than I to shorten what remains  
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,  
 O! come with all thy heavenly charms,  
 At once to justify and pay  
 The pain I feel from this delay.

## SONG.

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine!  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine!  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
 No more of me you knew,  
     My love!  
 No more of me you knew,  
 "This morn is merry June, I trow  
 The rose is budding faîn;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two met again."—  
 He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
 Upon the river shore,  
 He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
 Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
     My love!  
 And adieu for evermore."



## SONG.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

YE gods! was Strephon's picture blest  
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?  
 Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart,  
 Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.  
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,  
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?  
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,  
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou blest shade, that sweetly art  
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,  
For me the tender hour improve,  
And softly tell how dear I love.  
Ungrateful thing! It scorns to hear  
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,  
Engrossing all that beauteous heaven,  
That Chloe, lavish maid, hath given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord  
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,  
I'd be a miser too, nor give  
An alms to keep a god alive.  
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
On these cold looks, that lifeless air,  
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,  
To life can bring the silent shade:  
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
And real warmth and flames impart.  
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:  
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.



### ANNAN'S WINDING STREAM.

LEWIS:

TUNE—"Gramachree."

ON Annan's banks, in life's gay morn,  
I tun'd my "wood-notes wild,"  
I sung of flocks, and flow'ry plains,  
Like nature's simple child.

Some talk'd of wealth, I heard of fame,  
But thought 'twas all a dream,  
For dear I lov'd the village maid,  
Near Annan's winding stream.

The dew bespangl'd blushing rose,  
The garden's joy and pride,  
Was ne'er so fragrant or so fair  
As her I wish'd my bride,  
The sparkling radiance of her eye,  
Was bright as Phœbus' beam;  
Each grace adorn'd my village maid,  
Near Annan's winding stream.

But war's shrill clarion fiercely blew,  
The sound alarm'd my ear;  
My country's wrongs call'd for redress,  
Could I my aid forbear?  
No—soon in warlike garb array'd,  
With arms that bright did gleam,  
I sigh'd, and left my village maid,  
By Annan's winding stream.

Perhaps blest peace may soon return,  
With all her smiling train;  
For Britain's conquests still proclaim  
Her sov'reign of the main.  
Whene'er that wish'd event appears,  
I'll hail the auspicious gleam,  
And haste to clasp my village maid,  
Near Annan's winding stream.



## SONG.

*Oh! gin ye were but mine lassie,  
Oh! gin ye were but mine lassie,  
I'd be the happiest man alive,  
I'd lead a life divine lassie.*

THERE'S something in that bonnie face,  
 I never saw before lassie,  
 Your actions a' hae sic a grace,  
 I gaze and I adore lassie!

*Oh! gin ye were, &c.*

Though ither eyes may brilliance dart,  
 And bright as diamonds roll, lassie!  
 There's nane but yours shoot through my heart,  
 And soften a' my soul, lassie!

*Oh! gin ye were, &c.*

Each motion shews some grace that's new,  
 That fascinates my eyes, lassie!  
 And though your charms I daily view,  
 I see them with surprise, lassie!

*Oh! gin ye were, &c.*

Sweet is the spring, and sweet the rose,  
 When moisten'd by the shower, lassie!  
 Bright on the thorn the dew-drop glows,  
 At morn's refulgent hour, lassie,—

*Oh! gin ye were, &c.*

But purer, brighter far than these  
 Thou art, and charming more, lassie!  
 Than tongue can tell—I wond'ring gaze—  
 I gaze and I adore, lassie!



### THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

TUNE—"Gramachree."

ONE morning very early, one morning in the Spring,  
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;  
 Her chain she rattled in her hand, while sweetly thus  
 sung she,

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;  
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;  
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've  
ruin'd me,

And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! should it please the pitying Powers to call me to  
the sky,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly,  
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!  
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,  
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;  
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea,  
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast;  
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;  
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;  
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,  
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love  
might spy;

But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see,  
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.



### MY LODGING, &c.

My lodging it is on the cold ground,

And very hard is my fare;

But that which troubles me most, is

The unkindness of my dear:

Yet still I cry, Oh, turn, love!

And I pray thee, love, turn to me;

For thou art the man that I long for;

And, alack! what remedy?

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,  
And I'll marry thee with a rush-ring;  
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,  
And merrily we will sing.  
O turn to me, my dear love!  
And I pray thee, love, turn to me;  
For thou art the man that alone canst  
Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
Then I must endure the smart still,  
And tumble in straw all alone:  
Yet still I cry, Oh, turn, love!  
And I pray thee, love, turn to me;  
For thou art the man that alone art  
The cause of my misery.

~~~~~  
SONG.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

WOULD'ST thou know her sacred charms,  
Who this destin'd heart alarms,  
What kind of nymph the Heavens decree,  
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,  
Who melts to see the tender tear,  
From each ungentle passion free;  
That's the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,  
Who sorrows when she sees me sad;  
For peace and me can pomp resign,  
That's the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows,  
Who feels the blessing she bestows;  
Gentle to all, but kind to me,  
That's the maid that's made for me.

Whose genuine thoughts devoid of art,  
Are all the natives of her heart ;  
A simple train, from falsehood free,  
That's the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ye light coquets, retire,  
Whom glittering fops around admire ;  
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,  
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should love fantastic as he is,  
Raise up some rival to my bliss ;  
And should she change—but can that be ?  
No other maid is made for me.



## SONG.

TUNE—" *Flowers of the forest.*"

I HAVE seen the sadness  
Of love, and its gladness,  
Its shade and its sunshine, its growth and decay ;  
But found its deceiving,  
Its joy and its grieving—  
A vision of slumber that fades with the day.

I have seen the roses,  
Which beauty discloses,  
So blooming and sweet, like the blushes of May ;  
But love swift retiring,  
When youth is expiring,  
Takes the wings of the morning and hies him away.



## 'AE HAPPY HOUR.

LAING.

TUNE—"The cock laird."

THE dark gray o' gloaming,  
 The lone leafy shaw,  
 The coo o' the ring dove,  
 The scent o' the haw,  
 The brae o' the burnie,  
 A' blooming in flower,  
 An' twa faithfu' lovers,  
 Make AE HAPPY HOUR.

A kind winsome wifie,  
 A clean canty hame,  
 An' sweet smiling babies  
 To lisp the dear name;  
 Wi' plenty o' labour,  
 An' health to endure,  
 Make time row around ay  
 The AE HAPPY HOUR.

Ye lost to affection,  
 Whom av'rice can move,  
 To woo, an' to marry,  
 For a' thing but love;  
 Awa' wi' your sorrows,  
 Awa' wi' your store,  
 Ye ken na the pleasures  
 O' AE HAPPY HOUR.



## THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

Go Yarrow flower, thou shalt be blest,  
 To lie on beauteous Mary's breast:  
 Go Yarrow flower so sweetly smelling,  
 Is there on earth so soft a dwelling?

Go lovely flower, thou prettiest flower,  
That ever smil'd on Yarrow bower,  
Go daughter of the dewy morning,  
With Alves' blush the fields adorning.

Go lovely rose, what dost thou here?  
Ling'ring away thy short-liv'd year,  
Vainly shining, idly blooming,  
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,  
No hand to pull, no eye to view;  
What are thy charms no heart desiring?  
What profits beauty none admiring?

Go Yarrow flower to Yarrow maid,  
And on her panting bosom laid,  
There all thy native form confessing,  
The charm of beauty is possessing.

Come Yarrow maid from Yarrow field,  
What pleasure can the desert yield?  
Come to my breast, O! all excelling!  
Is there on earth so kind a dwelling?

Come, my dear maid, thou prettiest maid,  
That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade;  
Come, sister of the dewy morning,  
With Alves' blush the dance adorning.

Come lovely maid, love calls thee here,  
Linger no more thy fleeting year,  
Vainly shining, idly blooming,  
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,  
No hand to dress, no eye to view;  
What are thy charms no heart desiring?  
What profits beauty none admiring?



Come Yarrow maid, with Yarrow rose,  
Thy maiden graces all disclose;  
Come blest by all, to all a blessing,  
The charm of beauty is possessing.



## SONG.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TUNE—" *Logan Braes.*"

Tho' richer swains thy love pursue,  
In Sunday gear and bonnets new;  
And every fair before thee lay  
Their silken gifts with colours gay:  
They love thee not, alas! so well  
As one who sighs and dare not tell;  
Who haunts thy dwelling, night and noon,  
In tatter'd hose, and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,  
My empty folds, my roofless cot;  
Nor hateful pity, proudly shown,  
Nor alter'd looks nor friendship flown;  
Nor yet my dog with lanken sides,  
Who by his master still abides;  
But how will Nan prefer my boon,  
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon!



## CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

RAMSAY.

My Patie is a lover gay,  
His mind is never muddy,  
His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome middle size;  
 He's comely in his wa'king;  
 The shining of his een surprise;  
 'Tis heaven to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a bawk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There monie a kindly word he spak',  
 That set my heart a-glowin.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony;  
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
*O corn rigs are bonnie.*

Let maidens of a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding were design'd,  
 We chastely should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,  
 And syne my cockernony,  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 While corn rigs are bonnie.

### THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

(ORIGINAL.)

'Mong the tombs, like a young widow'd bride,  
 Fair Mary at ev'ning sat weeping;  
 Above her the wintry winds sigh'd,  
 Beneath her her lover lay sleeping.

O'er the past while her thoughts wildly rov'd,  
 Tear drops down her bosom came streaming,  
 Round the turf which inwrap'd her belov'd,  
 Her eyes were in agony beaming.

Her hair, once in gay ringlets bound,  
 Dishevell'd and loosely was flowing,  
 To the breezes that chill'd all around,  
 Her dark silken tresses were blowing.

"And art thou," she loudly did scream,  
 "Now hid from thy Mary for ever;  
 Awake my belov'd from thy dream,  
 Or life shall this breast cherish néver."

Thus shrieking she fell on his tomb,  
 Nor mark'd she the dawn of the morrow;  
 She fell in virginity's bloom,  
 A victim of love, and of sorrow.

Releas'd from the shades of the night,  
 This life's woful troubles all over;  
 On the soft downy wings of delight,  
 Her soul sprung on high to her lover.

B.

~~~~~

## SONG.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

TUNE... "*She rose and let me in.*"

YE shepherds of this pleasant vale  
 Where Yarrow streams along,  
 Forsake your rural toils, and join  
 With my enraptur'd song.

She grants, she yields; one heav'nly smile  
 Atones for long delays,  
 One happy minute crowns the pains  
 Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,  
 These suffering days are o'er,  
 Love satiates now his boundless wish  
 From beauty's boundless store.

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears  
This rising calm destroy,  
Now every prospect smiles around  
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone,  
That dear consenting hour,  
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale  
New colour'd every flower;

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,  
No leaf was seen to move,  
The hov'ring songsters round were mute,  
And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound  
With lambkin's tender cry,  
Without one murmur Yarrow stole  
In dimpling silence by.

All nature seem'd in still repose,  
Her voice alone to hear,  
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave  
Along to bless my ear:

"Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy  
You fondly fancy mine,  
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast  
I render wholly thine."

The woods struck up to the soft gale,  
The leaves were seen to move,  
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,  
And wonder fill'd the grove.

The hills and dales again resound  
With lambkins' tender cry,  
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd  
The song of triumph by.

Above, beneath, around, all one  
 Was verdure, beauty, song,  
 I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,  
 All nature joy'd along.

~~~~~

### SONG.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—" *She rose and let me in.*"

HAD I ne'er seen thee sweet Catharine,  
 Or seeing lov'd thee less;  
 Hadst thou not smil'd like beauty's self,  
 In all thy loveliness,  
 I had not felt what now I feel,  
 My thoughts had still been free;  
 But since the hour I saw thee smile,  
 My every thought's with thee.

Who feels—perhaps thou ne'er shalt know,  
 Or knowing, ne'er may'st see;  
 This thou may'st know, that there is one  
 Whose ev'ry thought's with thee.  
 Should'st thou not know, turn memory's page,  
 And read it o'er and o'er;  
 Think on the pleasures love has given,  
 Or love has yet in store.

Think on the days when love and life,  
 With all their joys were new;  
 When love with all his hours of bliss,  
 As from enchantment grew;  
 When life was like a fairy land,  
 Or like a dream of bliss;  
 Where every scene exalts the soul  
 To perfect happiness.

Think then on one, perchance thou lov'dst,  
 Who doated on thy smile,  
 And ever gaz'd with fond delight,  
 On all thy charms the while.  
 If he's forgot thou'rt not to blame,  
 Nor is the fault with me;  
 For who ere saw thee, lovely maid,  
 And ceased to think on thee.

A.

~~~~~

## HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE.

RAMSAY,

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,  
 Aft cried he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining  
 Mysell thus awa', and daurna discover  
 To my bonnie Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;  
 If she's not my bride, my days are no longer;  
 Then I'll tak' a heart, and try at a venture,  
 Maybe, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-mor-  
 row;

The swaird of the mead, enamell'd wi' daisies,  
 Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,  
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter;  
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,  
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,  
 Struck dumb wi' amaze, my mind is confounded;  
 I'm a' in a fire dear maid to caress ye,  
 For a' my desire is Hay's bonnie lassie.



## SONG.

TUNE—" *I wish my love were in a mire.*"

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile!

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,  
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;  
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,  
My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and died away.



## SONG.

RAMSAY.

TUNE—" *The rock and wee pickle tow.*"

I HAE a green purse and a wee pickle goud,  
A bonny piece land, and planting on't,  
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;  
But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't:  
To grace it, and trace it, and gie me delight,  
To bless me, and kiss me, and comfort my sight,  
With beauty by day, and kindness by night,  
And nae mair my lane gang saunt'ring on't.

My Christy is charming, and good as she's fair;  
Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet;  
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair;  
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou fairest and dearest delight of my mind,  
 Whose gracious embraces by Heav'n were design'd  
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,  
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For trust me sweet Christy, my shepherds and hinds,  
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine;  
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,  
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.  
 Then hear me, and cheer me with smiling consent,  
 Believe me, and give me no cause to lament,  
 Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,  
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.



### THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

CUNNINGHAM.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to the grove,  
 To hide from the rigours of day;  
 And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,  
 Among the sweet violets lay;  
 A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam,  
 ('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,)
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,  
 Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,  
 He saw the sweet maid with surprise;  
 "Ye gods! if so killing," he cried, "when she sleeps,  
 "I'm lost when she opens her eyes!  
 "To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,  
 "I'll onward my lambkin to trace:"  
 In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,  
 For love held him nail'd to the place.

VOL. I. E e

" Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they  
 " keep,  
 " (He cry'd,) you're too loud on the spray;  
 " Dont you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep!  
 " You'll awake her as sure as 'tis day:  
 " How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!  
 " Her cheek he mistakes for a rose;  
 " I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid  
 " My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:  
 " Kind shepherd," she said, " you mistake;  
 " I laid myself down just to rest me a while;  
 " But trust me have still been awake;"  
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,  
 He plac'd himself close by her side;  
 And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,  
 But yesterday made her his bride.



## SONG.

EDWARD MOORE.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,  
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;  
 I dwell on her praises, wherever I go;  
 They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no;  
*They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.*

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see  
 A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea!"  
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below!  
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no;  
*But say, &c.*

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain;  
 Again, I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny, again:  
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow;  
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no;  
*But say, &c.*

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee;  
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me;  
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so:  
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no;  
*Who knows, &c.*

From beauty and wit, and good humour, ah why  
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly:  
 Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,  
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No;  
*And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.*

~~~~~  
 OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

"TUNE—" *Katherine Ogle.*"

As I went forth to view the spring,  
 Which Flora had adorned  
 In raiment fair; now every thing  
 The rage of winter scorned;  
 I cast mine eye, and did espy  
 A youth who made great clamour;  
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,  
 Hard by a murm'ring river,  
 And mournfully his doleful song  
 With sighs he did deliver;  
 Ah! Jenny's face has comely grace,  
 Her locks that shine like lamer,  
 With burning rays have e'dt my days;  
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancing een like comets sheen,  
 The morning sun outshining,  
 Have pierc'd my heart with Cupid's dart,  
 And make me die with pining.  
 Durst I complain Nature's to blame,  
 So curiously to frame her,  
 Whose beauties rare, make me with care,  
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,  
Be partners of my mourning,  
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,  
Condemn her for her scorning;  
Let every tree a witness be,  
How justly I may blame her;  
Ye chanting birds, note these my words,  
Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,  
She long had been admired,  
And been ador'd for virtues rare,  
Which of life now makes me tired.  
Thus said, his breath began to fail,  
He could not speak but stammer;  
He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,  
I ran in haste to save him,  
But quickly he resign'd his breath,  
So deep the wound love gave him.  
Now for his sake this vow I'll make,  
My tongue shall ay defame her,  
While on his hearse, I'll write this verse,  
Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my mind  
Upon the matter rightly,  
And found, though Cupid he be blind,  
He proves in pith most mighty.  
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,  
And Vulcan with his hammer,  
Did ever prove the slaves of love;  
For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,  
Which gods and men keep under,  
That nothing can his bonds remove,  
Or torments break asunder:

Nor wise nor fool need go to school  
 To learn this from his grammar;  
 His heart's the book where he's to look  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.



## THE WOODS O' THE GLORAT.

MUIR.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—"The Banks o' the Devon."

THE woods o' the Glorat, the braes rude and craggy,  
 Have charms will for ever be dear unto me;  
 These woods an' these braes they encircle my Peggy;—  
 Even Venus herself was not fairer than she.  
 She is straight and she's tall as the pine in the valley,  
 That waves its high head to the soft swelling breeze;  
 My fancy around her is fluttering daily,  
 A fondness that robs me for ever of ease.

She is sweet as the primrose, wi' dew's o' the morning  
 Hung roun' its soft blossom beneath a lone spray;  
 Her eye is as mild as the sun-beam adorning  
 The grey misty mountain wi' new-coming day;  
 She is kind as the dam on the hills high above her,  
 When mourning its offspring if absent a while;  
 The tale o' distress, or the plaints o' a lover,  
 Can move her compassion, or soften her smile.

She is all I would wish, ah! to make me contented,  
 She is all that perfection can model to me;  
 I see in my Peggy, though lately acquainted,  
 How happy in Peggy's embraces I'd be.  
 She is doom'd to depart frae the woods o' the Glorat,  
 An' leave a' the bushes to sigh for her charms,  
 She is doom'd to depart, but tho' nature deplore it,  
 Exulting I'll clasp the dear nymph to my arms,



## THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

EDWARD MOORE.

How blest has my time been? what joys have I known,  
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?  
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.  
*That freedom, &c.*

Thro' walks grown with woodbine, as often we stray,  
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;  
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,  
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.  
*And borrow, &c.*

To try her sweet temper, oftentimes I am seen,  
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;  
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.  
*And meets, &c.*

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,  
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro':  
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.  
*And gives, &c.*

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,  
 And cheat with false vows, the too credulous fair;  
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,  
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.  
*To hold, &c.*

## GRAMACHREE.

MR. POE.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,  
 One evening in May,  
 The little birds in blithest notes  
 Made vocal every spray:

They sung their little tales of love,  
They sung them o'er and o'er,  
*Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenougho,*  
*Ma Molly Ashtore!*

The daisy pied, and all the sweets  
The dawn of nature yields;  
The primrose pale, the violet blue,  
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies  
Of her whom I adore.  
*Ah Gramachree, &c.*

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Bewailing my sad fate,  
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,  
And cruel Molly's hate:  
How can she break the honest heart  
That wears her in its core?  
*Ah Gramachree, &c.*

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear;  
Ah! why did I believe?  
Yet who could think such tender words  
Were meant but to deceive?  
That love was all I ask'd on earth;  
Nay, heav'n could give no more.  
*Ah Gramachree, &c.*

Oh had I all the flocks that graze  
On yonder verdant hill,  
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds  
That yon green pasture fill;  
With her I love I'd gladly share  
My kine and fleecy store.  
*Ah Gramachree, &c.*

Two turtle-doves above my head  
Sat courting on a bough;  
I envied not their happiness,  
To see them bill and coo:



Such fondness once for me she shew'd;  
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er.  
*Ah Gramachree, &c.*

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,  
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn;  
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,  
 'Twill beat for thee alone:  
 Tho' thou art false, may heaven on thee  
 Its choicest blessings pour!  
*Ah Gramachree, &c.*

~~~~~  
 SONG.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves,  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom  
 So fair on Cowden-knowes;  
 For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,  
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader haughs, and Leader side,  
 Oh! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on Cowden-knowes;  
 For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,  
May with this broom compare;  
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,  
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knowes,  
My peaceful happy home,  
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,  
At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains  
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,  
Convey me to the best of swains,  
And my lov'd Cowden-knowes.



## SONG.

DEFEND my heart, benignant pow'rs,  
From am'rous looks and smiles;  
And shield me, in my gayer hours,  
From love's destructive wiles:  
In vain let sighs and melting tears  
Employ their moving art,  
Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs  
E'er triumph in my heart.

Let others, fond of empty praise,  
Each wanton art display,  
While fops and fools in raptures gaze,  
And sigh their souls away:  
Far other dictates I pursue,  
(My bliss in virtue plac'd),  
And seek to please the wiser few,  
Who real worth can taste.

To fly like bird, from grove to grove,  
To wander like the bee;  
To sip of sweets, and taste of love,  
Is not enough for me:

No flutt'ring passions wake my breast;  
 I wish the place to find,  
 Where fate may give me peace and rest,  
 One shepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay,  
 Nor try on all my pow'r;  
 Nor future pleasures throw away,  
 In toyings for an hour.  
 I would not reign the general toast,  
 Be prais'd by all the town;  
 A thousand tongues on me are lost,  
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flatt'ring train,  
 Who swarm at beauty's shrine,  
 When youth's gay charms are in the wane,  
 Will court their sure decline?  
 Then fops, and wits, and beaux forbear,  
 Your arts will never do;  
 For one fond youth shall be my care,  
 Life's chequer'd season through.

My little heart shall love a home,  
 A warm and shelter'd nest;  
 No giddy flights shall make me roam  
 From where I most am blest:  
 With love, and only that, dear swain,  
 What tranquil joys I see!  
 Farewell ye false inconstant train!  
 For one is all to me.

~~~~~  
 SUSANNA.

GAY.

'Twas when the seas were roaring  
 With hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 All on a rock reclin'd;

Wide o'er the foaming billows,  
She cast a wishful look;  
Her head was crown'd with willows  
That trembl'd o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,  
And nine long tedious days;  
Why didst thou vent'rous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the seas?  
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,  
And let my lover rest;  
Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,  
Views tempests with despair;  
But what's the loss of treasure  
To losing of my dear?  
Should you some coast be laid on,  
Where gold and diamonds grow,  
You'd find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature  
Has nothing made in vain?  
Why then, beneath the water  
Do hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes the rocks discover  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear:  
When o'er the white waves stooping,  
His floating corpse she spied;  
Then, like a lily drooping,  
She bow'd her head,—and died.

## SONG.

PRIOR.

THE merchant to secure his treasure,  
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:  
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;  
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;  
When Chloe noted her desire  
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
But with my numbers mix my sighs:  
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd:  
I sung and gaz'd; I play'd and trembl'd:  
And Venus, to the loves around  
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled,



## SONG.

SOON as the day begins to waste,  
Straight to the well known door I haste,  
And rapping, there I'm forc'd to stay,  
While Molly hides her work with care,  
Adjusts her tucker and her hair,  
And nimble Beckie scours away.

Ent'ring, I see in Molly's eyes  
 A sudden smiling joy arise,  
 As quickly check'd by virgin shame:  
 She drops a curt'sy, steals a glance,  
 Receives a kiss, one step advance,  
 If such I love, am I to blame?

I sit, and talk of twenty things,  
 Of South-Sea stock, or death of kings,  
 While only Yes or No cries Molly;  
 As cautious she conceals her thoughts,  
 As others do their private faults;  
 Is this her prudence, or her folly?

Parting, I kiss her lip and cheek,  
 I hang about her snowy neck,  
 And say, Farewell, my dearest Molly  
 Yet still I hang, and still I kiss,  
 Ye learned sages, say, is this  
 In me th' effect of love, or folly?

No; both by sober reason move,  
 She prudence shows, and I true love,  
 No charge of folly can be laid:  
 Then, till the marriage rites proclaim'd  
 Shall join our hands, let us be nam'd,  
 The constant swain and virtuous maid.



SONG.

WM. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
 And Jessy has undone me;  
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how,  
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,  
 For there no graces revel;  
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,  
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
 There's nothing more than common;  
 'Tis not her sense, for that's but chat,  
 Like any other woman.  
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;  
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither;  
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm  
 Of Jessy altogether.



## SONG.

THOMSON.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,  
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
 But to the sympathetic groves,  
 But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,  
 Oh, when her footsteps next are seen  
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,  
 In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
 To whom the tears of love are dear,  
 From dying lilies waft a gale,  
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,  
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind;  
 Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame  
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel, eyes  
With chaster tenderness his care,  
Not purer her own wishes rise,  
Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.

But if at first, her virgin fear,  
Should start at love's suspected name,  
With that of friendship soothe her ear—  
True love and friendship are the same.



## SONG.

On the wild braes of Calder, I found a fair lily,  
All drooping with dew in the breath of the morn,  
A lily more fair never bloom'd in the valley,  
Nor rose, the gay garden of art to adorn.  
Sweet, sweet, was the fragrance this lily diffused,  
As blushing, all lonely, it rose on the view,  
But scanty its shelter, to reptiles exposed,  
And every chill blast from the cold north that blew.  
Beneath yon green hill, a small field I had planted,  
Where the light leafy hazel hangs over the burn;  
And a flower such as this, to complete it, was wanted,  
A flower that might mark the gay season's return,  
Straight home to adorn it, I bore this fair lily,  
Where, at morn, and at even, I have watch'd it with care;  
And blossoming still, it is queen of the valley,  
The glory of Spring, and the pride of the year.

Z.



## SMILING NANNETTE.

NANNETTE, in the garment of poverty clad,  
Has an eye ever smiling, a heart ever glad;  
Life's cares she defies, and she laughs at the wind,  
For health guards her body, and virtue her mind.



To rise with the lark, and to join in his song,  
 She loves to be early the woodlands among,  
 Of rural content you'll in vain try to get  
 A brighter example than smiling Nannette.

The dew-drop of morning illum'd by the sun,  
 Resembles her eye, when her labour is done;  
 And the mild summer's eve, when the sun goes to rest,  
 Is not more serene than her innocent breast.  
 Forbear then to tempt me with splendour or wealth,  
 She brings me enough who brings virtue and health;  
 And the choicest of blessings I'll think I have met,  
 In the grateful endearments of smiling Nannette.



### WANDERING WILLIE.

BURNS.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie;  
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;  
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,  
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.  
 Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,  
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,  
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,  
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,  
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.  
 But oh! If he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;  
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

## MY NATIVE CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"The Dusky Glen."

SAIR sair was my heart, when I parted frae my Jean,  
 An' sair sair I sigh'd while the tears stood in my een,  
 For my daddie is but poor, and my fortune is sae sma',  
 It gars me leave my native Caledonia.  
 When I think on days now gane, an' sae happy's I hae  
 been,  
 While wand'ring wi' my dear, where the primrose blows  
 unseen,  
 I'm wae to leave my lassie, and my daddie's simple ha',  
 Or the hills an' healthfu' breeze o' Caledonia.  
 But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,  
 Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever been;  
 Then tho' ills on ills befa' me, for her I'll bear them a',  
 Though aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.  
 But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still be  
 true,  
 Then blaw ye fav'ring breezes, till my native land I view;  
 Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heartfelt  
 tear shall fa',  
 And never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

~~~~~  
HARK, HARK FROM THE SHORE!

G. FORRESTER.

HARK, Hark from the shore! 'tis a perishing cry!  
 It is night, and the storm rages wild;  
 'Tis some poor founder'd bark, and no help for them  
 nigh,  
 Haste Nancy, O run my dear child.  
 Haste Nancy, O run my dear child.  
 Nan flew to the beach, where the proud swelling wave  
 Came rolling, and broke on the shore.  
 Again the voice loudly cried, Help me, O save—  
 It ceas'd midst the waves' dashing roar.

And now the rude swell brought the object in view,—  
 She rush'd in, the victim to save;  
 The youth faintly utter'd, Heav'ns! Nan, is it you!  
 He grasp'd her, and sunk in the wave.

The mother came weeping, no Nancy could find,  
 She wander'd and scream'd on the shore;  
 Till the dawn of the morn, like a spirit unkind,  
 Show'd a wreck, and the lovers no more.

~~~~~

### KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

ROBIN is my only jo,  
 For Robin has the art to loe;  
 Sae to his suit I mean to bow,  
 Because I ken he loes me.  
 Happy happy was the show'r,  
 That led me to his birken bow'r,  
 Whare first of love I fand the pow'r,  
 And kend that Robin loed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,  
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings;  
 And name a thousand bonnie things,  
 And ca' them signs he loes me;  
 But I'd prefer a smak o' Rob,  
 When seated on the velvet fog;  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,  
 Because I ken he loes me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,  
 Loed by a', and dear to me,  
 Wi' him I'd livè, wi' him I'd die,  
 Because my Robin loes me.  
 My titty Mary said to me,  
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
 And I ere lang be made to see,  
 That Robin did na loe me.

But little kens she what has been  
Me and my honest Rob between,  
And in his wooing, O sae keen,  
Kind Robin is that loes me.  
Then fly ye lazy hours away,  
And hasten on the happy day,  
When "Join your hands," Mess John shall say,  
And mak him mine that loes me.

Till then let every chance unite,  
To fix our love and give delight,  
And I'll look down on such wi' spite,  
Wha doubt that Robin loes me.  
O hey Robin, quo she,  
O hey Robin, quo she,  
O hey Robin, quo she,  
Kind Robin loes me.



## I DO CONFESS THOU'RT SMOOTH AND FAIR.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
And I might have gone near to love thee;  
Had I not found the slightest prayer  
That lips could speak, had power to move thee:  
But I can let thee now alone,  
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
Thy favours are but like the wind,  
That kisseth every thing it meets.  
And since thou canst with more than one,  
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,  
 Arm'd with her briars doth sweetly smell;  
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,  
 Her sweets no longer with her dwell;  
 But scent and beauty both are gone,  
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
 When thou hast handled been awhile!  
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,  
 And I shall sigh, while some will smile  
 To see thy love to every one  
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!



### MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.

As I came down the Canno-gate,  
 The Canno-gate, the Canno-gate,  
 As I came down the Canno-gate,  
 I heard a lassie sing, O;  
     *Merry may the keel rowe,*  
     *The keel rowe, the keel rowe,*  
     *Merry may the keel rowe,*  
     *The ship that my love's in, O!*

My love has breath o' roses,  
 O' roses, o' roses,  
 Wi' arms o' lily posies,  
 To fauld a lassie in, O.  
     *Merry may, &c.*

My love he wears a bonnet,  
 A bonnet, a bonnet,  
 A snawy rose upon it,  
 A dimple on his chin, O.  
     *Merry may, &c.*

## MARY'S DREAM.

LOWE.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,  
That rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tow'r and tree :  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Say, Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
Her head, to ask who there might be ;  
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With visage pale and hollow e'e ;  
O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
Far far from thee I sleep in death,  
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We toss'd upon the raging main,  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
My heart was fill'd with love for thee :  
The storm is past, and I at rest,  
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more.  
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see ;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me ! "

## THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

MR. DUDGEON.

Up amang yon clifty rocks,  
Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
To the maid that tends the goats,  
Lilting o'er her native notes.

Hark, she sings, " Young Sandy's kind,  
An' he's promis'd ay to loe me;  
Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine,  
Till he's fairly married to me;  
Drive away ye drone Time,  
An' bring about our bridal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.  
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
Hardy as the highland heather,  
Wading through the winter snow,  
Keeping ay his flock together;  
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

" Brawly he can dance and sing  
Canty glee or highland cronach;  
Nane can ever match his fling,  
At a reel, or round a ring;  
Wightly can he wield a rung,  
In a brawl he's ay the bangster:  
A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
By the langest-winded sangster.  
Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang."

## ALLAN WATER.

RAMSAY.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat!  
What verse be found to praise my Annie!  
On her ten thousand graces wait;  
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonnie.  
Since first she trode the happy plain,  
She set each youthful heart on fire;  
Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,  
This new delight, this charming Annie,  
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.  
All day the am'rous youths convene,  
Joyous they sport and play before her;  
All night, when she no more is seen,  
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,  
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;  
His rising sighs express his flame,  
His words were few, his wishes many.  
With smiles the lovely maid repli'd,  
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?  
Alas! your love must be deny'd,  
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,  
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
He stole away my virgin heart;  
Cease, poor Amyntor! cease bewailing;  
Some brighter beauty you may find,  
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;  
Then choose some heart that's unconfin'd,  
And leave to Damon his own Annie.



## WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH.

TUNE—"O Jean, I love thee."

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,  
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;  
 But whilst I strive these to remove,  
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.  
 My captiv'd fancy day and night,  
 Fairer and fairer represents  
 Belinda form'd for dear delight,  
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,  
 And sighing hear from every tree  
 The happy birds chirping their loves,  
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.  
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings,  
 To rest fans every wearied wight,  
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,  
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,  
 And all the graces in her train,  
 With melting smiles and killing air,  
 Appears the cause of all my pain.  
 A while my mind delighted flies  
 O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy,  
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,  
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,  
 I'm all o'er transport and desire,  
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear  
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.  
 When to myself I turn my view,  
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan,  
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,  
 I scarcely look or move a man.

## WITHIN THE VALE OF CLYDE.

TUNE—"Gramachree."

ADMIRING nature's simple charms,  
 I left my humble home,  
 Awhile my country's peaceful plains  
 With pilgrim step to roam :  
 ' mark'd the leafy summer wave  
 On flowing Irvine's side,  
 But richer far's the robe she wears,  
 Within the vale of Clyde.

I roam'd the braes of bonny Doon,  
 The winding banks of Ayr,  
 Where flutters many a small bird gay,  
 Blooms many a flow'ret fair;  
 But dearer far to me the stem  
 That once was Calder's pride,  
 And blossoms now, the fairest flower,  
 Within the vale of Clyde.

Avaunt! thou life-repressing north!  
 Ye withering east winds too!  
 But come, thou all-reviving west,  
 Breathe soft thy genial dew;  
 Until at length, in peaceful age,  
 This lovely floweret shed  
 Its last green leaf upon my tomb,  
 Within the vale of Clyde.

Z.

## HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

THOUGH distant far from Jessy's charms,  
 I stretch in vain my longing arms;  
 Though parted by the deeps of sea,  
 Her absence shall not alter me.

Vo-L. I.

G g

Though beauteous nymphs I see around,  
A Chloris, Flora, might be found,  
Or Phillis with her roving eye,  
Her absence shall not alter me.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,  
Inconstant lovers may beguile,  
But to my lass I'll constant be,  
Nor shall her absence alter me.  
Though laid on India's burning coast,  
Or on the wide Atlantic tost,  
My mind from love no power could free,  
Nor could her absence alter me.

See how the flow'r that courts the sun,  
Pursues him till his race is run;  
See how the needle seeks the pole,  
Nor distance can its power controul;  
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,  
The needle to the pole prove true,  
Like them shall I not faithful be,  
Or shall her absence alter me?

Ask, who has seen the turtle dove  
Unfaithful to its marrow prove?  
Or who the bleating ewe has seen  
Desert her lambkin on the green?  
Shall beasts and birds, inferior far  
To us, display their love and care?  
Shall they in union sweet agree,  
And shall her absence alter me?

For conq'ring love is strong as death,  
Like veh'ment flames his pow'rful breath,  
Through floods unmov'd his course he keeps,  
Ev'n through the sea's devouring deeps.  
His veh'ment flames my bosom burn,  
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;  
My faithful Jessy then shall see,  
Her absence has not alter'd me.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,  
When in soft flames souls equal burn;  
But words are wanting to discover  
The torments of a hopeless lover.  
Ye registers of heaven relate,  
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,  
Did you there see mark'd for my marrow  
Mary Scot, the Flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair;  
Her love the gods above must share,  
While mortals with despair explore her,  
And at a distance due adore her.  
O lovely maid, my doubts beguile,  
Revive and bless me with a smile;  
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a  
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
My Mary's tender as she's fair;  
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,  
She is too good to let me languish:  
With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
The folks who dwell above the sky;  
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,  
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.



GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

BURNS.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' were na for the lasses, O.  
*Green grow the rashes, O,  
Green grow the rashes, O,  
The sweetest hours that ere I spent,  
Were spent among the lasses, O.*

The warly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O;  
An' though at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

*Green grow, &c.*

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie, O;  
An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

*Green grow, &c.*

For you sae douae, ye sneer at this,  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

*Green grow, &c.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O.

*Green grow, &c.*

---

SONG.

BURNS.

TUNE—"Loch Erroch Side."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,  
Her blush is like the mornin',  
The rosy dawn the springin' grass,  
With early gems adornin'.  
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
That gild the passing shower,  
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,  
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,  
 A richer die has grac'd them,  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them.  
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,  
 When feather'd pairs are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her,  
 As blooming spring unbends the brow  
 Of surly, savage winter.  
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain  
 Her winning pow'rs to lessen;  
 And fretful envy grips in vain,  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,  
 From ev'ry ill defend her;  
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth  
 The destinies intend her;  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame  
 Responsive in each bosom;  
 And bless the dear parental name  
 With many a filial blossom.



SONG.

CHARLES GRAY.

THE bloom o' youth's on Nancy's cheek,  
 An' love beams saftly in her e'e;  
 Her auburn looks sae smooth an' sleek,  
 I own, hae quite enchanted me;  
 Her cottage stands on yonder hill,  
 My way lies thro' yon lonesome grove;  
 But, tho' the night's baith dark an' chill,  
 I will gae see the lass I love!

For what is wind or what is weat,  
 Or a' the terrors o' the night,  
 Or what is snaw, or what is sleet,  
 When gaun to meet my heart's delight?  
 Nor snaw, nor sleet shall frighten me,  
 I'll tak' my plaid an' out I'll rove,  
 I'll pass the grove, an' hill sae hie,  
 And syne I'll see the lass I love!

Her een are like twa blobs o' dew,  
 That sparkle on the flow'ry thorn;  
 Her breast is o' the lily's hue,  
 Her face is fairer than the morn;  
 But a' her charms an' native grace  
 Had never power my heart to move,  
 Gif virtue too had not a place,  
 In the sweet bonnie lass I love!

Ae kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou,  
 A kind look frae her sparklin' e'e,  
 A squeeze o' her fair hand, I trow,  
 Far, far owre-pays a' toil to me!  
 I envy not the rich or great,  
 Sae lang as she does constant prove;  
 For what is a' the pomp o' state,  
 Compared wi' the sweet lass I love?

~~~~~  
 MY APRON DEARIE.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

My sheep I neglected, and left my sheep-hook,  
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,  
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,  
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do!  
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!  
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;  
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.

*O what had, &c.*

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;  
 Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
 The moments neglected return not again.

*O what had, &c.*



### SONG.

TUNE—"Jockey's far awa."

(ORIGINAL.)

THERE is a thought that leaves me not,  
 It coils around my heart,  
 And clings sae fondly to its hold,  
 It never will depart;  
 And while I muse it o'er with joy,  
 The world is like a dream,  
 And pleasure rolls away like time,  
 In one unbroken stream.

I ponder o'er't at other times,  
 Till all the world's forgot,  
 Its joys, its pains, its pleasures, all  
 To me are as a blot.  
 Around my heart 'tis so entwin'd,  
 While thought remains with me,  
*It will remain*, and sovereign reign,  
 For, Mary, it is Thee!



## MARY, LOVE ME!

By the kiss so truly tender,  
 When the fond tear struggles out,  
 By the thousand sighs we render,  
 When convuls'd with maddening doubt—  
*Mary, love me, only love me,  
 Love me tenderly and true;  
 Oh but love me, only love me,  
 As, my Mary, I love you.*

By the feeling tinge of sadness,  
 O'er thy brow so dearly dealt,  
 By the melancholy madness,  
 You and I so oft have felt—  
*Mary, &c.*

By the softness so endearing,  
 O'er thy form and features, shed  
 By the light of love, careering  
 In thine eyes and round thy head—  
*Mary, &c.*



## SONG.

(ORIGINAL.)

TUNE—"My ain kind Dearie, O."

I've seen the smiling summer sun  
 Make nature's face a' cheery, O,  
 And winter's cauld and gloomy face  
 Make a' look dull and dreary, O;  
 These change with me when her I see,  
 With whom I'm never weary, O,  
 Her smiles make gay the winter day,  
 Her frown makes summer dreary, O.

I find my joys are with her plac'd,  
 And she kens that fu' clearly, O,  
 For she takes pleasure sporting with  
 The heart that loes her dearly, O.  
 For when she sits with sullen frown,  
 My heart gangs tapsalteerie, O,  
 And anxious seeks the joy that's flown,  
 The smiles o' my ain dearie, O.

O warldly cares I hae my share,  
 And aft they've made me eerie, O,  
 An' made me fret aft wi' my lot,  
 When a' look'd dull and drearie, O.  
 While travelling through life's wilderness,  
 Ev'n should my path be briery, O,  
 I'll be content if I possess  
 The smiles of my ain dearie, O.

A.



# AH 'TIS FOR THEE I GRIEVE.

PROFESSOR W. SMITH, CAMBRIDGE.

(Written for this Work.)

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

Ah! 'tis for thee I grieve,  
 Mary, my love;  
 Hope must no more deceive—  
 Mary, my love.  
 Oh! had I ever guess'd  
 Fortunes, like these distress'd,  
 I ne'er my vows had press'd—  
 Mary, my love.

Here in unnotic'd shade,  
 Mary, my love,  
 Here must thy beauties fade,  
 Mary, my love.  
 Thou, that might'st grace a throne,  
 Here in this cottage lone,  
 —Hard is thy fate, I own,  
 Mary, my love.

But thou art still the same—  
 Mary, my love;  
 No word, no look of blame,  
 Mary, my love.  
 Loud, loud blows the storm around,  
 But thy sweet voice is found,  
 Soft as the turtle's sound—  
 Mary, my love.

As the clouds darker rise,  
 Mary, my love,  
 Fresh grow the rainbow's dyes,  
 Mary, my love.  
 'Tis thus true love is known,  
 Brightest in sorrow shown:  
 —Take all my heart thine own,  
 Mary, my love.



### GLOOMY THE MORN AND DARK THE SEA.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

(*Written for this Work.*)

TUNE—"The Twining o' the Plaiding."

GLOOMY the morn, and dark the sea,  
 When my dear laddie left me;  
 The swelling sails how swift they flee,  
 While they've of joy bereft me.

Methinks I see him take his stand  
 On deck so firm and steady,  
 And distant when he wav'd his hand,  
 I knew his tartan plaidy.

Alas! how heavy pass the days,  
 In absence and in sorrow;  
 While war and death, a thousand ways,  
 Still make me dread the morrow.  
 Oh! that ambition were at rest,  
 And I the captain's lady,  
 Should with my soldier be so blest,  
 Wrapt in his tartan plaidy.



## HOW SWEET IS THE GLOAMING.

ALEX. FULLARTON.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

How sweet is the gloaming, when carelessly roaming,  
 The red setting sun sinking low in the west,  
 The moon faintly beaming, one star lovely gleaming,  
 As gradually Nature sinks down into rest.  
 Then by the pure fountain, beside the steep mountain,  
 I wander, Eliza, to muse upon thee,  
 My heart fondly wishing its ae darling blessing,  
 That thou wad be constant to love and to me.

Then tho' the sea part us, dame fortune desert us,  
 And tear me reluctant away from thy arms,  
 Yet, aft on my pillow, when toss'd on the billow,  
 I'll pleasantly dream I possess all thy charms.  
 And when sad I waken, and find I'm mistaken,  
 And thrice have given vent to the heart-rending sigh,  
 Bright hope soot returning, will ease my fond mourning,  
 And soothingly whisper we'll meet bye and bye.

## NOW THE CHILL HOARY BLASTS.

M'LAREN.

Now the chill hoary blasts of the winter are o'er,  
And the light hearted warblers chirp mournful no more,  
But amorous ditties resound thro' the groves,  
The haunt of their pleasures, the seat of their loves.  
From the bee on the flow'r to the bird on the spray  
All welcome the smile of the genial day;  
Then why, lovely *Jessy*, for ever destroy  
The bloom of thy youth midst the general joy?

See the roses of summer, how gladly they shine!—  
Their fate, lovely fair, is an emblem of thine;  
Their bosoms they spread to the clear azure sky,  
And exultingly laugh in the passenger's eye;  
But ah! cruel fortune! ah fond foolish flower!  
A few summer suns, and thy splendour is o'er;  
For the dark clouds of heaven are gathering fast,  
And thy fortune is borne on the wings of the blast.

But a lovelier prospect appears to the view,  
A prospect more fitting the fortune of you;  
'Tis the leaf-cover'd elm with its arms spreading wide,  
And the green ivy tendrils that cling to its side.  
Tho' the furious blasts of the winter assail,  
And the green leaves of summer spread far o'er the vale,  
Still, in friendship united, they ever remain,  
And smile at the storms that attack them in vain.

So, *Jessy*, my love, ere thy roses decay,  
And thy bright beam of summer has faded away,  
Thy cold icy frowns and thy sorrows resign,  
And in conjugal love bind thy fortune to mine.  
Then I, like the elm tree that smiles at the blast,  
And thou, like the ivy that clings to its breast,  
In friendship united will ever remain,  
And laugh at the storms that attack us in vain.

# INDEX.

## VOLUME FIRST.

| AUTHORS.                                           |                         |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| A bankrupt in trade; fortune frowning on shore,    | 256                     |
| A beautiful face and a form without fault, ...     | 268                     |
| Adieu romantic banks o' Clyde, ...                 | Lewis, 306              |
| Admiring nature's simple charms, ...               | 349                     |
| Ae morn o' May, when fields were gay, ...          | Lewis, 294              |
| Again the breeze blaw thro' the trees, ...         | Nicholson, 166          |
| Ah Mary, sweetest maid, farewell, ...              | 188                     |
| Ah see, my love, how time resumes, ...             | Waller, 238             |
| Ah 'tis for thee I grieve, ...                     | Smyth, 357              |
| Ah where can fly my souls true love, ...           | 183                     |
| Ah why must words my flame reveal, ...             | 300                     |
| Alake for the lassie she's no right at a', ...     | 246                     |
| Altho' thou maun never be mine, ...                | Burns, 35               |
| Amang the birks sae blythe and gay, ...            | Cunningham, 40          |
| And are ye sure the news is true, ...              | W. J. Mickle, 54        |
| And auld Robin Forbes has gien them a dance, ...   | 227                     |
| An' O for aye and twenty, Tam, ...                 | Burns, 189              |
| And wilt thou weep when I am low, ...              | Lord Byron, 284         |
| A rose-bud by my early walk, ...                   | Burns, 151              |
| As walking forth to view the plain, ...            | 15                      |
| A shape alone let others prize, ...                | Athenaside, 286         |
| As I came by Loch Erroch side, ...                 | 41                      |
| As on the transport's dusky side, ...              | Mrs. J. Hunter, 176     |
| As I gaed down the water side, ...                 | Pagan, 133              |
| As Nancy at her toilette sat, ...                  | Prior, 295              |
| As I went forth to view the Spring, ...            | 322                     |
| As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, ...            | Mr. Poe, 330            |
| As I came down the Cannogate, ...                  | 344                     |
| Auld lucky sat forepent the bleeze, ...            | Cunningham, 262         |
| A weary body's blythe when the sun gangs down, ... | 260                     |
| A weary lot is thine, fair maid, ...               | Walter Scott, 309       |
| Away, let nought to love displeasing, ...          | Mr. Gilbert Cooper, 149 |
| Awake, my fair, the morning springs, ...           | Barclay, 151            |
| Behind yon hills where Lugar flows, ...            | Burns, 37               |
| Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, ...                      | Ramsay, 97              |
| Betty early gone a Maying, ...                     | 176                     |
| Blythe young Bess to Jean did say, ...             | Rev. Mr. Morehead, 79   |

|                                                         |                                 |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----|
| Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,     | Tannahill,                      | 156 |
| Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,                       | Sappho, translated by Phillips, | 324 |
| Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,                     | Burns,                          | 46  |
| Bonnie lassie will ye go,                               | ...                             | 106 |
| Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride,                      | Hamilton of Bangour,            | 302 |
| By the side o' yon river as Bessy sat sighing,          | ...                             | 21  |
| By the banks o' the chrystal-stream'd Esk,              | W. J. Mackie,                   | 56  |
| By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,                   | J. Mayne,                       | 68  |
| By Oughtertyre grows the aik,                           | Burns,                          | 136 |
| By the side o' yon cleugh, where the burnie rins still, | ...                             | 201 |
| By Fillan's wild and lonely streams,                    | ...                             | 288 |
| By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,            | Ramsay,                         | 323 |

|                                                 |                        |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|------------------------|-----|
| Could winter is awa, my love,                   | ...                    | 198 |
| Can any length of years gone by,                | ...                    | 297 |
| Coming through the craigs o' Kyle,              | Jean Glover,           | 79  |
| Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa', | Macniel,               | 80  |
| Come Annie, let us kiss our fill,               | ...                    | 108 |
| Come gentle maidens, gather round,              | Mrs. J. Hunter,        | 125 |
| Come live with me, and be my love,              | Marlow,                | 154 |
| Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,         | Mrs. Barbauld,         | 159 |
| Come Davie, I'll tell thee a secret,            | Anderson,              | 302 |
| Could ye guess for I ill can repeat,            | Michael Woodfall, Esq. | 361 |

|                                                     |               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------|-----|
| Dark rolling Dee, with thy heath cover'd mountains, | Nicholson,    | 167 |
| Dear Annie, while thus beyond measure,              | Prior,        | 168 |
| Despairing beside a clear stream,                   | Rowe,         | 180 |
| Defend my heart benignant powers,                   | ...           | 338 |
| Deil tak the wars that hurried Willie from me,      | D'Urfy,       | 164 |
| Did ever swain a nymph adore,                       | Lord Binning, | 280 |
| Down the burn and thro' the mead,                   | ...           | 288 |
| Draw near ye warblers wild in wee,                  | ...           | 287 |

|                                   |           |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|-----|
| Erewhile on the gloom of my fate, | Byss,     | 300 |
| Evening sheds her gems o' dew,    | Mr. Bell, | 146 |

|                                            |                 |     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----------------|-----|
| Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean, | Ramsay,         | 169 |
| Far from hope, and lost to pleasure,       | Mrs. J. Hunter, | 119 |
| Far from me my love is fled,               | Do,             | 121 |
| For the sake o' gold she has left me, O,   | Dr. Austin,     | 138 |
| From glazing show and giddy noise,         | ...             | 177 |

|                                              |                      |     |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------|-----|
| Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,                 | Ramsay,              | 147 |
| Gin I had a wee house and a cantie wee fire, | ...                  | 355 |
| Gloomy winter's now awa,                     | Tannahill,           | 9   |
| Gloomy the morn and dark the sea,            | Mrs. J. Hunter,      | 388 |
| Go youth below'd in distant glades,          | Mrs. Opie,           | 45  |
| Go Yarrow flower, thou shalt be blest        | Hamilton of Bangour, | 316 |

|                                                |                 |     |
|------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-----|
| Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,            | Sheridan,       | 172 |
| Hae ye seen in the calm dewy morning,          | Burns, jun.     | 38  |
| Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,       | Burns,          | 70  |
| Hail May, lovely May, how replenish'd my pail, | R. Bannanfield, | 288 |
| Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,             | Walter Scott,   | 302 |
| I ne'er seen thee sweet Catherine,             | D. M. Mullen,   | 322 |

|                                                      |     |     |                      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|----------------------|-----|
| Hard is the fate of him who loves, ...               | ... | ... | <i>J. Thompson,</i>  | 338 |
| Hark, hark from the shore, 'tis a perishing cry, ... | ... | ... | <i>G. Forrester,</i> | 341 |
| Hear me ye nymphs and every swain, ...               | ... | ... | <i>Crawford,</i>     | 25  |
| Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, ...              | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>        | 35  |
| Here beneath this willow sleepeth, ...               | ... | ... | <i>Mrs. Opie,</i>    | 44  |
| Here's a dud to hap its head, ...                    | ... | ... | ...                  | 62  |
| Her sheep had in clusters crept close to the grove,  | ... | ... | <i>Cunningham,</i>   | 325 |
| Here awa there awa wandering Willie,                 | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>        | 340 |
| Hie bonnie lassie, blink over the burn,              | ... | ... | ...                  | 230 |
| How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning,    | ... | ... | <i>Gall,</i>         | 8   |
| How pleasant the banks o' the clear winding Devon,   | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>        | 21  |
| How blythe was I ilk morn to see, ...                | ... | ... | ...                  | 22  |
| How imperfect is expression, ...                     | ... | ... | ...                  | 179 |
| How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,  | ... | ... | <i>E. Moore,</i>     | 330 |
| How sweet is the gloaming when carelessly roaming,   | ... | ... | <i>A. Fullarton,</i> | 359 |
| Hush, hush ye rude breezes, my Harry is coming,      | ... | ... | <i>Simson,</i>       | 216 |

|                                                       |     |     |                             |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----------------------------|-----|
| I dream'd a dreary dream last night, ...              | ... | ... | ...                         | 111 |
| I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair, ...             | ... | ... | <i>Str R. Ayton,</i>        | 343 |
| If all the world and love were young, ...             | ... | ... | <i>Sir Walter Ralceigh,</i> | 155 |
| If I can get but her consent, ...                     | ... | ... | <i>Ramsay,</i>              | 98  |
| I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, ...                    | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>               | 93  |
| I have seen the sadness of love and its gladness, ... | ... | ... | ...                         | 315 |
| I hae a green purse and a wee pickle gowd, ...        | ... | ... | <i>Ramsay,</i>              | 334 |
| I hae a wee wife and I am her man, ...                | ... | ... | <i>J. Hogg,</i>             | 132 |
| I know you false, I know you vain, ...                | ... | ... | <i>Mrs. Opie,</i>           | 45  |
| I loed ne'er a laddie but ane, ...                    | ... | ... | <i>Macrae,</i>              | 19  |
| I love thee, my Mary, I cannot say more, ...          | ... | ... | <i>Concanen,</i>            | 168 |
| I'll aye ca' in by yon town, ...                      | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>               | 172 |
| I'll clip, quo' she, your lang gray wing, ...         | ... | ... | ...                         | 245 |
| I'll part wi' a' ere I part wi' my lassie, ...        | ... | ... | ...                         | 253 |
| I lately liv'd in quiet ease, ...                     | ... | ... | <i>Hogg,</i>                | 264 |
| In summer when the hay was mawn, ...                  | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>               | 47  |
| In airy dreams fond fancy flies, ...                  | ... | ... | <i>Mrs. J. Hunter,</i>      | 122 |
| I see a form, I see a face, ...                       | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>               | 88  |
| It was upon a Lammas night, ...                       | ... | ... | <i>Burns,</i>               | 59  |
| It was in and about the Martinmas time, ...           | ... | ... | ...                         | 110 |
| It was high o'er the muirlands, and down by the Lyne, | ... | ... | <i>Robinson,</i>            | 195 |
| It's just three weeks sin carel fair                  | ... | ... | <i>Anderson,</i>            | 212 |
| I've seen the lily on the wold, ...                   | ... | ... | <i>Hogg,</i>                | 71  |
| I wasna sae soon to my bed yestreen, ...              | ... | ... | <i>Do,</i>                  | 252 |
| I wish I were where Helen lies, ...                   | ... | ... | ...                         | 25  |
| I've seen the smiling summer sun, ...                 | ... | ... | <i>D. M. Millan,</i>        | 356 |

|                                                      |     |     |                   |     |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-------------------|-----|
| Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer, ... | ... | ... | <i>Tannahill,</i> | 7   |
| Keen blows the storm upon that breast, ...           | ... | ... | <i>Balfour,</i>   | 200 |
| Kind and blythe and sweet as onie, ...               | ... | ... | ...               | 207 |

|                                                 |     |     |                   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-------------------|-----|
| Let us go, lassie go, ...                       | ... | ... | <i>Tannahill,</i> | 7   |
| Let the lovesick boy who dies, ...              | ... | ... | <i>L. T.,</i>     | 270 |
| Loudon's bonnie woods and braes, ...            | ... | ... | <i>Tannahill,</i> | 213 |
| Lowland lassie wilt thou go, ...                | ... | ... | <i>Do,</i>        | 233 |
| Love never more shall give me pain, ...         | ... | ... | <i>Crawford,</i>  | 240 |
| Long long I despair'd a young shepherd to find, | ... | ... | ...               | 278 |
| Love's a gentle generous passion, ...           | ... | ... | <i>H. Carey,</i>  | 285 |



|                                                                     |                          |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, ... ..                          | Burns, 221               |
| Mirk and rainy is the night, ... ..                                 | Tannahill, 182           |
| 'Mong the tombs like a young widow'd bride, ... ..                  | A. Morrison, 319         |
| My lassie is lovely as May-day adorning, ... ..                     | Hogg, 91                 |
| My sodger laddie is over the sea, ... ..                            | Ramsay, 100              |
| My dear and only love I pray, ... ..                                | Marquis of Montrose, 104 |
| My daddie is a canker'd carle, ... ..                               | Jas. Carnegie, Esq., 107 |
| My mother bids me bind my hair, ... ..                              | Mrs. J. Hunter, 124      |
| My Peggy is a young thing, ... ..                                   | Ramsay, 134              |
| My fadder was down at the mill, ... ..                              | Anderson, 217            |
| My hawk is tir'd of perch and hood, ... ..                          | Walter Scott, 251        |
| My cruel love to danger go, ... ..                                  | Hogg, 264                |
| My dear little Jeanie, what makes you so shy ... ..                 | Hogg, 264                |
| My lodging is on the cold ground, ... ..                            | ... 313                  |
| My Patie is a lover gay, ... ..                                     | Ramsay, 318              |
| My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep hook, ... ..                  | Sir G. Elliot, 354       |
|                                                                     |                          |
| Nae gentle dame though e'er sae fair, ... ..                        | Burns, 81                |
| Nannette in the garment of poverty clad, ... ..                     | ... 339                  |
| Nine times bleak winter's cranreuch snell ... ..                    | Fletcher, 29             |
| Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, ... ..                          | Burns, 67                |
| Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers, ... ..                     | Watson, 70               |
| Now winter comes wi' breath sae snell, ... ..                       | Buchanan, 141            |
| Now lanely I sit 'neath the green spreading willow, ... ..          | A. Fullarton, 145        |
| Now nature cleeds the flowery lea, ... ..                           | Burns, 174               |
| No hope, no comfort near me, ... ..                                 | Simson, 226              |
| Now smiling summer's balmy breeze, ... ..                           | Cunningham, 244          |
| No roses from the field I seek, ... ..                              | Dr. Walcot, 257          |
| Now Joan we are married, and now let me say, ... ..                 | Do, 259                  |
| Now the chill hoary blasts of the winter are o'er, ... ..           | W. M'Laren, 360          |
| Now nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, ... ..                           | Burns, 174               |
|                                                                     |                          |
| O Brignal banks are wild and fair, ... ..                           | Walter Scott, 292        |
| O bonnie was yon rosy brier, ... ..                                 | Burns, 28                |
| O come my dear lassie, wi' me to the green, ... ..                  | Nicholson, 214           |
| O Celia! when thine eyes of light, ... ..                           | L. T., 271               |
| O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee, ... ..        | ... 29                   |
| O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying, ... .. | Burns, 232               |
| Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, ... ..                           | Burns, 18                |
| Of when the tempest lords it wide, ... ..                           | Bushton, 53              |
| Oi race divine thou needst must be ... ..                           | Ramsay, 102              |
| Of Leinster fam'd for maidens fair, ... ..                          | Tickel, 164              |
| Of aw the lads I see or ken, ... ..                                 | Anderson, 220            |
| O how could I venture to love aye like thee, ... ..                 | Dr. Webster, 102         |
| O had I a house, and a cantie wee fire, ... ..                      | ... 138                  |
| O I hae seen when fields were green, ... ..                         | Cunningham, 187          |
| O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten, ... ..                    | Burns, 219               |
| O lassie art thou sleeping yet ... ..                               | Do, 31                   |
| O luvie will venture in where it darena weel be scen, ... ..        | Do, 132                  |
| O lassie wilt thou gang wi' me, ... ..                              | Nicholson, 190           |
| O Lady Mary Ann look'd o'er the castle wa', ... ..                  | ... 239                  |
| O mirk mirk is this midnight hour, ... ..                           | Burns, 153               |
| O Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me, ... ..                              | Percy, 36                |
| On Ettrick banks on a summer night, ... ..                          | ... 13                   |
| On the blythe beltane, as I went, ... ..                            | ... 108                  |
| On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt, ... ..             | Miss M. Jones, 157       |

|                                                           |                        |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|-----|
| On the bank of a river so deep, ... ..                    | <i>Baker,</i>          | 197 |
| On Estrick clear there grows a brier, ... ..              | ...                    | 250 |
| On the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander, ... .. | ...                    | 262 |
| On Annan's banks in life's gay morn, ... ..               | <i>Lewis,</i>          | 310 |
| One morning very early, one morning in the spring, ... .. | ...                    | 312 |
| On the wild braes of Calder I found a fair lily, ... ..   | ...                    | 339 |
| O open the door, my love Gregor, ... ..                   | <i>Jamieson,</i>       | 139 |
| O pale, pale raise the April morn, ... ..                 | <i>Nicholson,</i>      | 211 |
| O stay, sweet warbling woodlark stay, ... ..              | <i>Burns,</i>          | 34  |
| O spare that dreadful thought, ... ..                     | ...                    | 99  |
| O saw ye my father, O saw ye my mother, ... ..            | ...                    | 108 |
| O tell me, O tell me, bonnie young lassie, ... ..         | <i>Macnisi,</i>        | 3   |
| O tell na me o' wind and rain, ... ..                     | <i>Burns,</i>          | 32  |
| O tuneful voice, I still deplore, ... ..                  | <i>Mrs. J. Hunter,</i> | 122 |
| O Tibbie, lassie, how I loe, ... ..                       | <i>Hogg,</i>           | 143 |
| O wat ye wha's in yon town, ... ..                        | <i>Burns,</i>          | 24  |
| O whare gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet, ... ..            | ...                    | 92  |
| O will ye gang down to yon bush in the meadow, ... ..     | <i>Hogg,</i>           | 170 |
| O were I on Parnassus hill, ... ..                        | <i>Burns,</i>          | 179 |
| O will ye go to yon burnside, ... ..                      | <i>Nicholson,</i>      | 204 |
| O war' ye at the pier o' Leith, ... ..                    | ...                    | 243 |
| O young Lochinvar has come out of the west, ... ..        | <i>Walter Scott,</i>   | 50  |

|                                      |                    |     |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|-----|
| Remind me not, remind me not, ... .. | <i>Lord Byron,</i> | 280 |
| Robin is my only joe, ... ..         | ...                | 342 |

|                                                               |                                |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----|
| Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing ... ..               | <i>Macnisi,</i>                | 10  |
| Say why that deep and frequent sigh, ... ..                   | <i>Rev. N. Bull,</i>           | 186 |
| Saw ye nae my Peggy, ... ..                                   | ...                            | 238 |
| Sair, sair was my heart when I parted wi' my Jean, ... ..     | ...                            | 341 |
| Send back my long stray'd eyes to me, ... ..                  | <i>Altered from Dr. Donne,</i> | 64  |
| See spring her graces wild disclose, ... ..                   | ...                            | 85  |
| She vow'd, she swore she would be mine, ... ..                | <i>Mrs. Murray,</i>            | 39  |
| Shepherds I have lost my love, ... ..                         | ...                            | 184 |
| Should the rude hand of care wound my partner in life, ... .. | ...                            | 291 |
| Since all thy vows, false maid, ... ..                        | ...                            | 209 |
| Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird, ... ..                      | <i>Hogg,</i>                   | 254 |
| Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, ... ..                | <i>Burns,</i>                  | 160 |
| Soon as the day begins to waste, ... ..                       | ...                            | 336 |
| Spring returns, the flowerets blow, ... ..                    | <i>Mrs. J. Hunter,</i>         | 128 |
| Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief, ... ..              | <i>Ramsay,</i>                 | 178 |
| Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, ... ..                     | <i>Burns,</i>                  | 148 |
| Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came, ... ..                   | ...                            | 279 |

|                                                         |                               |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----|
| Take, O take these lips away, ... ..                    | <i>Beaumont and Fletcher,</i> | 148 |
| Tell me, thou soul of her I love, ... ..                | <i>J. Thomson,</i>            | 139 |
| Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, ... ..                  | <i>Gall,</i>                  | 6   |
| The sun in the west fa's to rest in the evening, ... .. | <i>Do,</i>                    | 8   |
| The day returns, my bosom burns, ... ..                 | <i>Burns,</i>                 | 11  |
| The bonnie brucket lassie, ... ..                       | <i>Tytler,</i>                | 12  |
| The smiling morn, the breathing spring, ... ..          | <i>Mallet,</i>                | 27  |
| The lily o' the vale is sweet, ... ..                   | <i>Ramsay,</i>                | 34  |
| The flower it blows, it fades, it fa's, ... ..          | <i>Burns,</i>                 | 52  |
| The Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks, ... ..           | ...                           | 60  |
| The lark had left the evening cloud, ... ..             | ...                           | 62  |
| The heavy hours are almost past, ... ..                 | <i>Lyttleton,</i>             | 68  |

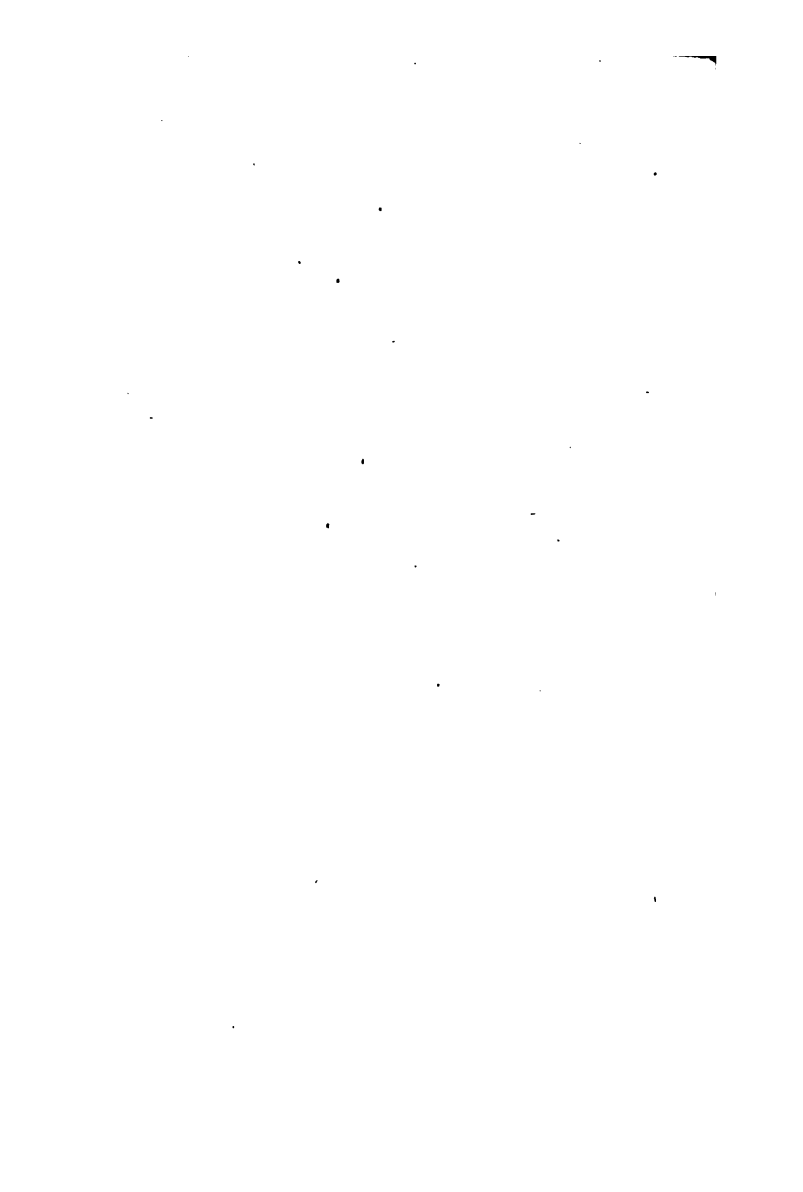
|                                                          |                        |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|-----|
| The yellow hair'd laddie sat down on you knee,           | ...                    | 75  |
| The Lawland lads think they are fine,                    | <i>Ramsay,</i>         | 77  |
| The last time I came o'er the stair,                     | <i>Do.</i>             | 87  |
| The night her silent sable wore,                         | ...                    | 89  |
| The lass o' Patie's Mill,                                | <i>Ramsay,</i>         | 90  |
| The Gypsies came to our Lord's yett,                     | ...                    | 93  |
| There gade a fair maiden out to walk,                    | ...                    | 109 |
| The wind blew high o'er muir and lee,                    | <i>Macnicol,</i>       | 112 |
| Through dreary wilds forlorn I go,                       | <i>Mrs. J. Hunter,</i> | 115 |
| The moments fly and we must part,                        | <i>Do.</i>             | 121 |
| The fatal moment I beheld,                               | <i>Do.</i>             | 123 |
| Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray                   | <i>Burns,</i>          | 130 |
| The lovely moon had climb'd the hill,                    | <i>Low,</i>            | 140 |
| The gloaming from the welkin high,                       | <i>Hogg,</i>           | 142 |
| The sun rais'd a rose the gray hills adorning,           | <i>Macnicol,</i>       | 162 |
| The broom, the brier, the birken bush,                   | <i>Tannahill,</i>      | 170 |
| The sun was sunk beneath the hill                        | <i>Gag,</i>            | 172 |
| They snood me sair, and band me down,                    | <i>Burns,</i>          | 189 |
| The topsails shiver in the wind,                         | <i>Capt. Thomson,</i>  | 190 |
| There's kames o' hinny 'tween my luvie's lips,           | ...                    | 193 |
| Though cruel you seem to my pain,                        | ...                    | 194 |
| The moon shone bright at nine last night,                | <i>Anderson,</i>       | 309 |
| The summer sun was out o' sight,                         | <i>Do.</i>             | 215 |
| Though well I like ye Johnny lad,                        | <i>Do.</i>             | 225 |
| The sun has gaen down o'er the lofty Benlomond,          | <i>Tannahill,</i>      | 229 |
| The summer it was smiling, all nature round was gay,     | <i>Lady Lindsay,</i>   | 235 |
| The lark dried his dewy wings in the sun,                | ...                    | 241 |
| The auld gude-man came hame at night,                    | <i>Hogg,</i>           | 247 |
| The heath this night must be my bed,                     | <i>Walter Scott,</i>   | 248 |
| They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,                     | <i>Do.</i>             | 250 |
| The smiling plains profusely gay,                        | <i>Falconer,</i>       | 258 |
| There was a fair maiden, her name it was Gillian,        | ...                    | 270 |
| Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream,                    | <i>Logan,</i>          | 275 |
| The day is departed, and round from the cloud,           | <i>Do.</i>             | 277 |
| There was a time I need not name,                        | <i>Lord Byron,</i>     | 282 |
| There liv'd long ago in a country place,                 | ...                    | 287 |
| There's something in that bonnie face,                   | ...                    | 312 |
| The dark grey o' gloaming                                | <i>Laing,</i>          | 316 |
| Though richer swains thy love pursue,                    | <i>Joanna Baillie,</i> | 318 |
| That Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,        | <i>E. Moore,</i>       | 326 |
| The woods o' the Glorat, the braes rude and craggy,      | <i>Muir,</i>           | 329 |
| The merchant to secure his treasure,                     | <i>Prior,</i>          | 336 |
| The moon had climb'd the highest hill,                   | <i>Low,</i>            | 345 |
| Though distant far frae Jessy's charms,                  | ...                    | 349 |
| There's nought but care on every hand,                   | <i>Burns,</i>          | 351 |
| There is a thought that leaves me not,                   | <i>D. M. Milne,</i>    | 355 |
| 'Tis hard when summer clothes the year,                  | <i>L. T.</i>           | 268 |
| 'Tis done, and shiv'ring in the gale,                    | <i>Lord Byron,</i>     | 285 |
| To him that in an hour must die,                         | <i>Lyttleton,</i>      | 306 |
| True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,        | <i>Burns,</i>          | 131 |
| Turn again thou fair Eliza,                              | <i>Do.</i>             | 48  |
| 'Twas even, the dewy fields were green,                  | <i>Do.</i>             | 14  |
| 'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,       | <i>Home,</i>           | 68  |
| 'Twas in that season of the year,                        | <i>Heuvel,</i>         | 20  |
| 'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,                      | ...                    | 83  |
| 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,                   | ...                    | 86  |
| 'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birch tree was falling, | ...                    | 115 |

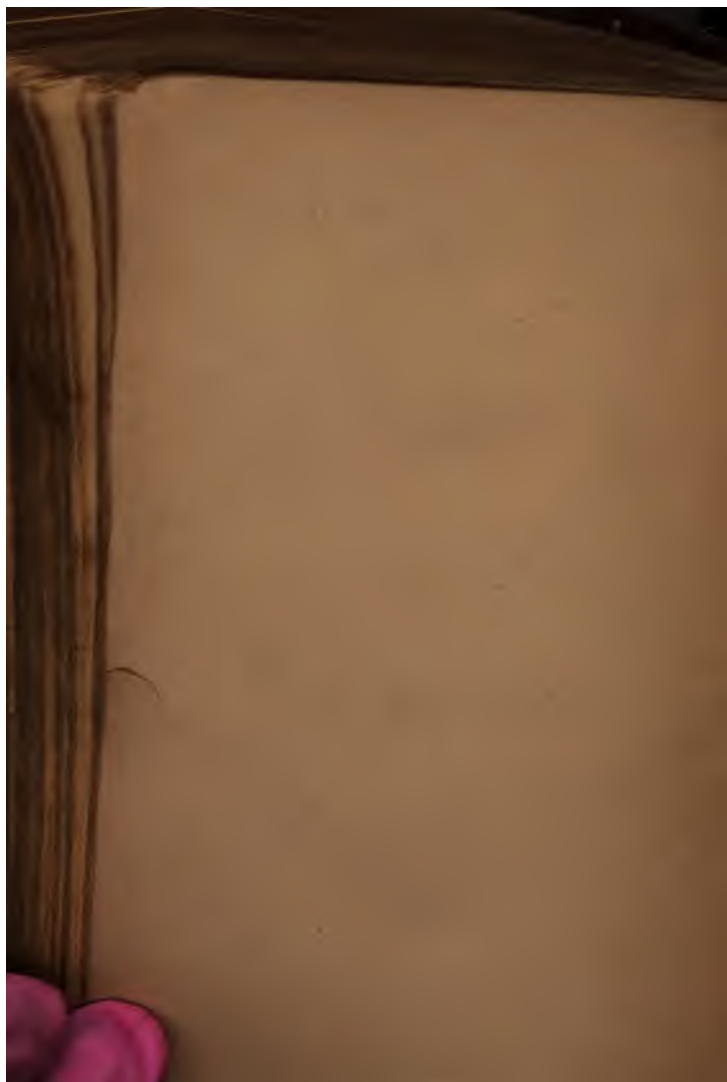
|                                                         |     |     |                      |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|----------------------|-----|
| 'Twas at the time the moon's bread shield,              | ... | ... | ...                  | 117 |
| 'Twas when the seas were roaring, ...                   | ... | ... | Gay,                 | 334 |
| Wae worth the clock, click-clacking sae,                | ... | ... | Anderson,            | 205 |
| We'll meet beside the duskie glen, ...                  | ... | ... | Tannahill,           | 158 |
| Well! thou art happy, and I feel,                       | ... | ... | Lord Byron,          | 274 |
| Where hae ye been a' day, ...                           | ... | ... | Macnisch,            | 5   |
| Where shall the lover rest, ...                         | ... | ... | Walter Scott,        | 49  |
| Wha is that at my bower door, ...                       | ... | ... | Burns,               | 58  |
| When Mary in the grove appears, ...                     | ... | ... | Lyttleton,           | 65  |
| What beauties does Flora disclose, ...                  | ... | ... | Crawford,            | 74  |
| When I upon thy bosom lean, ...                         | ... | ... | Lapraik,             | 84  |
| While some praise the pastoral margin of Tweed,         | ... | ... | ...                  | 100 |
| When Peggy and I were acquaint,                         | ... | ... | Lord Yester,         | 106 |
| While I behold the moon's pale beam, ...                | ... | ... | Mrs. J. Hunter,      | 120 |
| When hollow bursts the rushing wind, ...                | ... | ... | Do.                  | 123 |
| When first on the plain I began to appear,              | ... | ... | ...                  | 161 |
| When first this humble roof I knew, ...                 | ... | ... | ...                  | 175 |
| When John and I were married, ...                       | ... | ... | Tannahill,           | 175 |
| While Sandy thus you tease one, ...                     | ... | ... | ...                  | 177 |
| When o'er the hill the eastern star, ...                | ... | ... | Burns,               | 184 |
| Where winding Tarf by broomy knowes,                    | ... | ... | Nicholson,           | 185 |
| When first I kenn'd young Sandy's face, ...             | ... | ... | ...                  | 192 |
| Whence comes my love? O heart disclose,                 | ... | ... | Sir J. Harrington,   | 196 |
| When first I forgather'd wi' Peggy, ...                 | ... | ... | Nicholson,           | 208 |
| When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, ...             | ... | ... | Burns,               | 223 |
| While Phœbus reposes on Thetis's bosom, ...             | ... | ... | Wilson,              | 228 |
| When Katie was scarce out nineteen, ...                 | ... | ... | ...                  | 231 |
| When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye a' at hame, | ... | ... | Lindsay,             | 234 |
| Where live ye my bonnie lass, ...                       | ... | ... | ...                  | 236 |
| When I was in my seventeen year, ...                    | ... | ... | ...                  | 239 |
| When once by the clear gliding stream, ...              | ... | ... | ...                  | 261 |
| When by invading cares oppress'd, ...                   | ... | ... | L. T.                | 272 |
| When first by fond Henry sweet Marg'ret was seen,       | ... | ... | Cor, &               | 273 |
| When man expell'd from Eden's bowers, ...               | ... | ... | Lord Byron,          | 278 |
| When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,     | ... | ... | T. Brerewood,        | 281 |
| What though the meads be deck'd with flowers, ...       | ... | ... | ...                  | 283 |
| Whence all this labour? ah! too lovely maid, ...        | ... | ... | ...                  | 292 |
| When cares were few, and life was young, ...            | ... | ... | Lewis,               | 298 |
| What nature, alas! has denied, ...                      | ... | ... | Cowper,              | 307 |
| When summer comes, the swains on Tweed, ...             | ... | ... | ...                  | 332 |
| What numbers shall the muse repeat, ...                 | ... | ... | Ramsay,              | 347 |
| When absent from the nymph I love, ...                  | ... | ... | ...                  | 348 |
| Wilt thou be my dearie, ...                             | ... | ... | Burns,               | 42  |
| Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, ...                      | ... | ... | Ferguson,            | 72  |
| Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion, ...              | ... | ... | ...                  | 96  |
| Will ye go to the Indies my Mary, ...                   | ... | ... | Burns,               | 113 |
| Will ye go the Highlands my Mary, ...                   | ... | ... | Nicholson,           | 163 |
| Wi' truest love I love thee, Jean, ...                  | ... | ... | Charles Gray,        | 217 |
| Wouldst thou know her sacred charms, ...                | ... | ... | Hamilton of Bangour, | 314 |
| Up amang yon cliffty rocks, ...                         | ... | ... | Dudgson,             | 346 |
| Ye banks and braes and streams around,                  | ... | ... | Burns,               | 17  |
| Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, ...                  | ... | ... | Do.                  | 43  |
| Yes, Mary Ann, I freely grant, ...                      | ... | ... | Mrs. Opie,           | 44  |
| Ye gentle gales that careless blow, ...                 | ... | ... | Mrs. J. Hunter,      | 129 |

|                                            |     |                             |     |
|--------------------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------|-----|
| Ye happy swains whose hearts are free, ... | ... | <i>Sir Geo. Etheridge,</i>  | 171 |
| Ye gods was Strephon's picture blest,      | ... | <i>Hamilton of Bangour,</i> | 309 |
| Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale, ...    | ... | <i>Do,</i>                  | 380 |
| Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now, ...       | ... | <i>Wm. Whitehead, Esq.,</i> | 337 |
| Young Donald is the blythest lad, ...      | ... | ...                         | 73  |
| You meaner beauties of the night, ...      | ... | <i>H. Wotton,</i>           | 150 |
| Young Susy is a bonnie lass, ...           | ... | <i>Anderson,</i>            | 222 |
| Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, ...  | ... | <i>Burns,</i>               | 352 |

## END OF VOL. I.

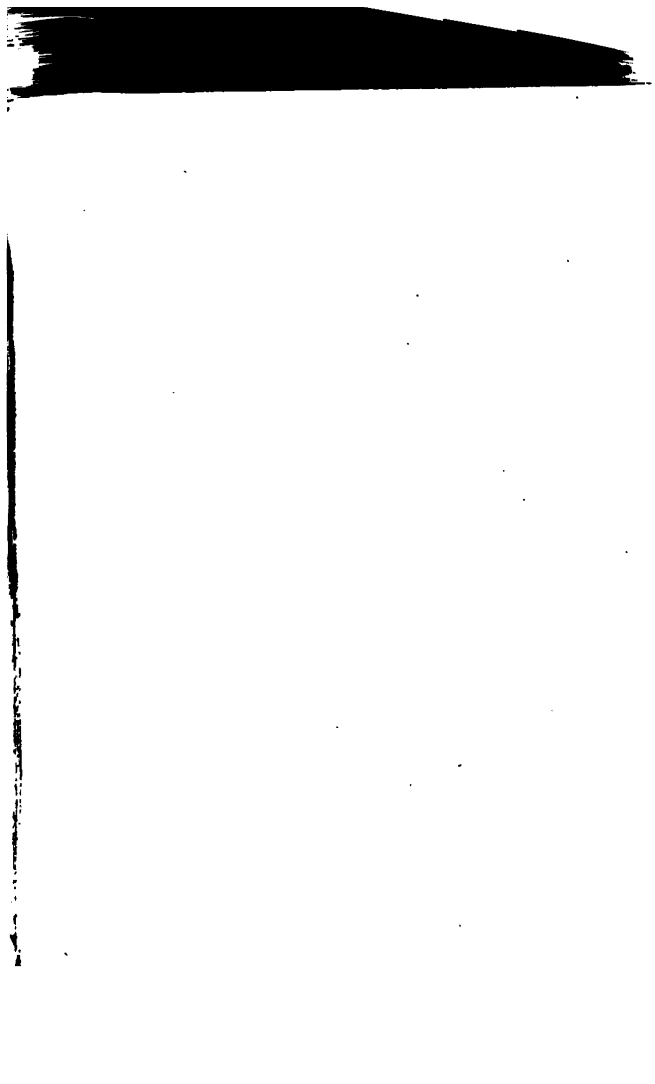
Khull, Blackie, & Co. Printers,  
Glasgow.











2r

7/6

Epi



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
3 9015 05938 1981

A 3 9015 00395  
University of Michigan